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12-1

Saturday Review

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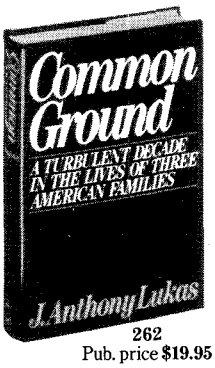

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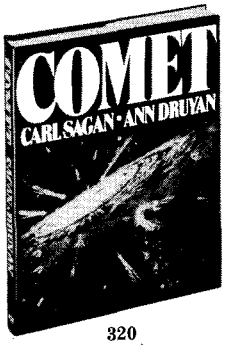

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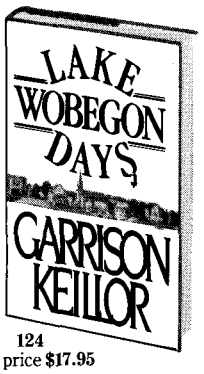

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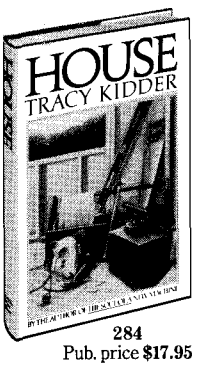

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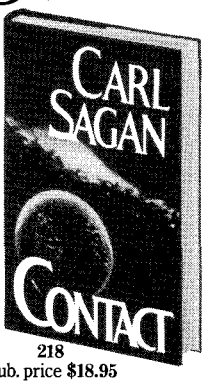

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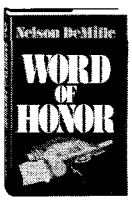

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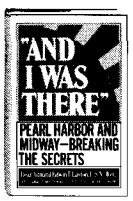

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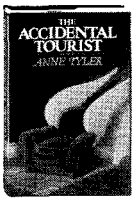

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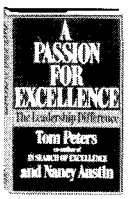

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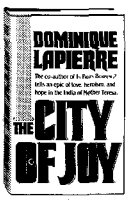

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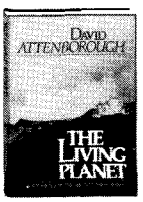

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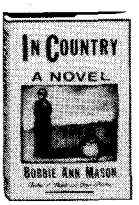

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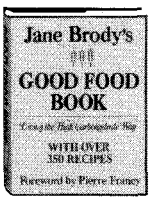

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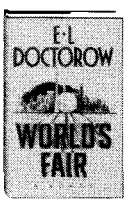

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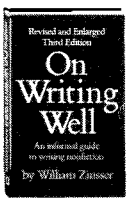

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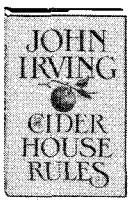

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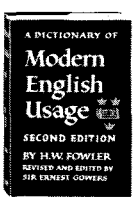

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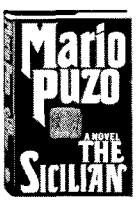

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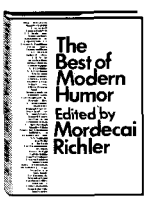

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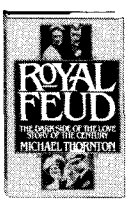

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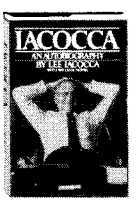

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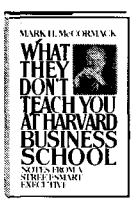

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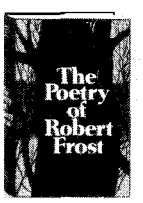

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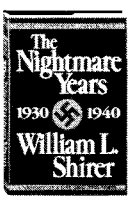

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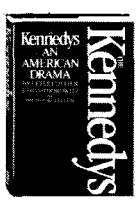

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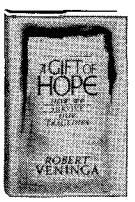

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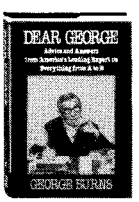

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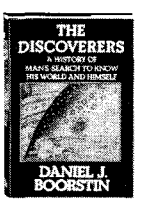

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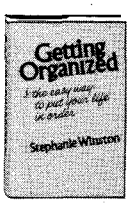

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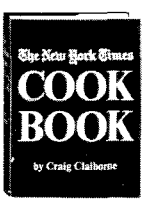

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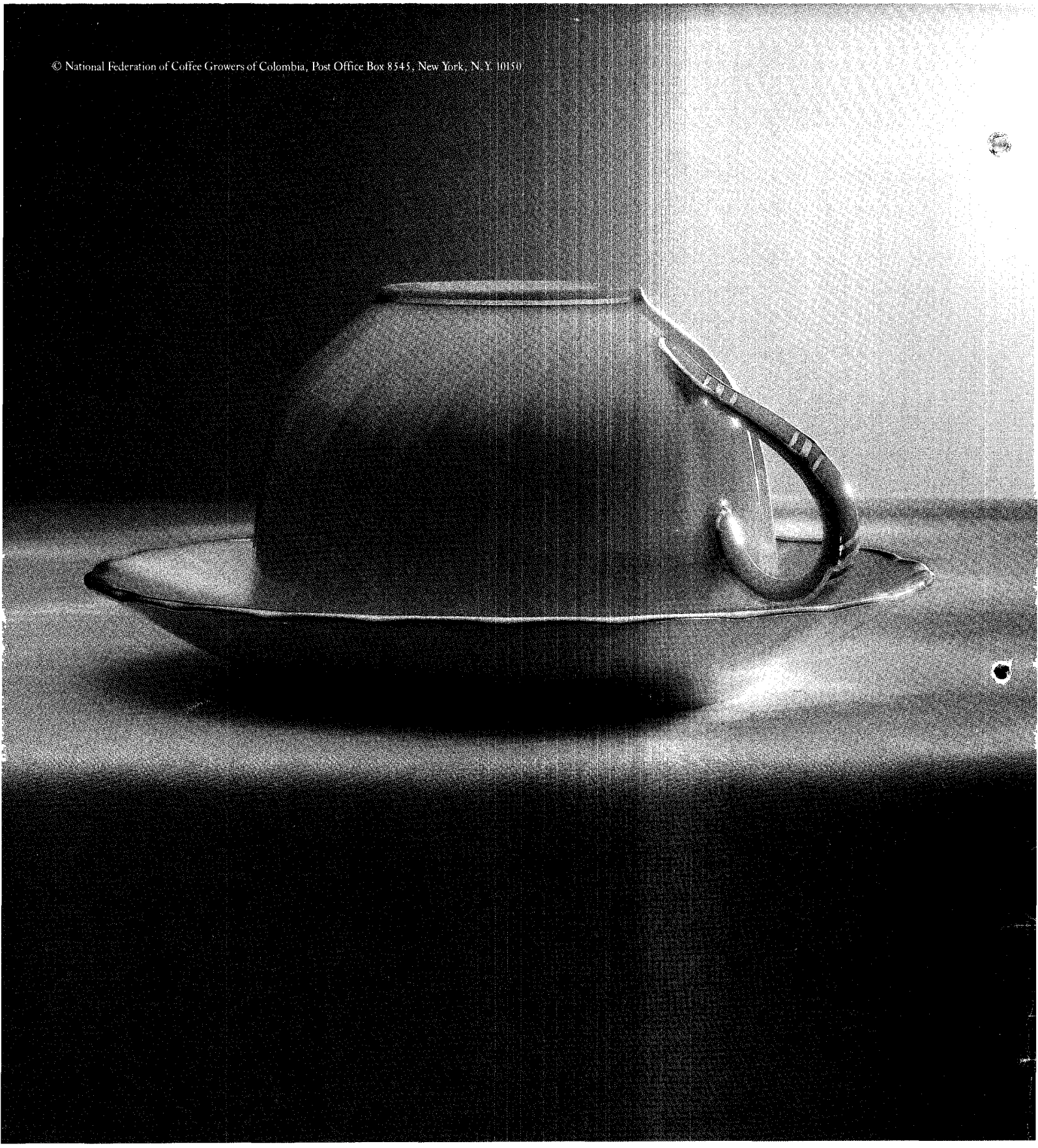

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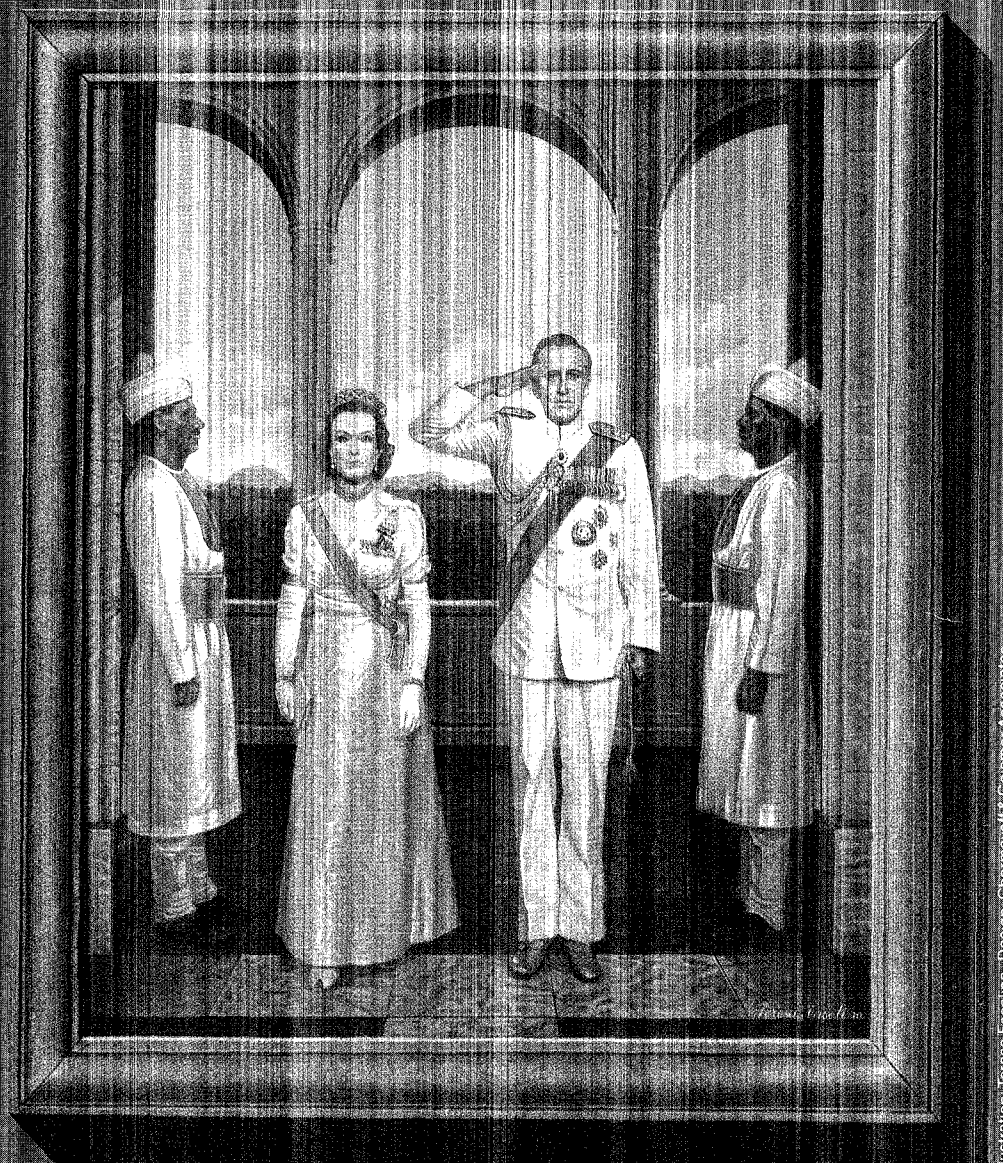

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40

He was near the end of his days—she was in the prime of her life . . . and Henry Miller's love letters to actress Brenda Venus would shame the half-baked eroticism of any romance novel.

Courtesy Brenda Venus

Eric Leibowitz

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Dustin Hoffman attends singles night at the Y. For details, see "Briefings," beginning on page thirteen.

COURTESY PHYLLIS WEIL GALLERY, NEW YORK

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The impressions of a life spent mainly in Georgia, coupled with a tour of duty in Vietnam, contribute to the mingling of East and West in the paintings of Don Cooper. See more of this painter's work in "Gallery."

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The career of a young actress can be a risky business. With two very different roles in two very different films, Rebecca De Mornay expands her range and takes some chances.

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New Year's Resolutions are easy to keep; Irresolutions are hard. Nine celebrities reveal theirs inside.

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Eric Lehrowitz

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Charles Dance's past helps him find the humanity behind the starched upper lips of Sgt. Guy Perron and *Plenty*'s Raymond Brock. Find out why inside.

Saturday Review

January/February 1986

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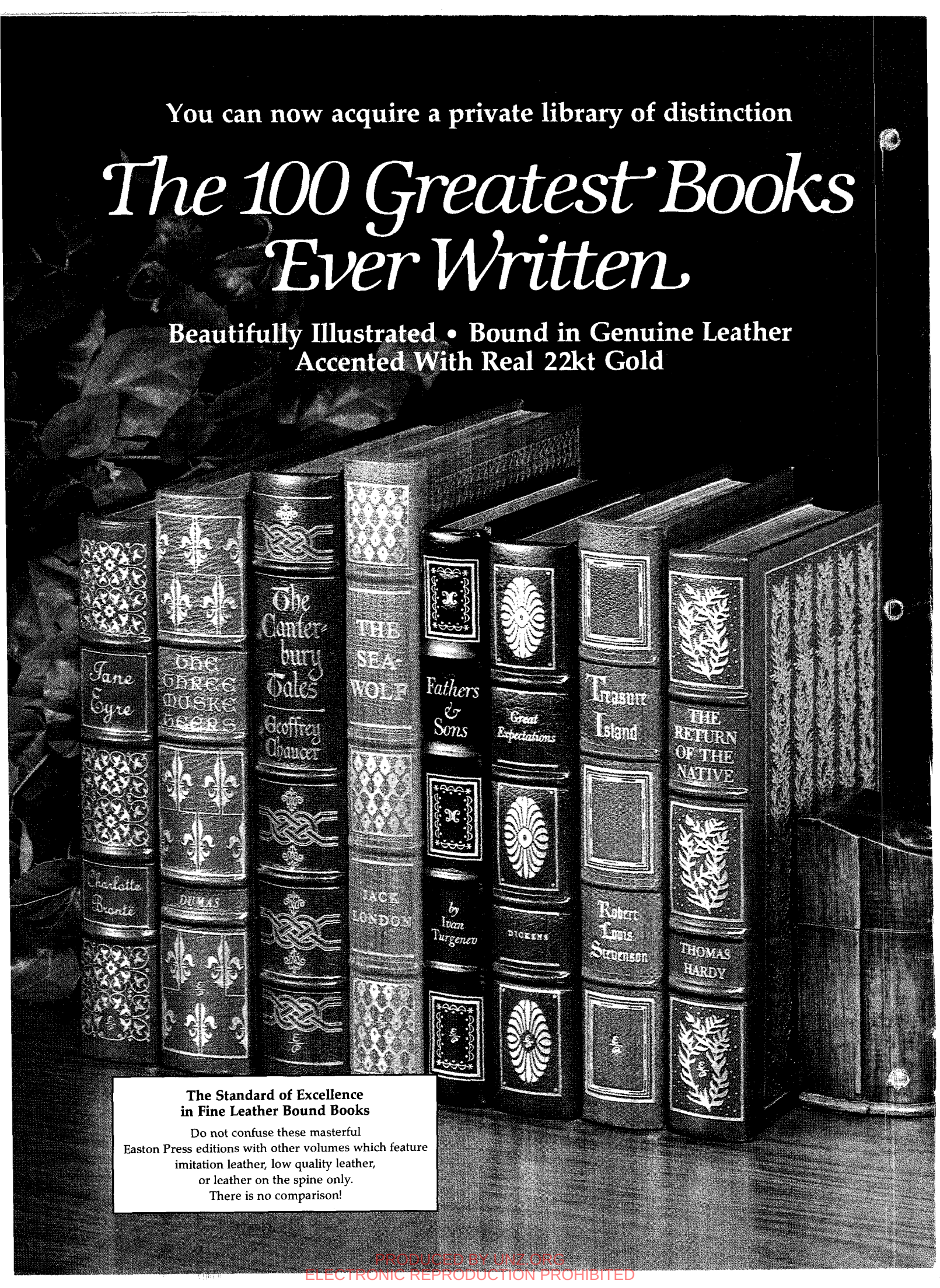

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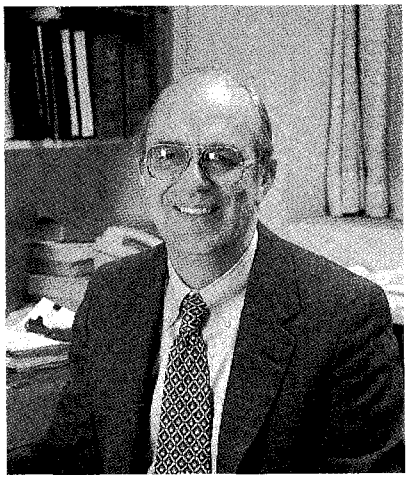

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(continued on next page)

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(continued from previous page)

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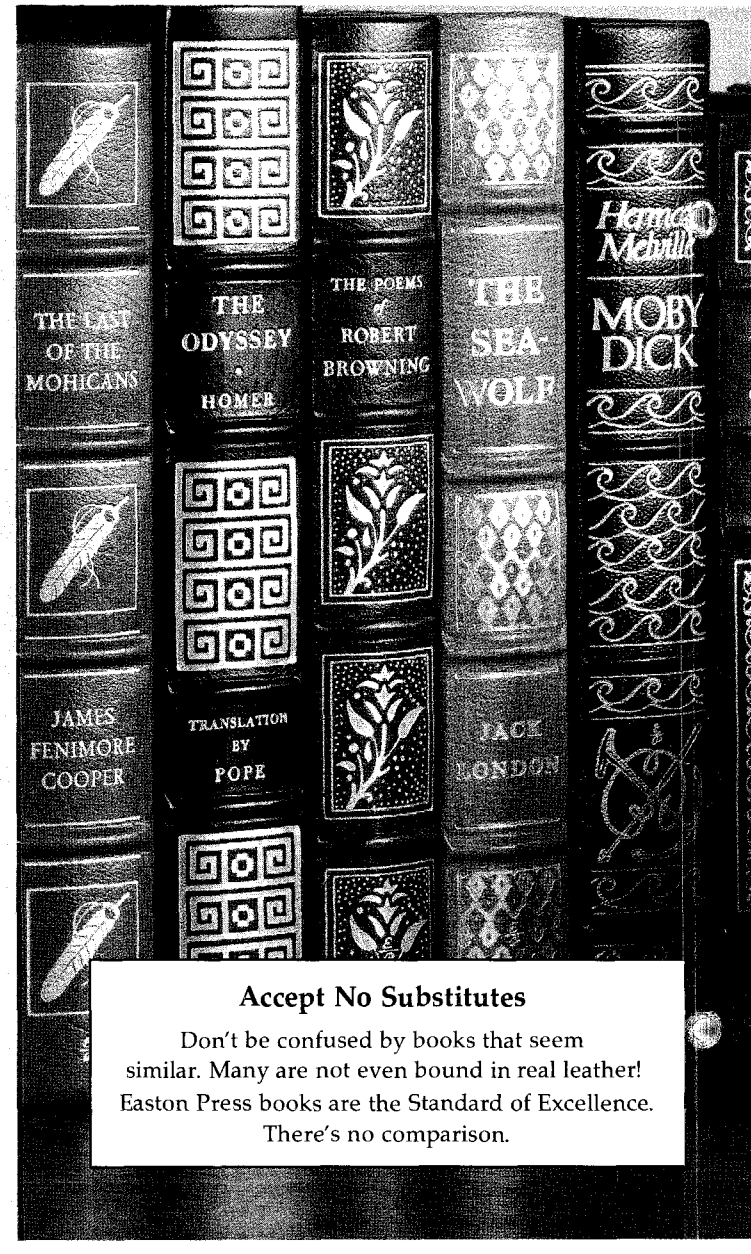

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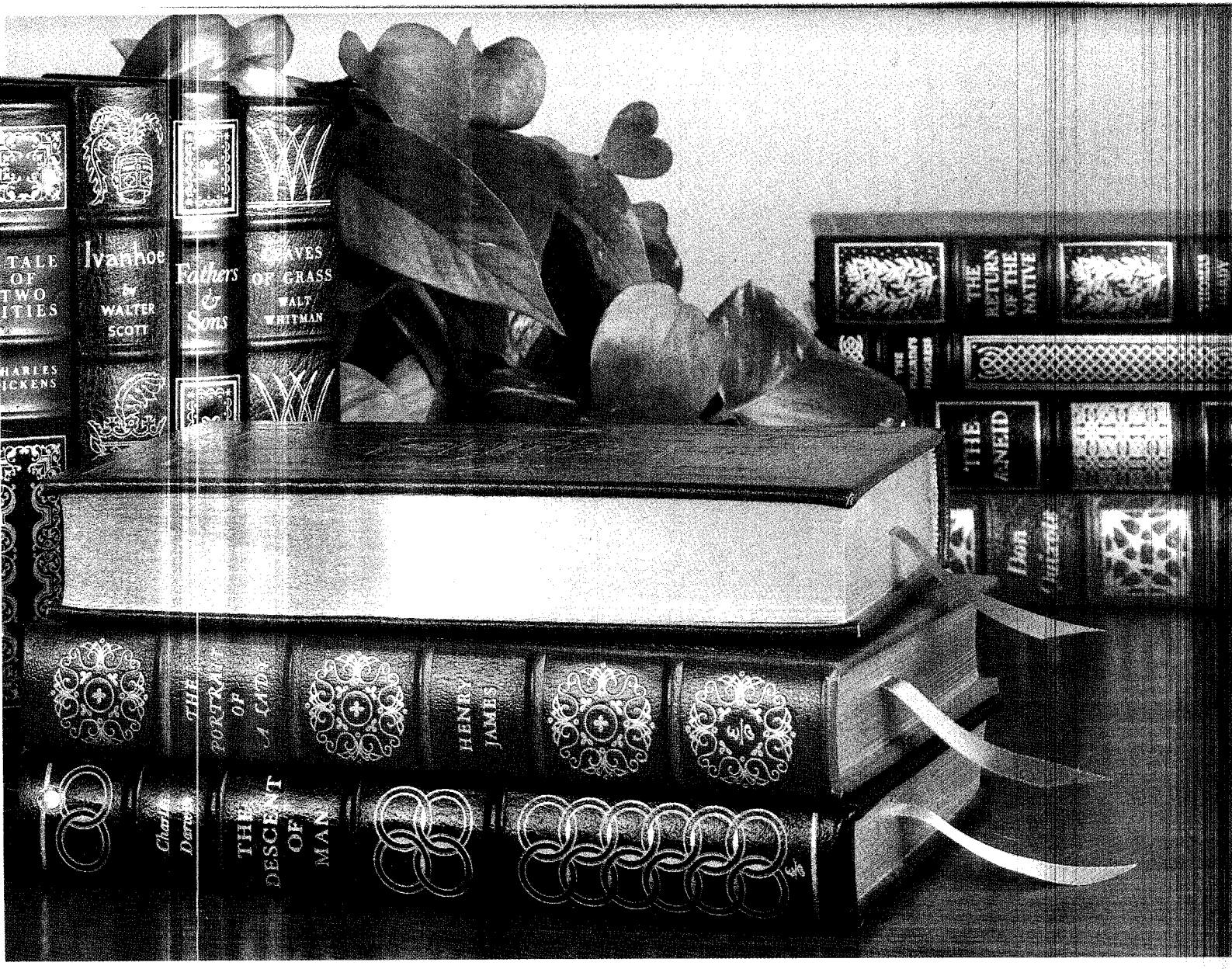

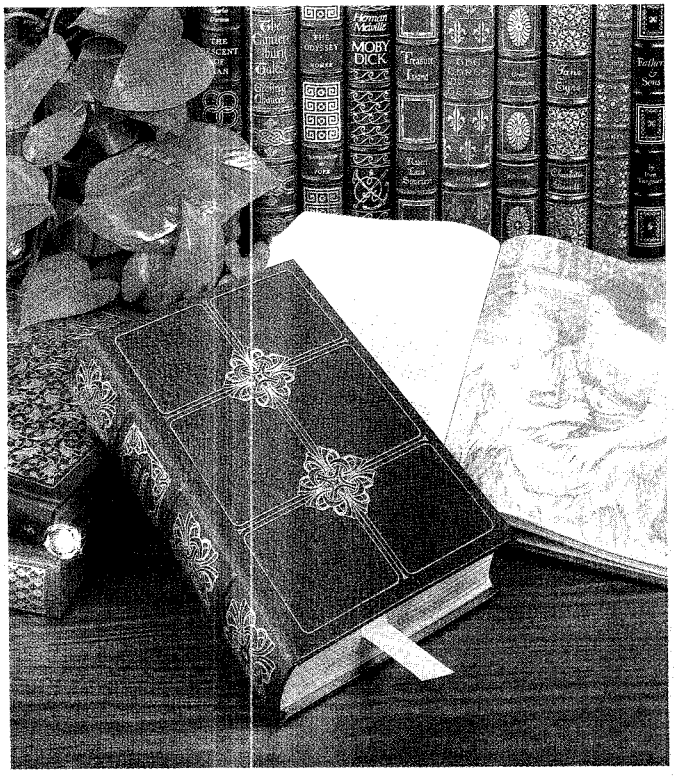

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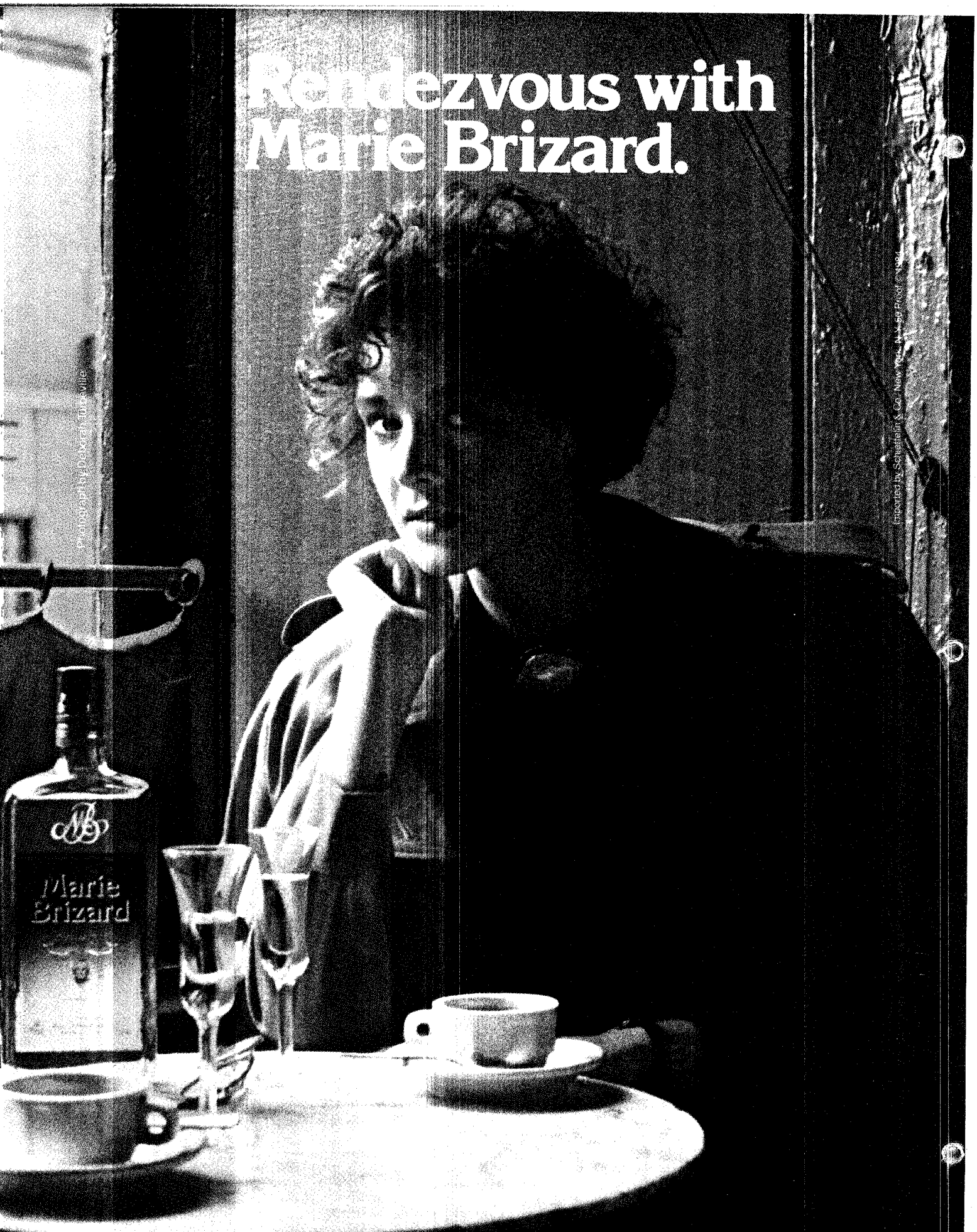

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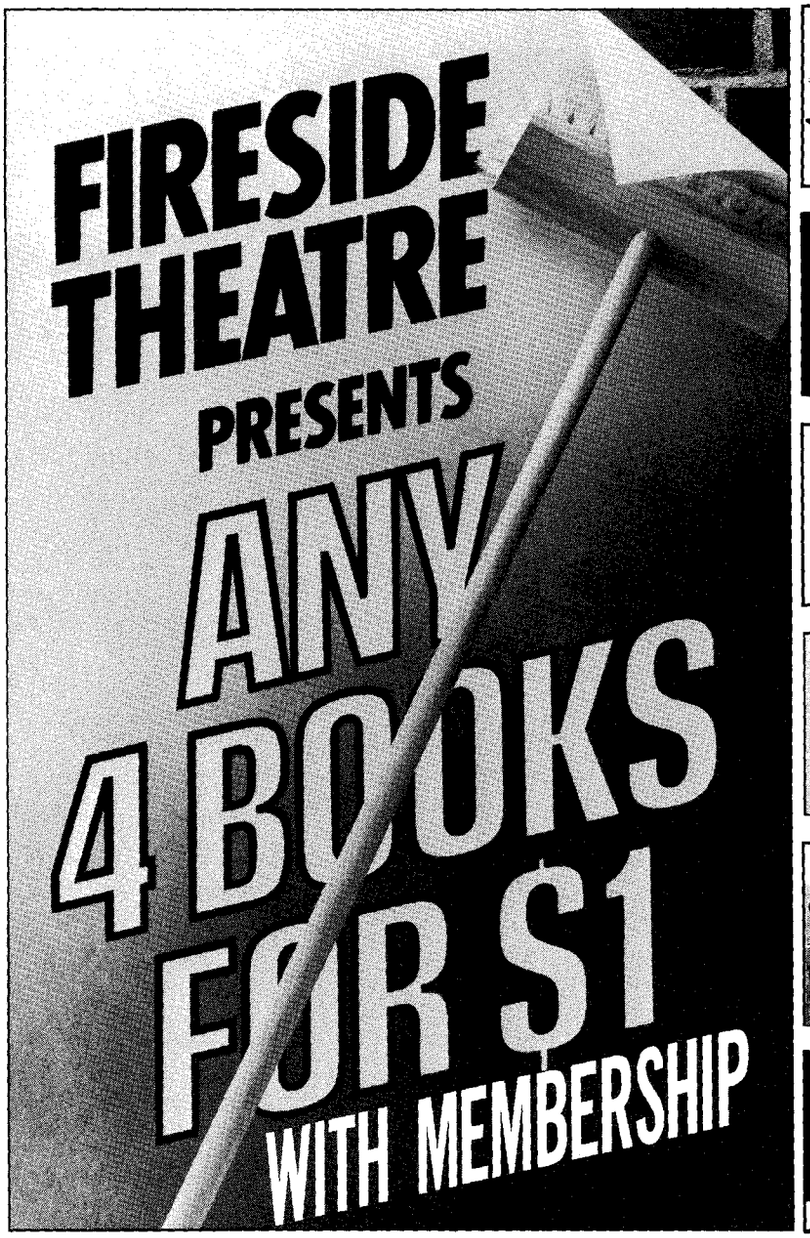

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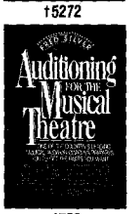

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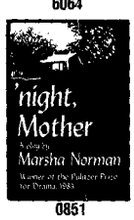

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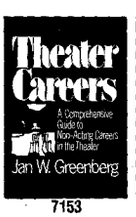

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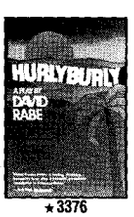

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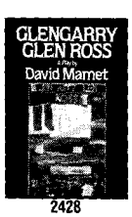

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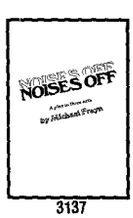

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LETTERS

THE BEST DESCRIPTION OF THE OCTOBER issue is quoted from a letter I received from a friend—

"And Hilary has gone to her room to read Proust because today's issue of *Saturday Review* upset her so. I haven't seen it yet, but she's been fulminating against it since I got home. It's shallow and Yuppie and unliterary and just another *People* magazine. And if that weren't bad enough, the puzzles were eliminated this time to make more room for the trash. I suggested she write a letter to the editor. She said she would except Letters to the Editor had been eliminated too!"

MARJORIE BAILEY
Fort Wayne, Ind.

JEROME CRAMER'S ARTICLE ON CHAMpagne (July/August) asks us to: "Consider that the world's most famous glass for serving champagne—the Sèvres Cup—was made from a mold of the breast of Marie-Antoinette."

Mr. Cramer has neglected to mention that there are other contenders for the honor of furnishing the model for the shallow goblet known as the *coupe*.

Foremost among these is Diane de Poitiers whose young lover, Henri II, had a glass molded after one of her breasts. Anyone who has seen Jean Goujon's statue of Diane posing as Diana the Huntress will recognize the resemblance of the *coupe* to Diane's lovely, although somewhat understated, *poitrine*.

A few historians say that the first *coupe* was modeled by Paris, using a beeswax mold of Helen of Troy's right breast. Most seem insistent that it was her right one. I shall agree that Helen's *sein* (right or left) could have been the model for some variation of the basic Egyptian or Greek "kylic," a drinking glass with a wide bowl. However, the kylic also had handles, and I doubt if Helen possessed these.

WILLIAM A. DILL
Davis, Calif.

I HAVE JUST RETURNED FROM THREE AND a half months abroad, and on skimming the accumulated magazines I came upon the feature about the 42 Most Underrated/Overrated People in American Arts and Letters . . . I began to feel as if I had been away ten years instead of three and a half months.

I have never heard of the allegedly underrated: Michael York, Genevieve Bujold, Rosanne Cash, John David Souther, Jerry Herman, Albert Brooks, Charles McCarry. (Being in the same line of work it distressed me to find I had never heard of the chap. Robert Parker and Ross Thomas are the underrated ones I think. As for the others, maybe their names mean nothing to me because they ARE underrated.)

I have never heard of the allegedly overrated: Laurie Anderson, David Byrne, Richard Gere, David Mamet, John Malkovich, Harvey Fierstein.

Of the allegedly overrated who are in my peer group—Barbara Tuchman, Saul Bellow, John McPhee and Tom McGuane—may I say that whoever made the selection and the cute remarks must have a congenital tin ear, and must certainly move his/her lips when they read felicitous prose.

In all fairness I must admit that very probably of the 42 named—of which only 29 were known to me—more than 13 will never have heard of me. Fair is fair.

JOHN D. MACDONALD
Sarasota, Fla.

RECENTLY MANY ARTICLES HAVE BEEN written about Jean-Luc Godard's film *Je Vous Salue, Marie* in which the two distinctly different theological concepts of the Immaculate Conception and the Virgin birth are confused. The Immaculate Conception is the idea that the Virgin Mary was conceived in her mother's womb without the stain of original sin. The virgin birth is the idea that Jesus was begotten by God, and born of Mary, a virgin.

Your article in the September/October 1985 issue confuses these two concepts once again. This may seem a rather petty distinction to insist upon, but when dealing with such a controversial topic as this, I thought you might like to have the facts straight. Otherwise, I found the article interesting and fair to both sides of the issue. Personally, I enjoyed the film as a symbolic work of art, and as a Roman Catholic was not in the least offended by Godard's unique premise.

SHARON ROBINSON
Burbank, Calif.

UPON PERUSING YOUR ARTICLE "SEX Sells," I noticed something missing—the male body. Men may not be utilized as often as women, but surely you could have written about and shown something which puts the male physique on display. As your article stands, the readers are confronted with sex selling strictly from a male point of view. You only had to take a look at your own cover and the small picture of Sylvester Stallone with his muscles to find an example of the male body being used to sell a movie.

Perhaps your article is only a reflection of society. What inequality men must bear. Will they achieve the position of sex objects that women now do? If so, on that day of "liberation," your magazine or another will be able to print a far less one-sided viewpoint of selling with sex.

D.M. SANDERS

THE MAJOR REASON I READ *SATURDAY REview* is because of the top-notch quality of the reviews in terms of choice of subject, content and writing style. I enjoy very much the look, format and style, and greatly look forward to each issue. I think that *SR* should continue to battle to save the English language, and aim for top quality in everything; I haven't seen many magazines do this. I also find *SR* refreshingly un-Yuppie! My best wishes on your anniversary—may there be lots more.

RAY W. URWIN
Wilmington, Del.

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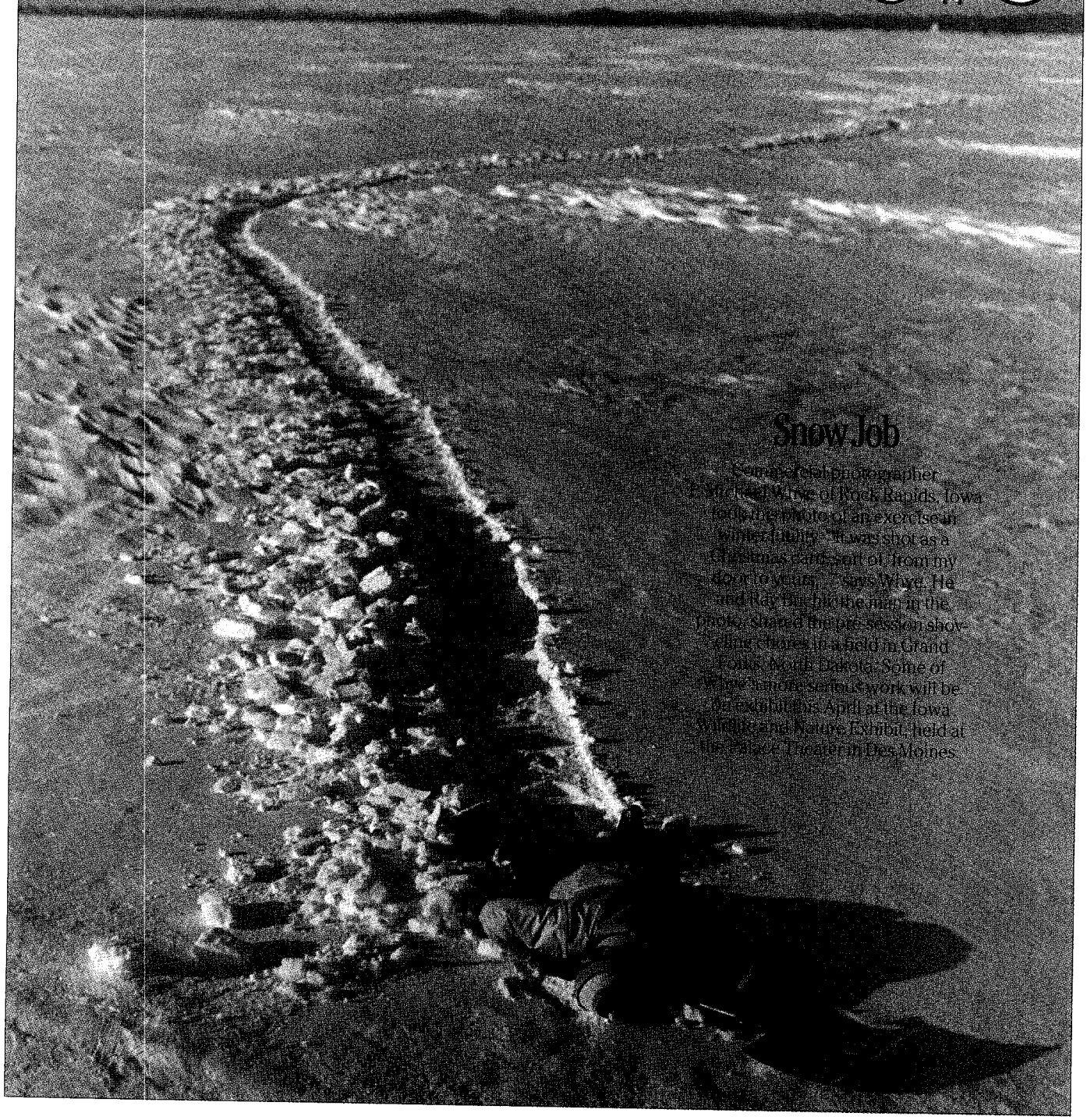
BRIEFINGS



Snow Job

Semi-pro photographer Sterling Wiese of Rock Rapids, Iowa, caught the photo of an exercise in winter futility. "It was shot as a Christmas card sort of from my door to yours," says Wiese. He and Ray Bie, left, the man in the photo, shared the pre-session shoveling chores in a field in Grand Forks, North Dakota. Some of Wiese's more serious work will be on exhibit this April at the Iowa Wildlife and Nature Exhibit, held at the Palace Theater in Des Moines.

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BRIEFINGS

A Singles Man

Singles lecture night at the Young Men's and Young Women's Hebrew Association at 92nd Street. The usual 92nd Street Y crowd of famous singles and marrieds—Emerson, Spinoza, Einstein, David, Moses, Isaiah—pontificates silently from carved niches near the ceiling, while below, an unorthodox mix for a singles night gathers noisily for an evening of shmoozing with Dustin Hoffman. Yes, Dustin Hoffman. For whatever reasons, the reclusive actor has agreed to launch this season's "Sundays for Singles"—yes, "Sundays for Singles"—at the Y.

On stage, Hoffman leans forward to acknowledge the raised hand of a young woman in the third row. She stands up, somewhat dazed at being plucked from the blur of 900 faces. Hoffman offers a grin of encouragement, and her question upchucks breathlessly from the nest of butterflies in her gut. "Do-you-think-the-American-theater-could-be-saved-with-a-national-theater-like-in-Ireland-or-Israel-I-can't-go-to-the-theater-anymore-it's-a-question-of-economics-I-only-got-to-see-*Death-of-a-Salesman*-on-Broadway-because-my-mother-took-me-I-used-to-go-all-the-time-back-in-the-sixties-when-it-was-$2.50-but-now-I-can-never-go-except-when-my-mother-buys-me-a-ticket-do-you-think-that-maybe—."

Doing her job, the M. C. interrupts, smiles brightly and asks, "Did everyone hear the question? It had to do with the economics of theater today."

"No," Hoffman corrects. "It had to do with her *mother*."

The audience members, who all apparently have mothers, roar their approval. The young woman flushes.

Hoffman grabs the ball and runs. "Where is your mother tonight? You didn't get her to take you."

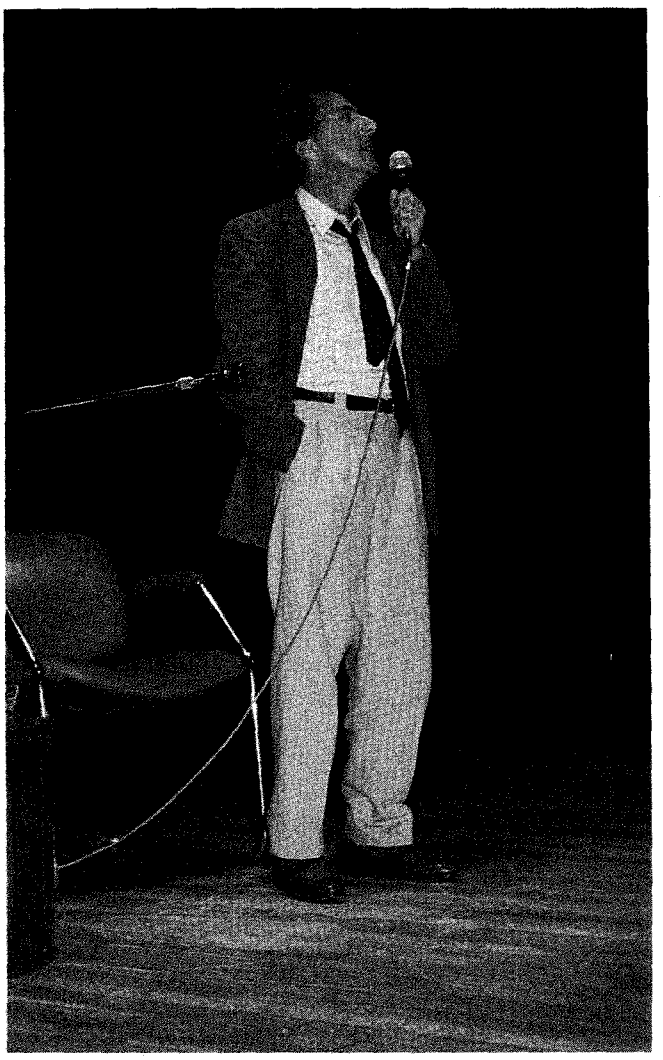
"At home watching the Emmy Awards."

"At home watching the Emmy Awards? You're talking art and she's watching the Emmy Awards?"

What appears to be the lone black man in a sea of white faces raises his hand and rises. With borscht belt timing, Hoffman remarks, "The token Jew!"

Another shower of laughter and applause. Dustin is cooking. When he loses momentum in a rambling response to the woman with the mother, his eyes land on a figure in the fifth row, and he shouts, "My doctor's here! It's Marvin Belston, my doctor!" Marvin gets a big hand. "Stand up Marvin and get some patients! This is like a shtetl."

It *is* like a shtetl. A yuppified shtetl perhaps, but—sunrise, sunset—gentrification marches on. No sooner does Dustin scout his doctor on the right than he locates his brother the economist on the left. Dustin can do no wrong with this crowd, for the moment. Familiar faces aside, the demographics are in his favor: from every corner of the hall, acting students to patrons of Israel's national theater, Dustin is with his kind. He is with *family*, and the resultant security radiates in an avuncular display of garrulous wisecracks and no-nonsense self-assessment.



Eric Lebowitz

Looking his interrogators squarely in the eye, Hoffman establishes instant living room intimacy. Yet, whether the subject is the worthlessness of acting school or the inaccuracy of the press, he owns the weight of his fame, like a father fully cognizant that his children will hang on to details of a particular dinner conversation for the rest of their lives.

"We have a sameness with everyone else in the world, which has not taken place before," Hoffman says. "One time, if there was a war, Rockefeller, senators, congressmen, their kids didn't go. There was a way to protect your own. That dichotomy doesn't exist anymore. In the 2000 Year Old Man, Carl Reiner asks Mel Brooks what it was like 2000 years ago. He says, 'Well, we each had a cave.' Reiner says, 'What cave did you have?' He says, 'Cave 76.' Reiner says, 'Did you have a national anthem?' He says, 'Yeah, every cave had a national anthem.' 'What was your national anthem?' He says, 'They can all go to hell except for Cave 76.'

"When I finished *The Graduate*, I married for the first time and we went to the Côte d'Azur for our honeymoon. The richest people in the world were there, this special group throwing away thousands of dollars every night in the casinos and saying, 'They can all go to hell except the people on the Côte d'Azur.' And I went in the water, with all the yachts and the beautiful people all around, and I got in up to my knees and suddenly I saw a turd about this long. Floating. Human turd. And that was 1969. This is fifteen years later. You know how many more turds there must be? For the first time in history, pollution, total annihilation, hitting us all, we're all in

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BRIEFINGS

the same soup."

Someone asks what great role or personage Hoffman would like to play. "I will never forget, some twenty years ago I was with a bunch of actors in an elevator and we were talking about Hitler for some reason and I was saying 'he was just a human being' as this woman was getting on. She had marks on her arms, she had been in the concentration camps. And she misunderstood me. She said, 'No, he was an animal!' "

"And I've still wanted to play someone like Hitler. We obliterate what is really complex, that thin line between good and evil and greatness. Because he probably had a greatness. From people I talked to he had the ability to make people feel like he was talking right to them, not over them or under them. In a troop of soldiers he would go down the first row, second row, third, fourth and consciously seek out a soldier in the fifth row and talk right to him. And he seduced the entire infantry that way."

From the stillness in the hall, it is manifest that Hoffman has captivated his troops.

The vein near his temple is bulging. His hands punch the space in front of him with staccato emphasis, the voice cracks dryly, and the pitcher of water sits forgotten, a gratuitous prop. "Hitler had good taste. You can have all the good taste in the world. The Vietnam War. What a campaign there was to make *that* look presentable. But *I* think of that picture of the naked ten-year-old girl with her vagina and all on fire, running and trying to put the fire out. *That* defines it more than anything else. That's the enemy! we say. We only kill the Japanese mother and children and the girl with the vagina. Dresden. They killed nothing but a people and a culture and family. And it hasn't stopped! That's the madness of the century!"

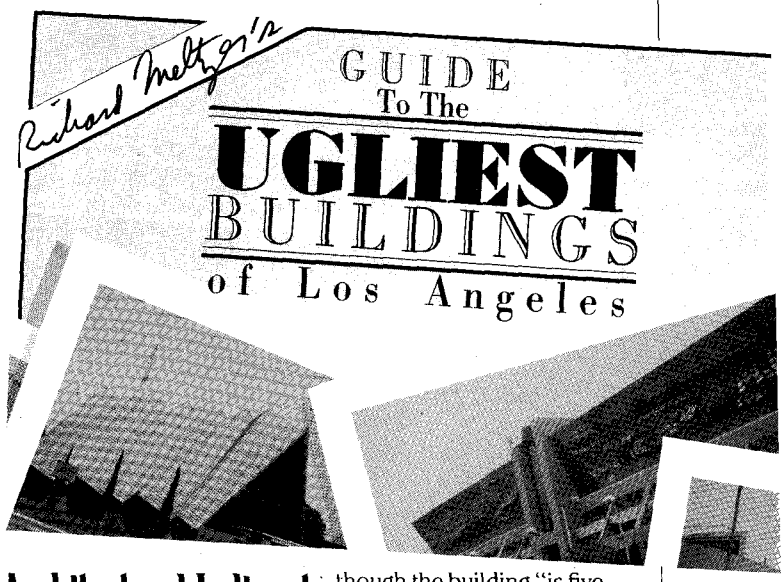
He calms himself. "Here I am, this personality at forty-eight, and this is what moves me. And either you get into all the glitz, or you say, 'Wait a minute, I want to have a voice in what's happening.' If you are an actor and you see the power of this country and Reagan, my God, with Charlton Heston on one side and Sylvester Stallone on the other saying if we only had a few more Rambos we'd be alright. What a *terrible* thing to say from an actor who never fought in that war, and sanctioned by a president who worked in Culver City in World War II doing propaganda films!"

The star receives a boisterous standing ovation, and his gratitude prompts an unexpected encore. As the audience begins to file out, he bounds back on stage. "Wait a minute! I gotta tell ya this joke!"

He then proceeds to recount an elaborate Myron Cohen monologue about a Mr. Goldberg who goes to see Dr. Ginsberg about an ailment. The story is classic Catskills: vulgar, demonstrative and delivered with such a flawless ear for Cohen's Yiddish inflections that if you closed your eyes it could be the *Ed Sullivan Show* all over again.

The audience roars in nostalgic recognition and communion, and Hoffman trudges off smiling. Mission accomplished. Harmony, and a joke for posterity. Someday, when the singles at the 92nd St. Y marry and bear children and their children meet at singles night and marry and bear children, they will tell "that Dustin Hoffman story." And Dustin will enter the pantheon, if not with Moses and David up by the roof, then with Mel Brooks and Myron Cohen down by the shtetl floorboards.

—Jan Stuart



Architectural Indigest

Richard Meltzer has been bubbling under on the L.A. charts with a barrage of books and audio tapes based on his autobiographical meanderings. His small but hardcore following has been extended with *Richard Meltzer's Guide to the Ugliest Buildings of Los Angeles*. Not one to hide his feelings, Meltzer states that "Wilshire Boulevard from the Westwood sign at Comstock Avenue westward to the Federal Building is more hideous (by far) than the bombed-out entrails of the South Bronx, NYC. That monstrous eyesore known as Beverly Center has been triggering headaches, nausea and attacks of creeping, screaming angst since the day it left the drawing board and entered the world of driverly optic oppression. If there is an uglier apt. bldg. in the known universe than the one at 1429 S. Bundy Drive, I have not seen it."

This architectural indigest covers the landscape, from the Valley to the Sea. The Enchanted View Townhomes at 2677 Centinela Ave., Mar Vista, exemplify "the *real* new trend in richpeople moron dwellings," namely wood. Although the building "is five minutes old" and too far from the Pacific to be credibly sea-seasoned or even christened by seagulls, it has been artificially aged to look like the sturdy survivor of a dozen Huntington Beach winters.

Of St. Anne's Catholic Church in North Hollywood, Meltzer writes, "I don't believe for a second that aliens built the pyramids (the Platonist, humanist and cynic in me each insists that mere humans are capable of mustering the imagination and brutality such wanton monumentality requires, and I simply *hate* all that *Chariots of the Gods* bullshit whereby so-called 'primitive peoples' can barely take a shit if left to their own device). But if aliens didn't build this one, I'd have to lay the causality to *alienation*: alienation from the truly radical mixed bag of etc. that gave rise to L.A.'s indigenous masterpiece of inspired multiple mania, the Watts Towers."

Meltzer's most satisfied customers will be those who enjoy his rap/rant, rather than those seeking any particular architectural enlightenment. (Available for $3.95 from Illuminati, 8812 West Pico Boulevard, Suite 203, Los Angeles, Calif. 90035.)

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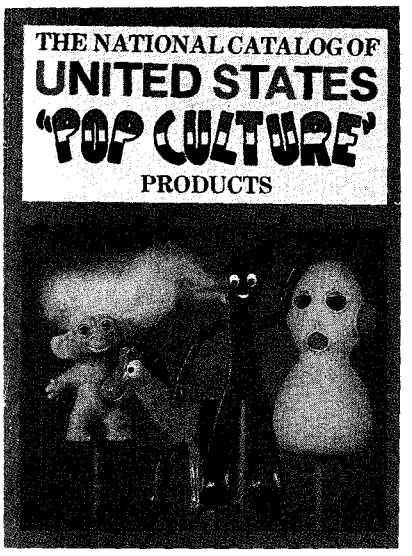
BRIEFINGS

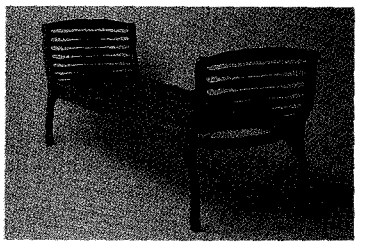
CLASSICS

Swiss watchmaker TISSOT is offering a rock-solid timepiece—made of granite. Designed by Ernst Thomke, who created the Swatch watch, the Rock Watch is carved from Swiss granite. To give the watch even more of a Swiss feel, the minute hand is red and the hour hand yellow, the colors of markers on hiking trails in the Swiss Alps. The watches sell for $195. Distributed by International Time Co. of Middlebury, Connecticut, they are available in department stores nationwide.



The Unknown Products company was established in 1980 to bring consumers the most complete collection of 1960s-1980s United States "pop culture" products. Their catalog unites Gumby and Pokey, Beany and Cecil, Mr. Bill and Mr. Potato Head with Play-Doh, Dreebles, Obies and Ant Farms. P.O. Box 225, Midwood Station, Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230. Phone: (718) 377-7808.

Travel up to twenty miles an hour on these battery-powered motorized roller skates. They have full braking efficiency, and are powered by four six-volt-cell batteries that are worn on a belt. The one-third horsepower engine can be disengaged for normal skating. Range is approximately twenty miles on a single seven-hour charge and the motor and batteries are weather-sealed. The skates, which are available in men's and women's sizes six and up, cost $479.50 and are available from Hammacher Schlemmer and Co. of New York. Phone: (800) 543-3366.



The handmade furniture of Kimberly Ledford is among the offerings of Kaleidoscope, a Hanover, New Hampshire firm specializing in "beautiful and useful things." Each piece of cherry wood furniture is hand-rubbed and oil-finished. Owners Susan Locke and James Rubens feel that Ledford will be recognized "the same way Chippendale is today." Shown here is her day lounge in black cherry ($2800). Kaleidoscope, Dartmouth Savings Bank Building, Hanover, N.H. 03755. Phone: (603) 643-4327.

New York designers Don Ruddy and Shane Kennedy formed Furniture Club to produce one-of-a-kind pieces of concrete—yes, concrete—furniture. Experimenting with special dyes, they have created concrete tables, beds, ashtrays, and now lamps and clocks. Their clocks, which weigh four to five pounds, come in tabletop and wall models and sell for $100 and $90 respectively. The Torch Lamp sells for $250. Furniture Club is in New York City, at (212) 255-9467.

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An important message from PAUL NEWMAN and JOANNE WOODWARD

"We share our love with seven wonderful children we have never seen.

"We'd like to tell you why."

The seven children the Newman family sponsors are Pedro, Gustavo, Carlos, Johnny, Andres, Jaime, and Laki.

"For 16 years we've been Save the Children sponsors. We began by sponsoring a desperately poor little girl from the mountains of Colombia—a child who lived in a one-room hut and could only dream of attending school.

"It was a joy to share our good fortune with her and to know that she was blossoming because someone cared enough to help. It made us want to help other children in the same way. And now we sponsor seven children around the world. Children we have come to understand and love. Thanks to Save the Children.

"If you've ever wondered 'What can one person do?'—the answer is 'You can help save a child.' If you are touched by the plight of needy children, there is no better way than Save the Children to reach out to them with caring, comfort, and support.

"Please join us as a Save the Children sponsor. We've seen the wonders they can work. You'll see how much you really can do—in the eyes and in the progress of the child you sponsor. You'll bring new hope to a child you'll know personally, as we do, through photographs...reports...and letters you can exchange, if you wish.

"You'll see despair turn to hope, and you'll feel the personal reward of knowing what your love and support can do.

"The cost is so little. The need is so great. Won't you join us as Save the Children sponsors?"

A sponsorship costs only $16 a month—less than many other sponsorship agencies. Just 52¢ a day. Because 50 years of experience has taught us that direct handouts are the least effective way of helping children, your sponsorship contributions are not distributed in this way. Instead they are used to help children in the most effective way possible—by helping the entire community with projects and services, such as health care, education, food production and nutrition. So hardworking people can help themselves and save their own children.

Fill out this coupon...and share your love with a child.

☐ **Yes, I want to join the Newmans as a Save the Children sponsor. My first monthly sponsorship payment of $16 is enclosed. I prefer to sponsor a ☐ boy ☐ girl ☐ either in the area I've checked below.**

☐ **Where the need is greatest**	☐ Bangladesh	☐ Honduras	☐ Nepal
☐ Africa	☐ Colombia	☐ Indonesia	☐ Philippines
☐ American Indian	☐ Dominican Republic	☐ Inner Cities (U.S.)	☐ Southern States (U.S.)
☐ Appalachia (U.S.)	☐ Gaza Strip	☐ Israel	☐ Southwest Hispanic (U.S.)
		☐ Lebanon	☐ Sri Lanka
		☐ Mexico	☐ Thailand

Name_____
(Please print)

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ **Instead of becoming a sponsor at this time, I am enclosing a contribution of $_____.**

☐ **Please send me more information.**

Save the Children®

50 Wilton Road, Westport, Connecticut 06880
Attn: David L. Guyer, President

Established 1932. The original child sponsorship agency. YOUR SPONSORSHIP PAYMENTS AND CONTRIBUTIONS ARE U.S. INCOME TAX DEDUCTIBLE. We are indeed proud of our use of funds. Our annual report and audit statement are available upon request. SRW 1/6

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BRIEFINGS

Chan P.I.

Unlike his film counterpart, the real life Charlie Chan was neither portly nor elegant, and didn't constantly spout Confucian proverbs.

Chang Apana, a detective with the Honolulu Police Department, was short, wiry, terse, dressed to blend with the crowd, and a scrapper who took on opponents twice his size, and had the scars to prove it.

Earl Derr Biggers, who penned the six Charlie Chan novels, had visited Hawaii and, for several years, had contemplated writing a mystery yarn set in the tropical paradise.

In 1924, while doing research at the New York Public Library, he came across a *Honolulu Star Bulletin* account of how Apana had risked his life to smash a vicious drug ring operating in Hawaii. All the pieces fell together and, a year later, Biggers published the first Charlie Chan mystery, *The House Without a Key.*

The others were: *The Chinese Parrot* (1926); *Behind That Curtain* (1928); *The Black Camel* (1929); *Charlie Chan Carries On* (1930); and *Keeper of the Keys* (1932).

In addition, there was the celebrated Charlie Chan film series. In all, forty-eight Chan films were made featuring such actors as Warner Oland, Sidney Toler, Roland Winters and Peter Ustinov. There were also Charlie Chan radio and TV shows, and even comic books featuring the great detective.

After the first Chan book became a best seller, author Biggers journeyed to Honolulu to meet the man who had inspired the novel. The two men became friends, and Biggers frequently used details from Apana's life to add to Charlie's image.

For example, Apana had nine children, including a daughter named Rose. So did Charlie. Both crime fighters lived on Punchbowl Hill, and both were promoted to Detective First Grade following a police department scandal. Biggers used countless other minor details to make Charlie the fictional version of Apana.

Chang Apana was only five feet tall, but he was fearless. He once crawled under a porch and did battle with an escaped murderer twice his weight. When the dust cleared, the escapee was in handcuffs.

Apana was born on December 26, 1864 in Waipio, Oahu, to a Chinese immigrant couple. The family returned to China, where he lived until he was ten, when he returned to live with an uncle in Waipio. In his youth, he became an expert horseman and worked for the Humane Society.

He became a master at using the horse whip, and when he joined the Honolulu Police Department in 1898, he was allowed to carry a whip instead of a police revolver.

"Hoodlums feared him because of that whip," stated former Honolulu Police Chief Francis Keala. "Chang Apana was allowed to carry the whip because he could be depended upon to use discretion in exercising his police powers and respecting the rights of citizens."

Though he did not have a formal education, the detective could speak three languages, English, Chinese and Hawaiian. According to Chief Keala: "His lack of education did not keep him from being one of the best-known men on the police force. As an officer, Chang Apana was fearless and energetic. He possessed one of the best records in the police force, and was well known for his ability as an investigator. He carried many scars on his face and body as a result of encounters while performing his duties. Veteran officers who worked with him used to tell stories of his feats of daring, especially relating to the early days of Chinese immigration to the islands, when there was much opium smuggling. They say he never lost his courage although knifed and beaten many times."

Apana's investigative brilliance was not limited to drug cases. His work on what the press billed in 1929 as "The Frances Ashe Disappearance" was considered outstanding. The police had searched without success for Ashe, daughter of a socially prominent family from the mainland, or for her abductor. Meanwhile, Apana was painstakingly piecing together bits and pieces of clues, retracing his steps several times until he could prove that, in fact, she had drowned.

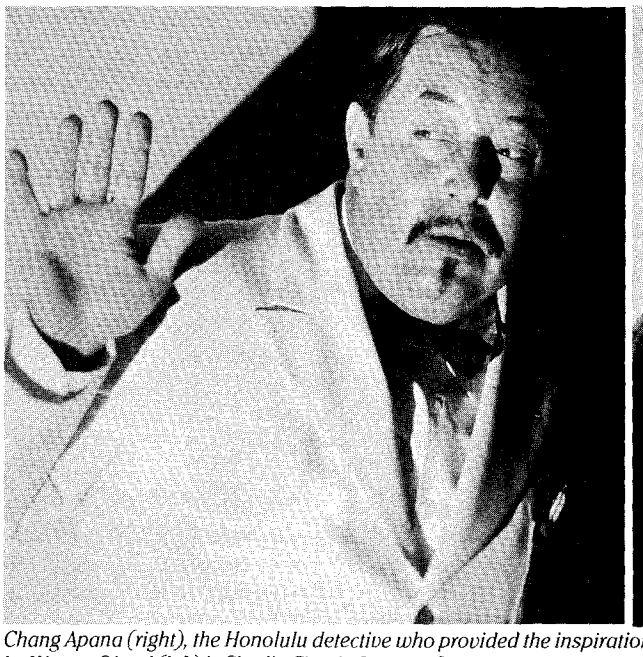
Apana received several medals and citations for his work as a detective. He retired from the police department on May 22, 1932, at the age of sixty-eight.

Earl Derr Biggers passed away on April 13, 1933, less than a year after completing his last Charlie Chan novel.

Chang Apana died eight months later—on December 8—at Queen Hospital in Honolulu, the victim of diabetes. He was buried in the Manoa Chinese Cemetery on

His police badge was buried with him.

—Dick O'Donnell



Chang Apana (right), the Honolulu detective who provided the inspiration for Charlie Chan, portrayed here by Warner Oland (left) in Charlie Chan's Greatest Case.

Phototeque

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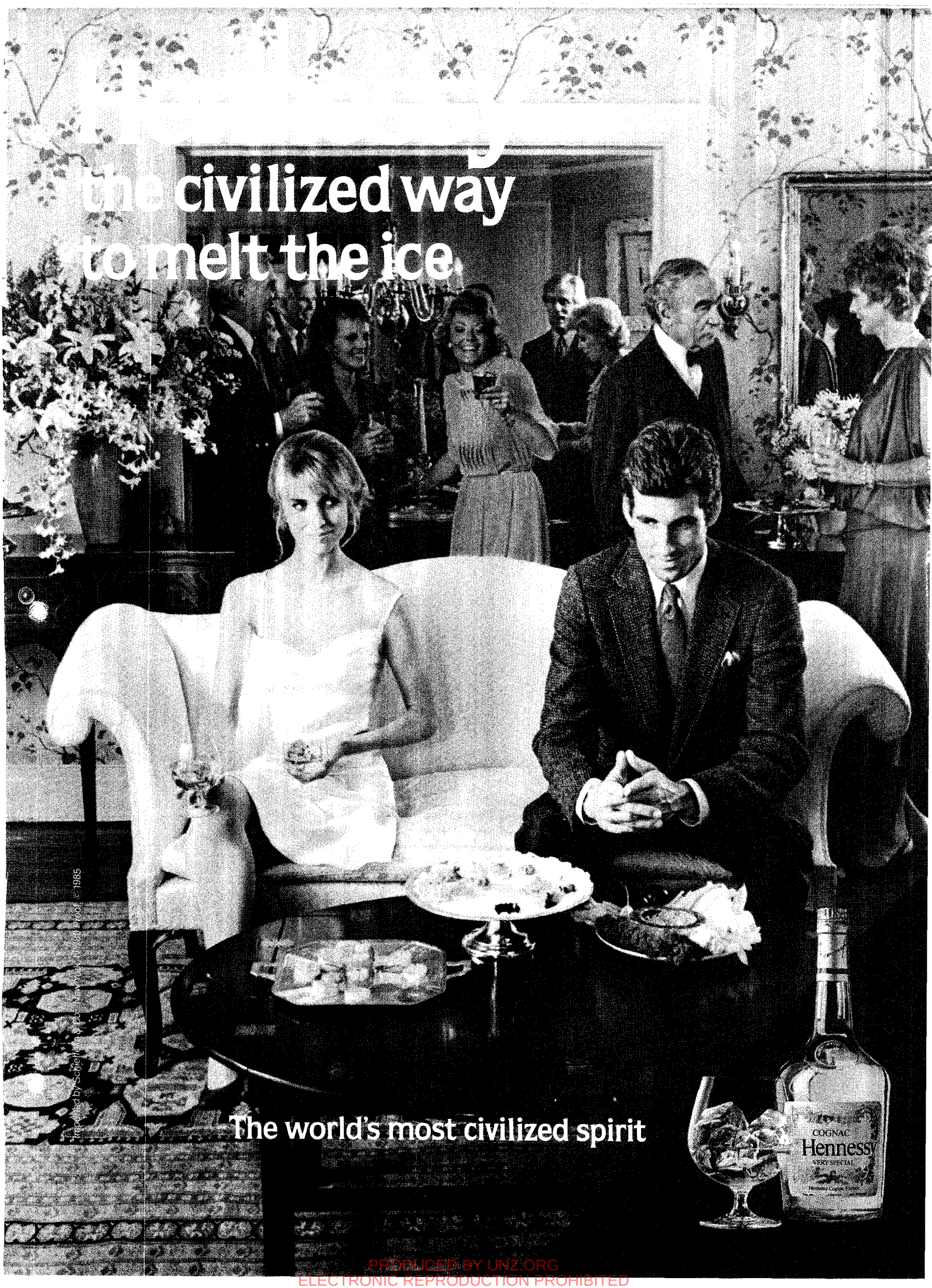

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THE BLUE FOUR

FEININGER
JAWLENSKY
KANDINSKY
PAUL KLEE

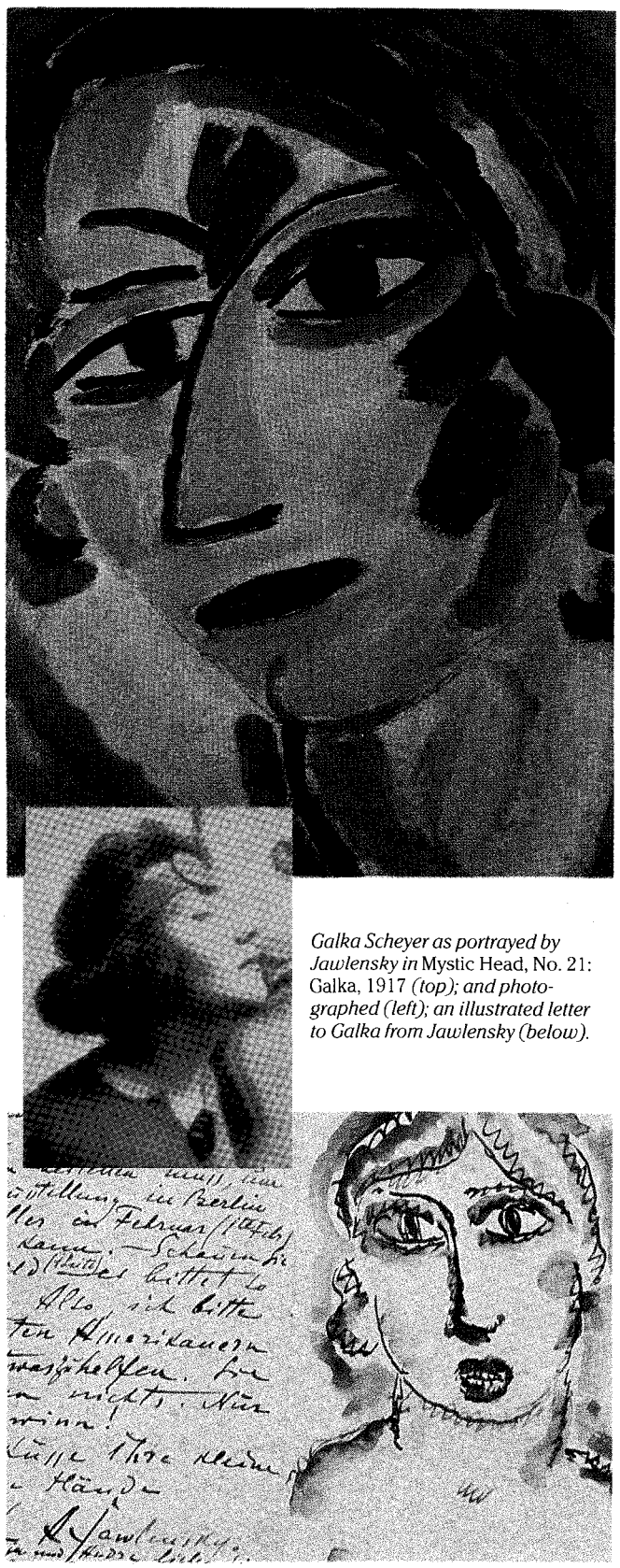
The Blue Four Letters

California in the 1920s—the age of jazz and Hollywood movie stars, art deco and Frank Lloyd Wright. Amid this glamour and novelty, a new art form was making its American debut. The "Blue Four"—Munich-based painters Wassily Kandinsky, Paul Klee, Andrej Jawlensky and New York-born Lyonel Feininger—were about to change the way we perceive art in this century.

Their American agent was a passionate, young German woman named Emmy "Galka" Scheyer, who came to New York in 1924 to proselytize and lecture in the name of the group she called the "Blaue Vier" because of their earlier association with exhibitions organized under the aegis of the "Blue Rider" group, and because she thought blue was a spiritual color.

The first Blue Four exhibition provoked a furor that Galka thoroughly enjoyed. She devised a distinctive logo of four vertical blue lines, and set out on a lecture tour, keeping things stirred up wherever she went.

She wrote to her artists: "Herewith I inform the Blue Kings that the minister of the exterior has achieved a great political (artistic-political) victory. Next Monday I shall open a Blue 4 exhibition in the most distinguished university of California. . . . Stanford University is worth its weight in gold . . . and I would rather talk for nothing [she had waived her lecture fee] to young and receptive people than for money to adult corpses in clubs. . . ."



Galka Scheyer as portrayed by Jawlensky in Mystic Head, No. 21: Galka, 1917 *(top); and photographed (left); an illustrated letter to Galka from Jawlensky (below).*

For the next two decades, Galka wrote individually and collectively to her "Blue Kings" back in Germany.

To her horror, she found that the artists, well known in Europe by that time, had not even scratched the surface of the American art scene.

Snubbed by New York collectors, she embarked on a crusade, writing to art institutes around the nation asking for an exhibition. She received one positive response—from the Oakland Municipal Art Museum.

So it was that California became the first home for the Blue Four in America. What followed was twenty years of correspondence between the artists and their greatest champion—a rich dialogue of social and artistic commentary, mixed with personal reflections on two turbulent decades.

The letters, over 900 in all, are the subject of an extensive research project headed by Kandinsky scholar Peg Weiss, research associate professor at Syracuse University.

"As an art historian, I was very, very excited to find a hitherto unpublished archive," she says. But once into the project she realized that a completely annotated study of the letters could take a lifetime.

The letters were saved by Scheyer and, upon her death in 1945, were rescued from her personal safe by a close friend. They report candidly on the California art scene of the 1920s; on Scheyer's friendships with Hollywood luminaries like Marlene Dietrich (whose rented house Scheyer decorated with Blue Four originals) and Greta Garbo (who

Illustrations courtesy The Blue Four Galka Scheyer Collection, Norton Simon Museum of Art at Pasadena

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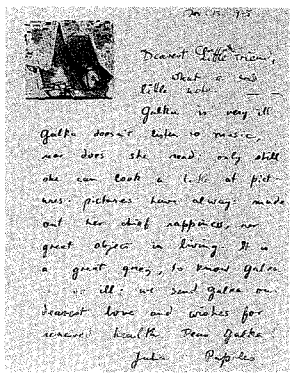
BRIEFINGS

was "enchanted and enchanting and ran like a child from pictures to flowers and rejoiced in everything"); about the role of women in art; about the politics of art dealers; and about the extent of Nazi awareness on the West Coast.

The letters were given to the Norton Simon Museum in 1961. Since then, museum curators had started several times to have them translated. Finally, in 1980, they decided to turn the project over to the University of California Press and Peg Weiss.

"I realized the enormous value of these letters," Weiss says, but "I found it mind-boggling. I knew I needed some help from computer technology, but at first that idea was very hazy."

Fortunately, Syracuse University's Center for Computer Applications and Software Engineering (CASE Center) was just gearing up to work on a new computer program for document analysis. Through intra-university channels, the Kandinsky scholar and the computer programmers were put in touch with each other. Now the Blue Four project can be completed in three to four years instead of forty.



(Top) A letter from Jawlensky to Galka Scheyer. The painting is a reproduction of the work that initially attracted Scheyer's attention to the artist. (Bottom) The last letter Lyonel Feininger wrote to Scheyer, written on the day she died.

First a Kurzweil Reader will optically scan typewritten pages (Scheyer typed all her letters and kept a carbon), and store them in the computer's memory. Weiss can then compare the letters with their translations on split screen, correcting errors and annotating them with supplemental research—references from newspapers, historical documents, books or her own knowledge.

But the most important technology by far is the program still under development, which can access the contents of every letter, and, with its sophisticated cross-checking capabilities, provide answers to researchers' queries (based on information the scholar has entered about the letters).

Researchers could ask questions of the computer, which would instantly scan the literature and report if the assumption were true or false.

For example: it has been alleged that Scheyer, a Jew, was inured by her distance to the Nazi threat to Jews and modern art. The program would show that Braunsweig and Berlin addresses appear in proximity to dates of certain Nazi rallies and boycotts. The researcher could prove that Scheyer was actually visiting Germany at that time and infer that she must have been aware of Nazi propaganda and even may have decided to cut her stay short because of it.

Syracuse programmers hope to make their program applicable to a wide range of humanities and arts and sciences research. Those which show the most promise are literary criticism and life history analysis, both of which depend on huge amounts of written material.

Weiss's work will be published under the title *The Blue Four: A Dialogue With America* (University of California Press). In another age, the book would represent a lifetime of scholarly study. But thanks to the computer, scholars can come out of the library and see the light of day.

—Lynn Crawford

The Minister of the Exterior's Letter Exchange

Galka's first impressions of Los Angeles were not entirely flattering:

> "Los Angeles is a mushroom-like village that sprang up after a terrible rain just as mushrooms grow up in the forest, mixed-up, topsy-turvy, high and low, fat and thick, long and thin."

In 1928, Jawlensky wrote to his "minister of the exterior":

> "Galkalein dear! I received the money. A thousand thanks. I don't want to complain; that won't help. But if it is possible and if the new President Hoover is not against art as he is against liquor, then please tell the good people that my art can intoxicate just like a good wine, [and] is not prohibited; this intoxication lasts much longer and is more pleasant and healthier. Truly. Perhaps you will find someone who will give some thought to this and will drink my wine and send me some money. . . . Thus I'm asking the good Americans to help me out a little. They'll lose nothing. Only pure profit."

In 1935, in a letter to Jawlensky, Galka described her visit from a

> "young, very talented composer who is to study with Schoenberg. . . . I showed him your new small Heads. He was enthused and asked what they cost. He is himself very poor and [has a music scholarship] because of his talent. Since I know you, and realize that true enthusiasm, especially among today's youth, is a lovely thing to behold, I quoted him a very low price of $25.00. He made a down payment of one dollar. Now that is truly touching. . . . it was a great joy for me. . . . the visit of this young man, John Cage. . . ."

In a 1940 letter, one of his last before war separated them forever, Kandinsky wrote to Galka:

> "Humanity is stuck in a bog of materialism up to its neck or perhaps even over its head. I will keep to my long-standing belief: all the terrible things which the people of today are experiencing will *ultimately* lead to a spiritual awakening! But when this ultimate conclusion will come is unknown to me. Perhaps by the year 2000. Probably too far away for you, too . . ."

Illustrations courtesy The Blue Four Galka Scheyer Collection, Norton Simon Museum of Art at Pasadena

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BRIEFINGS

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

John Doe is dead. The name that filled a million blanks is taking up its last space on a tombstone. Long live C. F. Frost, Joan Young and Thomas Hill, the new breed of nobodies.

If you've ever applied for an American Express credit card, you've met C. F. Frost. Frost's name has appeared on every American Express card application brochure and advertisement since 1959. (See? You remember.) Joan Young and Thomas Hill work the same beat for Mastercard International's Gold Card. Well, as Maxwell Smart would say, "Who are you?"

"C. F. Frost is a real person who worked in our ad agency. They chose a real person so if we get a call from someone else whose name is also C. F. Frost, we can say, 'That C. F. Frost is a member of our agency, it's not you.' There's no potential misrepresentation that way," Naomi Barker of American Express explains. "They chose his name because it was a simple, generic name without ethnic connotations that could be anyone at all."

"Thomas Hill and Joan Young are names of employees here," says Harry Hasselman, vice president and counsel of Mastercard International. "They're just simple, easy names that we're not going to get into trouble about. They signed a release to let us use their names."

Frost, Young and Hill each receive one dollar a year for their services as the unknown cardholders. Both American Express and Mastercard International insist the names were chosen undeliberately. There's no subliminal message, they claim, and no marketing research directed their choices.

Multi-billion dollar companies such as American Express and Mastercard, however, rarely make a move without some calculation. Richard Dorr of the Dorr Research Group, a Boston-based marketing and attitude research firm, dismisses the idea that the name-giving was quite so careless.

"It's really a defensive move," Dorr comments. "It's not designed to draw a positive response, but rather to eliminate any negative possibilities. The names companies use are usually one syllable and waspy.

"If there's anything used besides a waspy name, there's bound to be someone out there who doesn't like that group," say Dorr. "WASPs don't make headlines. Aside from perhaps being dull—I know, I'm one myself—WASPs don't get a response."

John Doe is a stereotype, too, and just as touchy as the others.

"John and Jane Doe have a stigma. They're associated with deliberate non-entities," Dorr says. "Those other names personalize the ads without being obnoxious. Doe is obnoxious, like the name ACME for a company."

The credit card name game sounds foolproof. Find a WASP, have him or her sign the proper forms, and watch the membership fees and finance charges roll in along with all those messy, carbon-smeared receipts. Moving beyond plastic money for even more profits, Visa USA introduced its own line of traveller's checks in 1980. The accompanying national ad campaign showed a hand holding one of the new checks, which was signed by "Pat Robertson."

Visa had followed the industry's rules to the letter. "Pat Robertson" was Patricia Robertson, an employee in the new traveller's check division, who signed off twice for the company—once on a facsimile check and again on the appropriate release. All the other Pat Robertsons across the country would have to settle for the standard explanation—"it's not your name." They all did, except for Pat Robertson, evangelist and host of television's *700 Club* on the Christian Broadcasting Network (CBN).

"I don't think Pat Robertson was pleased with the ad," Guy Evans, a lawyer at CBN, says. "The traveller's check shows a dove, which is the symbol of the Christian religion, and the ad clearly shows a male hand holding the check, you can see hair on the hand. If in fact 'Pat Robertson' was a real person, Patricia Robertson, they were using the wrong gender. They should have shown a female hand, maybe with an engagement ring on it."

According to Evans, Robertson and his followers "did everything they could as Christians, they used their full Christian armor if you will" to force Visa to remove the ads. Evans also claims Robertson could have brought suit against Visa for "violation of his right of publicity," though the matter never came to court.

"Pat Robertson was writing letters and making speeches, saying we were trying to capitalize on his fame," says Visa's Dick Rossi. "It actually was our Pat Robertson's signature on the check. She may have had the most legible signature in her department, that's my guess. And the dove is a Visa security symbol to prevent forgeries. But after a while, the whole thing became more trouble than it was worth."

In 1983, Visa removed Pat Robertson's name from its traveller's checks facsimiles and advertisements, replacing her signature with the stamped word "SPECIMEN." As for its credit card, Visa is playing it safe these days, indicating the reports of John Doe's death may be slightly exaggerated.

"We're using John Doe on the cards. We'll stay out of trouble that way," Rossi says. "Unless we get sued by John Doe."

—*Christopher Kenneally*

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SURGEON GENERAL'S WARNING: Smoking By Pregnant Women May Result in Fetal Injury, Premature Birth, And Low Birth Weight.

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Scrabble® is a registered trademark of Selchow & Righter Co.

10 mg "tar," 0.7 mg nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Feb.'85.

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BRIEFINGS

Divers Art

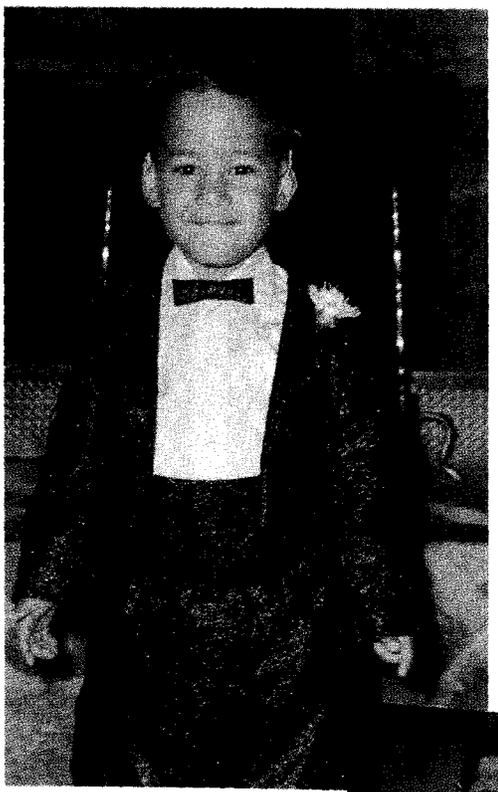
Much has been made the past few years of the relationship between athletics and dance. In the late seventies Lynn Swann, wide receiver for the Pittsburgh Steelers, was a very visible (and vocal) champion of that relationship. He talked up the benefits of ballet for anyone hoping to swivel past linebackers, and even danced in a Twyla Tharp ballet. Other athletes—basketball players, gymnasts, skiers—have endorsed dance training as well. When it comes to sports, dance is a means to many ends.

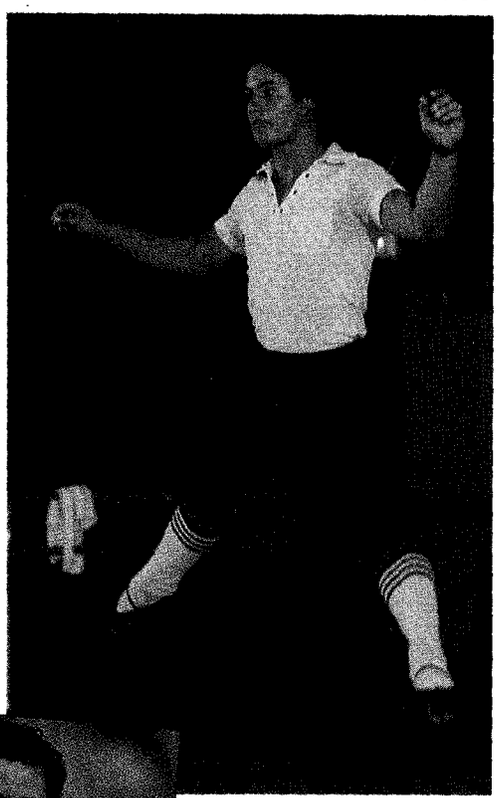
So it should come as no surprise to find that an athlete with the agility and poise of Olympic diving gold medalist Greg Louganis knows first position from fifth and never confuses a barre with a bar.

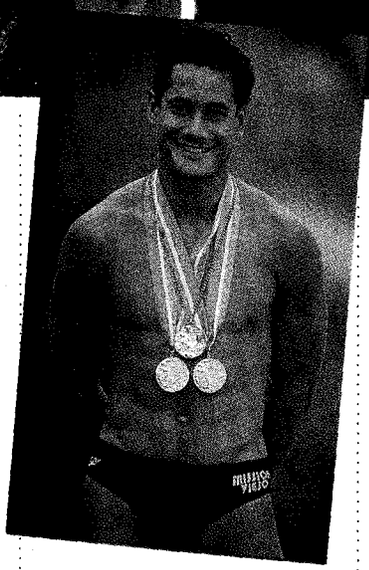
"I've been dancing longer than I've been diving," he says, and he's not kidding. Though he started diving when he was nine, Louganis first toddled into a dance studio at age one-and-a-half, doing forward rolls during his sister's class. "I've always been in some type of formal training," he says. "Dance, diving, gymnastics."

It shows. Though soft-spoken and thoughtful, Louganis radiates self-assurance. His smallest movements are studies in symmetry. Even sipping coffee while perched on a folding chair, he seems aware of the space around him and how he fits within it.

Such awareness is a trait shared by dancers and divers. The success or failure of what they do depends on spatial awareness. Though a dancer turns on a different axis than a diver, says Louganis, both have to spot exactly where they are in space to be able to come out of a turn and hit a mark—whether on stage or in the water.







(Top left) Portrait of the diver as a young man; (top right) the art of a diver; (above) Louganis with his Olympic medals.

Jim Bartlett

"My first performance on stage was when I was three," he says. "I was in hat and tails. I sang, 'Dance with Me,' and did a little tap number."

When he was twelve, however, Louganis had to quit dancing. Knee problems forced him to turn to diving instead. It wasn't until college that he once again found himself in a studio.

He leaped in with both feet. "I started ballet in college. Though it was a little late for me, I still liked it." So much so that he was frequently cast in classical pieces, which gave him what he wanted—stage experience. Knowing he wasn't going to dance professionally, he stuck with the rigors of classes and productions to polish his theatrical skills. "I learned how to perform, how to get up on stage," he says. "I learned not so much dance for dance's sake, but for performance.

"One thing I learned at an early age was how to do mental imagery. My teacher would lay us down and play the music we were dancing to. She'd say, 'Okay, now do the dance in your head perfectly, with no mistakes.' So I'd lay there and do the routine. If I missed a step in my head, I'd have to go back and repeat the exercise."

That skill carried over to his diving, claims Louganis. He uses it to prepare himself, by setting up dives to internal music and practicing them in his head. "If I'm going through an intense training period, preparing for a major competition, sometimes what I'll do before I go to bed is I'll put some music on and go through my list of dives, doing each one perfectly. That helps me, to be able to envision myself doing a dive perfectly."

The intention, he says, is to make a dive more fluid, a result of choreography, and less artificial. "I don't think in lines. It's not, 'Okay, arm reach here.' It's more lyrical, and I hope more graceful."

Louganis dances only for fun these days, taking classes when he can with the South Coast Ballet Company in Los Angeles. "I don't want to make it as a dancer *per se*. I don't really want to go from one obsession to another obsession. Diving has been an obsession. Dance is more of a hobby now."

—S. L. Barry

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The Museum of Modern Art

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Henri de TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

The Clowness at the Moulin Rouge. 1897. Lithograph. The Museum of Modern Art, New York. Gift of Abby Aldrich Rockefeller, 1946

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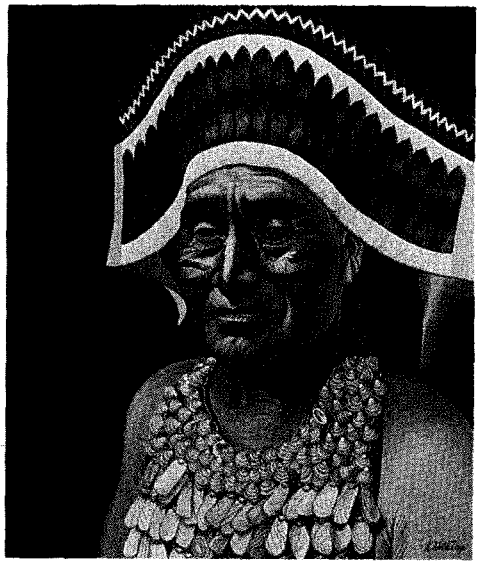
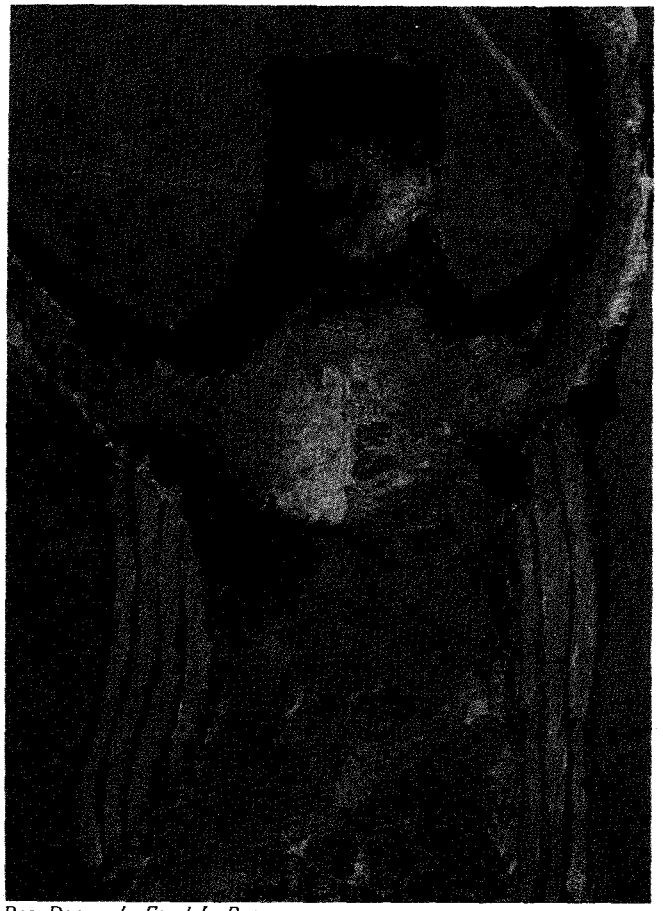
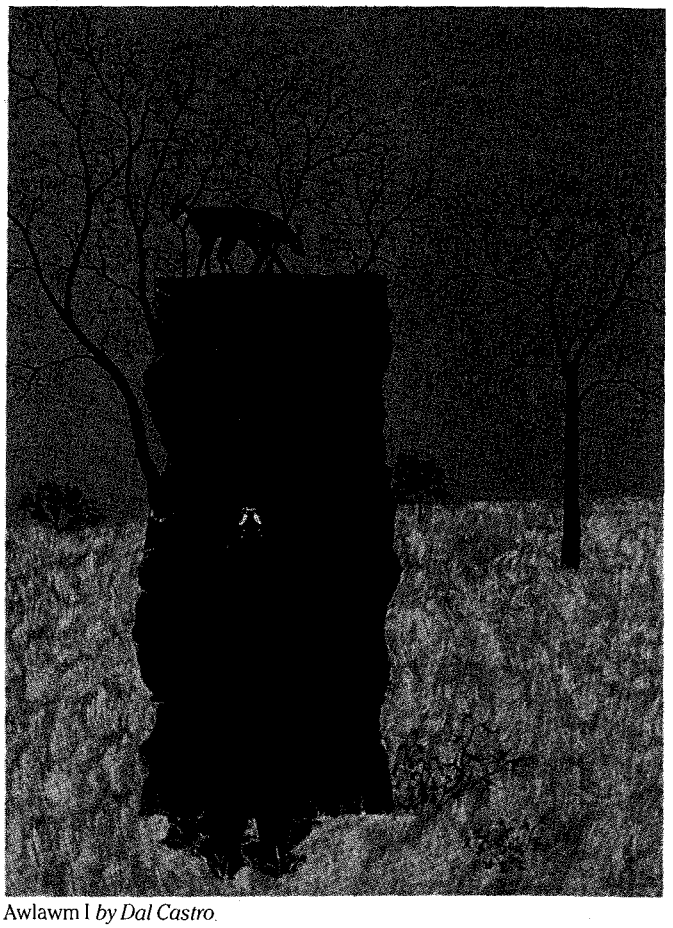
BRIEFINGS

Jump Dance *by Karen Tripp*





Bear Dancer *by Frank La Pena*



Awlawm I *by Dal Castro*

Native Ground

Some striking work by nine contemporary Northern California Native American artists is on display at California's Palm Springs Desert Museum. The exhibition, organized by Wintu Indian artist Frank La Pena, shows the modern paintings alongside traditional objects, historical photographs, songs, legends and descriptions of the land and Native American cultural values. La Pena, who worked with the tribes and a group of noted art and anthropology scholars, conveys an understanding and appreciation of the continuum of Indian traditions and the inseparable relation of art and life that has resulted in Northern California becoming one of the most fertile areas for contemporary Native American art in America.

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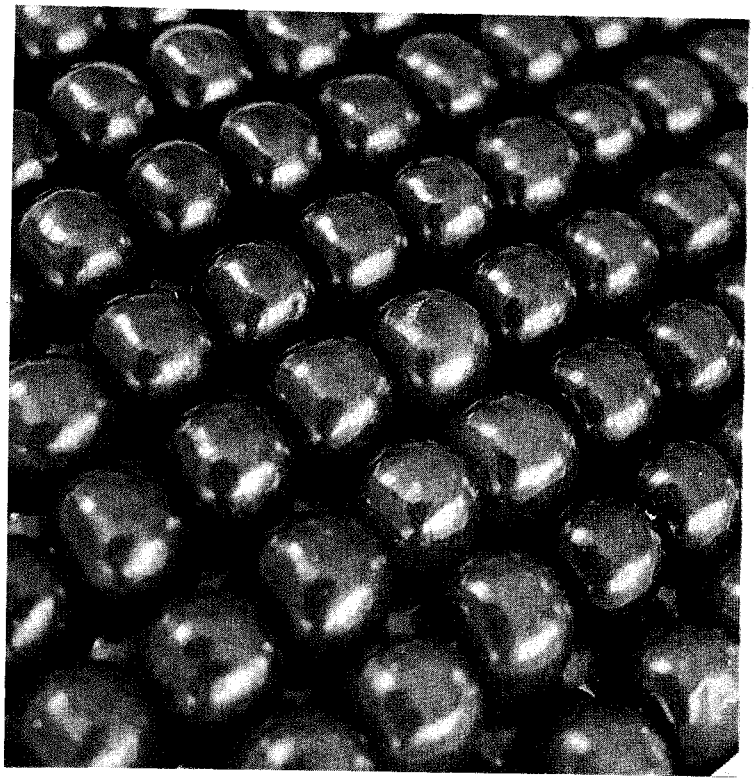
PHOTOGRAPHED AND EDITED BY PROCTOR JONES
"The Pushkin Monument at Pushkin"
Proctor Jones Publishing Co., San Francisco, $24.95.

PASSING FARMS: ENDURING VALUES

BY YVONNE JACOBSON
"Bing Cherries"
William Kaufmann, Inc., Los Altos, California, $39.50



CAMERA CULTURE

BY HALLA BELOFF
"Joan Crawford," photograph by Eve Arnold
Basil Blackwood, Inc., New York, $24.95.

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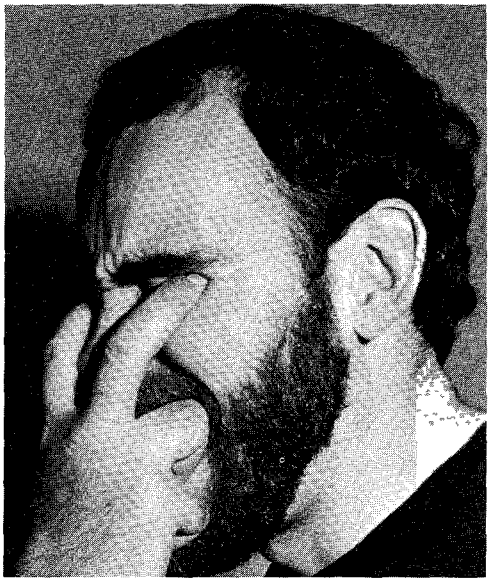


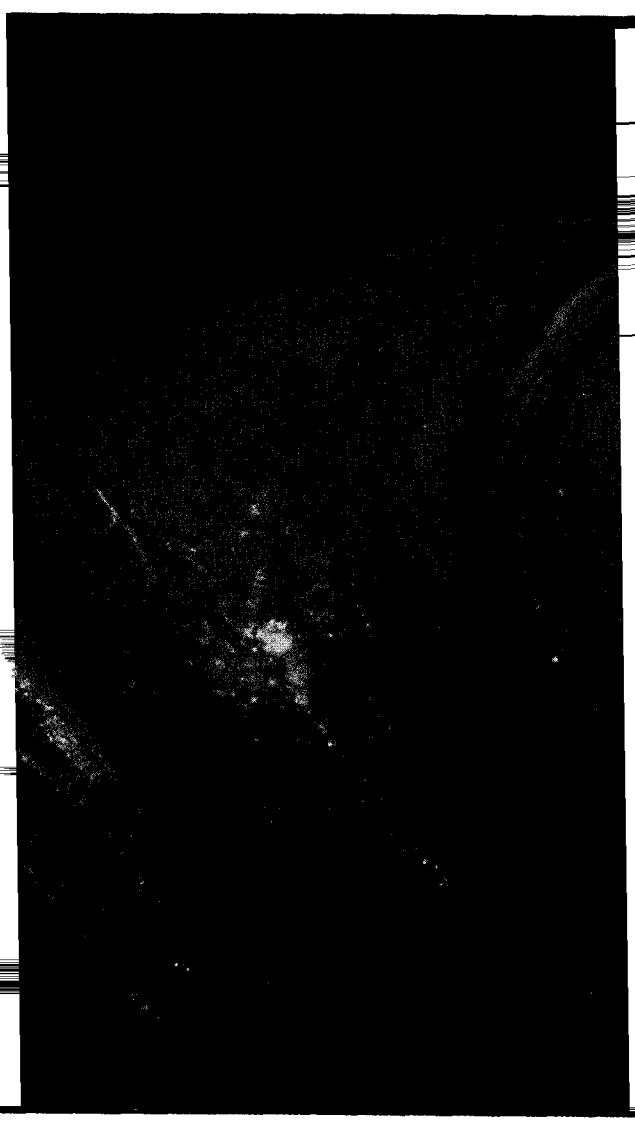
THE MARTIAL ARTS AND REAL LIFE

BY FRED VILLARI

"Twin Dragons"

For poking and thrusting at vital areas

Quill, New York, $8.95.



UNDERSEA LIFE

BY JOSEPH S. LEVINE

"The Soldierfish"

Stewart, Tabori and Chang, New York, $24.95

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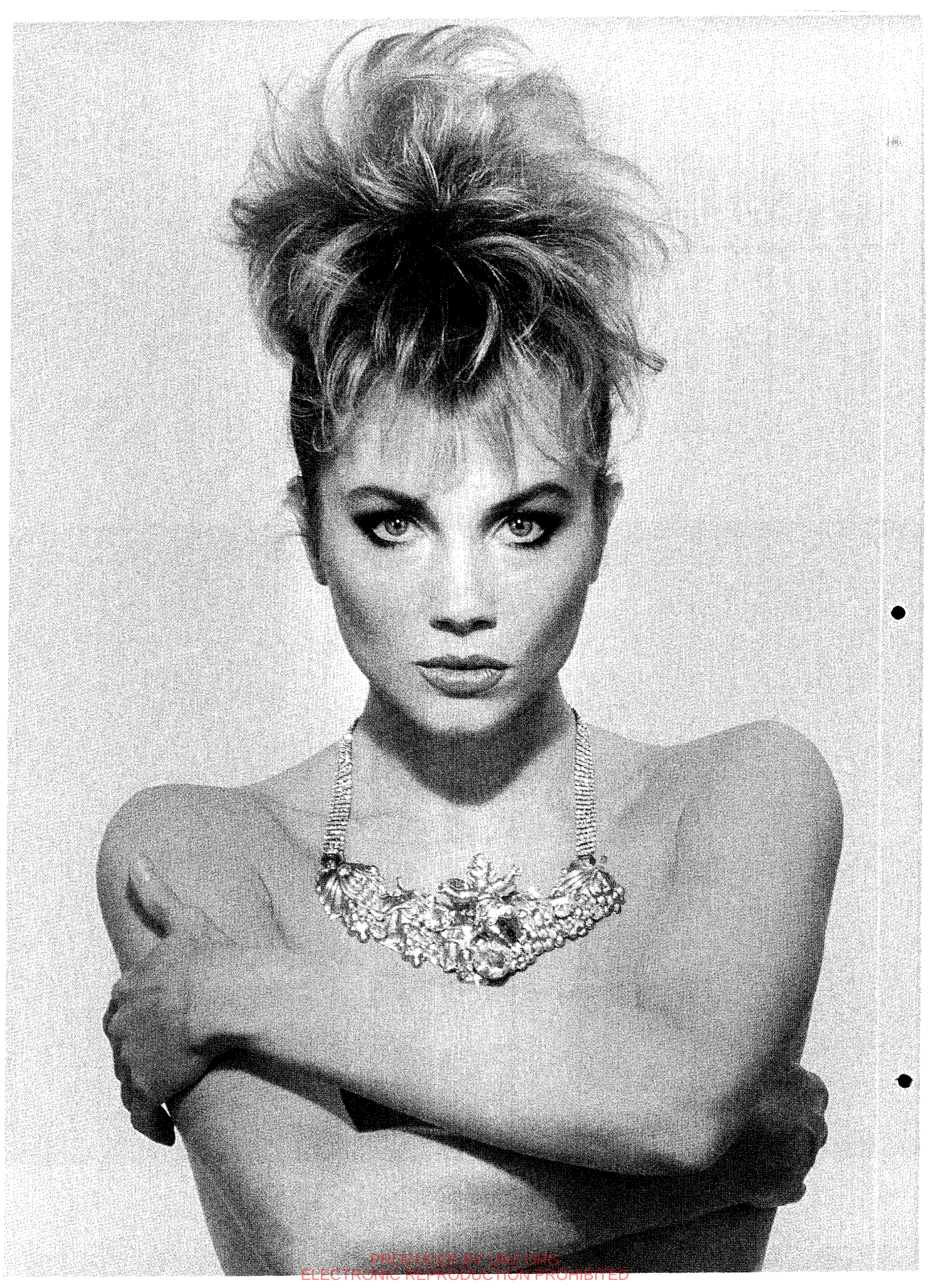

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The Key to REBECCA

A supply side hooker in *Risky Business* . . .

A pre-Madonna Madonna figure in *The Slugger's Wife* . . .

A frantic mother in the post-nuclear *Testament* . . .

Rebecca De Mornay's range of roles reflects her beauty, her talent, her ambition . . .

and her biggest problem.

"I NEED SOME SEXUAL HEALING," THE VOICE CRIES OUT FROM THE TINY DRESSing cubicle.

"Sexual healing, *pleee-ze*," the voice repeats urgently.

"You want it, you got it," a crew member yells back as he cues the tape player, and the required Marvin Gaye song begins blasting from the speakers.

Healing is needed all around. It hasn't been an easy day. The voice in the cubicle belongs to Rebecca De Mornay, the beautiful and talented young actress who created a minor sensation with her major film debut as Lana, the supply-side hooker in the 1983 hit *Risky Business*.

Rebecca is jumpy. She is under enormous pressure. She is in New York rehearsing twelve hours a day for her Broadway debut in Sam Shepard's new play, *The Lie of the Mind*, with Shepard himself directing an otherwise seasoned cast of bi-coastal actors. She has recently quit smoking and feels that she has put on weight, especially in her arms. (She begins the shoot with the chilling announcement that she will pose only in high-necked long-sleeved clothes.)

The shoot is delayed by the arrival of Rebecca's new actor-boyfriend. He wears jeans, cowboy boots and a full-cut grey suede trench coat. He carries a single long-stemmed rose for his lady. They adjourn to the cubicle. Finally a crew member is sent in to get things moving. He emerges rolling his eyes. "They're talking about commitment," he says. "We could be here for a long time."

A pattern is established: long periods of waiting followed by short, intense, superb, driving performances for the camera. Patience is stretched to the limit as the wait for the final setup continues.

Suddenly she bursts out of the cubicle wearing only a towel around her waist and whipping the single rose like a riding crop. "Let's do it," she yells, laughing, and charging towards the camera.

She burns through the studio like Sherman through Atlanta.

For ten minutes, Rebecca De Mornay gives as great a performance as any Hasselblad is ever likely to see. She is sensational. Then it's over. Everybody is glowing. Happy. A hard day's night. A good day's work.

BY LARRY McCARTHY

PHOTOGRAPHY BY RICHIE WILLIAMSON

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REBECCA DE MORNAY IS TWENTY-THREE. She was born in Santa Rosa, California. Her mother, Julia, was an aspiring actress. Her father, Wally George, was a local disc jockey. Her parents divorced when Rebecca was an infant. Her mother remarried, but her stepfather died when she was five. That was when Julia, Rebecca and step-brother Peter began to wander the world, after a year at the radical English school, Summerhill.

Rebecca endured most of high school in Kitzbühel, Austria. Comfortable and fluent in French, German and Italian, she was a good student. But she had inherited the wanderlust and the drive for self-expression. At the age of seventeen she went to London to try her luck as a singer.

The singing career failed to ignite, so Rebecca decided to return to America. ("I needed to act," she says.)

She enrolled in a Los Angeles acting school. Her looks, talent and ambition got her noticed. She landed a one-line role ("Excuse me, those are my waffles.") in Francis Ford Coppola's epic flop *One From the Heart.*

Then came *Risky Business*, a medium budget, almost teensploitation film. She starred opposite another newcomer, Tom Cruise, in director Paul Brickman's film debut. Brickman was struck by Rebecca's unique appeal: she can project "a hard edge of sexuality, not really warm, not really accessible," he says.

The film was a runaway hit. The on-screen chemistry carried over into real life, and Rebecca began a widely chronicled romance with her leading man, Tom Cruise.

Just about the time *Risky Business* was catching on, Rebecca's father, Wally George, began to attract some attention of his own. He had emerged in the late seventies as the TV producer/sidekick of Los Angeles's quirky ex-Mayor Sam Yorty. George's white-haired good looks and mellifluous voice found their own following, and he launched a TV talk show called *Hot Seat.* There was at least truth in advertising in the title. Sacrificial guests unaccountably offered themselves up each week as George made his mark as a red-baiting, homo-bashing (he described gays as "diseased humans"), right-wing crusader.

With Tom Cruise in Risky Business: *"I read this wonderful book called* The Second Sex *by Simone de Beauvoir," Rebecca says. "It has a wonderful chapter on prostitution. And I hooked up with a couple of high class call girls. They're very interesting, but very sad, very sad. It's a helluva way to make a living. I never saw them after the film. They were very secretive and I didn't have their phone numbers."*

Father and daughter had been in intermittent contact since her return from Europe, but now Rebecca cut off all contact. Cold. Was she afraid that association with her father might harm her career? Or was she just appalled by what he was saying? He says he doesn't know. And she won't say.

By the beginning of 1984, Rebecca De Mornay found herself in an enviable unenviable position. By virtue of her overnight success, she had become a member of the group of young actresses—including Ally Sheedy, Demi Moore, Mare Cunningham and Molly Ringwald—a sort of "Barrette Pack," whose early successes required spectacular follow-ups.

In today's independent free-for-all movie business, you're as hot as last week's grosses. Young performers cursed with enormous early success are forced to take mind-boggling career risks in order to top themselves and keep their cards current in the all-powerful casting directors' Rolodexes.

For Rebecca De Mornay after *Risky Business*, the problem was acute: how do you top a bravura role in the hottest film of the year?

The answer seemed providentially supplied. Playwright Neil Simon (*The Goodbye Girl*) was teaming up with Oscar-winning director Hal Ashby (*Coming Home*) for an original film comedy. Its premise was simple-sounding and unlikely in the way the biggest hits often are: *The Slugger's Wife* would tell the story of the conflicting career demands of a baseball player who marries a pop star.

In those pre-Madonna days, Rebecca turned in an uncannily Madonna-like performance. She sang so well most people assumed she was lip-synching. She wasn't. The film cost $18 million to make and opened with much ballyhoo. It was a major league bomb.

Rumors about the titanic behind-the-scenes personality conflicts between Simon and Ashby somewhat absolved Rebecca and her co-star Michael O'Keefe of responsibility for the *Slugger*'s striking out, but it put an even greater pressure on her next choice of roles.

She chose a small, almost cameo appearance in the intense, low-budget film *Testament.* Jane Alexander won all the attention (including an Oscar nomination) for her starring role as a mother trying to keep her family alive and together in the wake of a nuclear war. But Rebecca's contribution as a young mother concerned for her baby's health was strong and touching.

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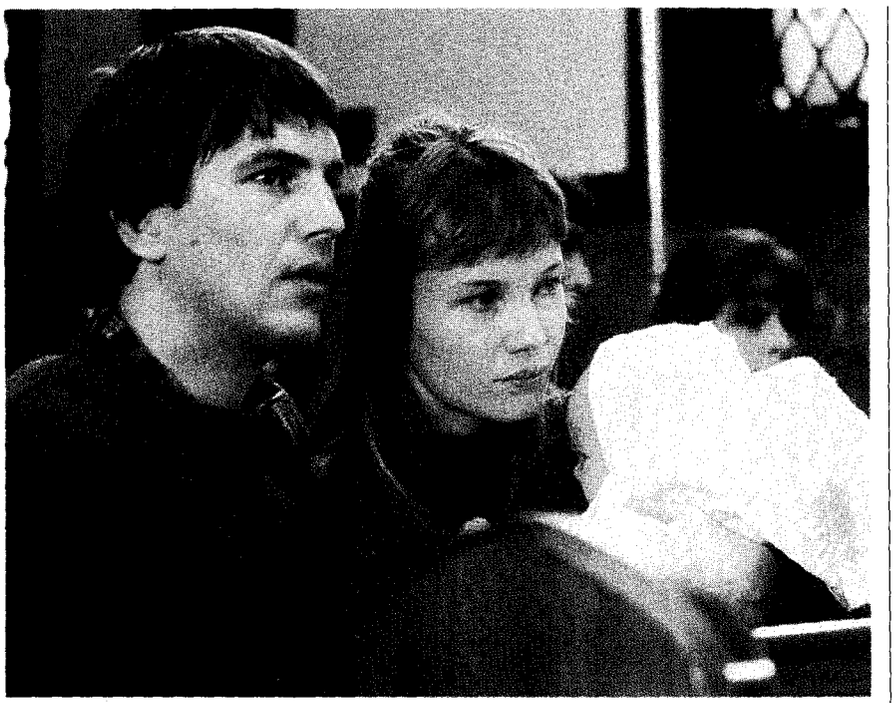
INTERVIEWING REBECCA DE MORNAY AFter the photo session is one of the pleasantest but not one of the easiest jobs in the world. The single rose is on the verge of decapitation, but she continues to whip it against her palm. She doesn't answer questions so much as she performs them. Her volume goes way up and way down for emphasis. Laughs punctuate her replies. She praises the questioner for his insight. She leans close and rears back. She works the interview like she works the camera.

But here, too, she wants to be in control. There are a lot of questions where she expects the interviewer to take "no answer" for an answer. She's so beautiful and so talented that you can't help rooting for her and wishing you didn't have to ask them.

But you do. Because the pressures on Rebecca are ratcheting higher and higher. And there are some problems. The next wave of even younger Barrette Pack actresses is garnering a lot of the attention and praise. Rebecca's relationship with Tom Cruise ended abruptly and publicly when he appeared to drop her for actress Lori Singer. And after all her work and commitment ("I know that character better than the man who wrote it," she said), Rebecca's character was suddenly written out of the too-long new Shepard play.

It seems clear that Rebecca understands the stakes involved in her current career crossroads: how much will now depend on the reception of her two new films. The first is a long-time labor of love on the part of Academy Award-winning screenwriter Horton Foote (*Tender Mercies*). After years of trying he has finally succeeded in bringing his 1950s teleplay, *The Trip to Bountiful*, to the screen. Rebecca co-stars with Geraldine Page and John Heard.

The second film is more adventuresome: *Runaway Train* features an original screenplay by legendary Japanese direc-



Rebecca De Mornay with Kevin Costner in Testament

De Mornay in a scene from the new Runaway Train

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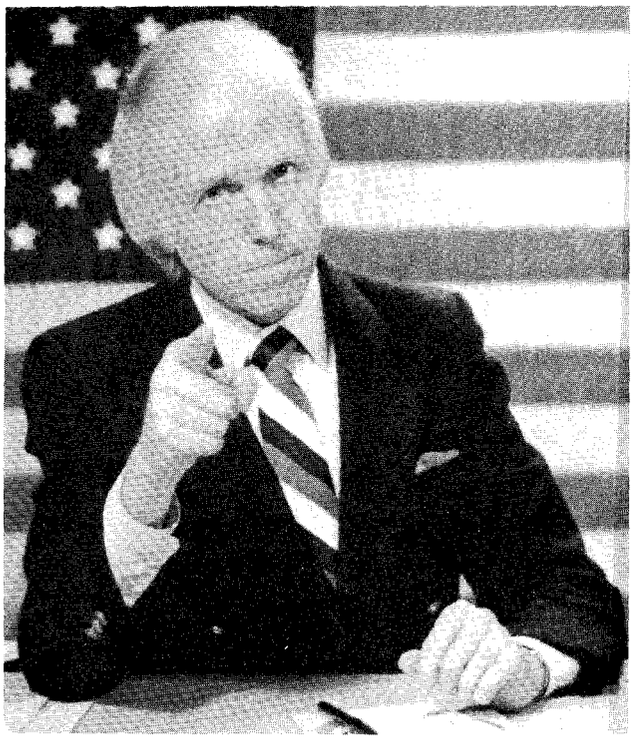

"I have no idea what her address is . . . If you should talk to Rebecca . . . I'd love to get back on a father-daughter relationship with her."

Wally George
Father of Rebecca De Mornay

tor Akira Kurosawa, and is directed by the Soviet Union's hottest director, Andrei Konchalovsky. Rebecca becomes animated when she talks about this experience.

"I play a scrawny, waifish train mechanic. Before I got the part, Andrei refused to see me. He said I wasn't right for the role. But I told my agent, 'Just get me in there.' So I wore men's hiking boots, a bomber jacket and no makeup at all. And I'd let my hair grow out of being blonde into a kind of mousey brown. I wore a London cockney cap and walked in like a man. And Andrei said to me, '*You* were the one in *Risky Business*?' And we had a forty-five minute talk and he wanted to hire me. He said he didn't even want me to read. I said, 'Andrei, I *need* to read. *I* want to know what it's like to work for *you*.' "

Rebecca remains tender on the tender subjects of Tom Cruise, her new boyfriend and her father.

Apropos Cruise, her voice tightens. "Don't say that we've broken up," she says flatly. "No. Say that we're . . . we're no longer going out. For a while we went out, before the movie was released. We were just hanging out having a good time."

She refuses to identify her new boyfriend. "No comment," she says coolly.

That answer makes her seem talkative compared to her responses about her father: not even a "No comment." Just a pained—and painful—silence.

Wally George, however, shows no such reticence. The slightest question about Rebecca prompts him into long emotional answers.

"Have you talked to Rebecca?" he asks. "Did she mention her father? Did she say anything negative? Rebecca is the light of my life. But now I find it an unhappy time. A lot of Rebecca's friends have made her feel I can be harmful to her career because of my conservative point of view and my raking over the coals of the Hollywood movie industry.

"I try to contact her through her agent. I send her birthday presents, Christmas presents to her agent. I don't know if she ever gets the letters. I have no idea what her address is or what her phone number is. . . . If you should talk to Rebecca in the near future, I wish you'd tell her I'm her number one fan. I'm prouder of her than any father could be, and I'd love to get back on a father-daughter relationship with her."

Questions about Cruise, her new boyfriend and Wally George dramatically change Rebecca's mood. "Is this interview finished yet?" she abruptly asks.

I ask Rebecca to describe her ideal man.

"I don't think I could be happy being around a non-artist too long," she says, decisively. "It doesn't have to be that he's an actor, but somebody who doesn't make art their full-time field in some way just makes it harder to really connect. For example, dentists. There's a lot of artistry in dentistry as a matter of fact, but if I was just sitting there over coffee in the morning, I just wouldn't want to hear about it. It wouldn't really interest me that much. 'How was your day, honey?' 'Oh, I did a really tough root canal, I had a couple of veneers . . . ' But I like artists of all kinds . . . I'd like to go to Bali because I hear that everyone there is an artist. A very artistic little island there. No matter what you do, there's a strong emphasis on the art of it. This is just the legend I hear."

And for this young actress whose choice of roles is so important—what would her ideal role be?

"I'd like to play Mata Hari. I'd like to play the girl in *Crime and Punishment*. I'd like to play Vivien Leigh. Apparently she was an extremely magical kind of presence. She loved to give and yet she was very tormented. I guess this says a lot about me that I want to play her. Yeah, very tormented."

"Are you tormented?"

"I guess so if I want to play her."

"You don't seem tormented."

"Good. Good. Maybe I'm not tormented anymore." SR

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BY JAN STUART

INFORMAL DANCE

Charles Dance looks like he was born in Dad's bedroom slippers. Not the floppy rubber drugstore thongs, but the soft, scuffed leather pair from Burberry that have been lovingly preserved in clouds of talcum powder. This may be due in part to his appearance: the Dagwood-red hair, the Brighton-blue eyes, the straight, assertive jaw and the skyward frame tall enough to reach the collected plays of Shaw that undoubtedly perch on his top shelf.

More evocative than the physique, however, is the demeanor: an unforced but generous humor, mixed with an almost apologetic awareness of his capabilities. Through a deceptively self-effacing gaze, he reveals a casual authority and confidence, relaxing one with the knowledge that, in a tight spot, Dad will come through.

Compare this with the characters that have brought Dance to prominence. It is hard to imagine Sgt. Guy Perron in *The Jewel in the Crown* or Raymond Brock in *Plenty* as Dads. *Fathers*, maybe. They both go through such bloody gyrations trying to unbutton themselves from the stiff-upper-lip strait jackets that confine their peers; but they have inhaled too much of the same spray starch of class consciousness.

Eric Leibowitz

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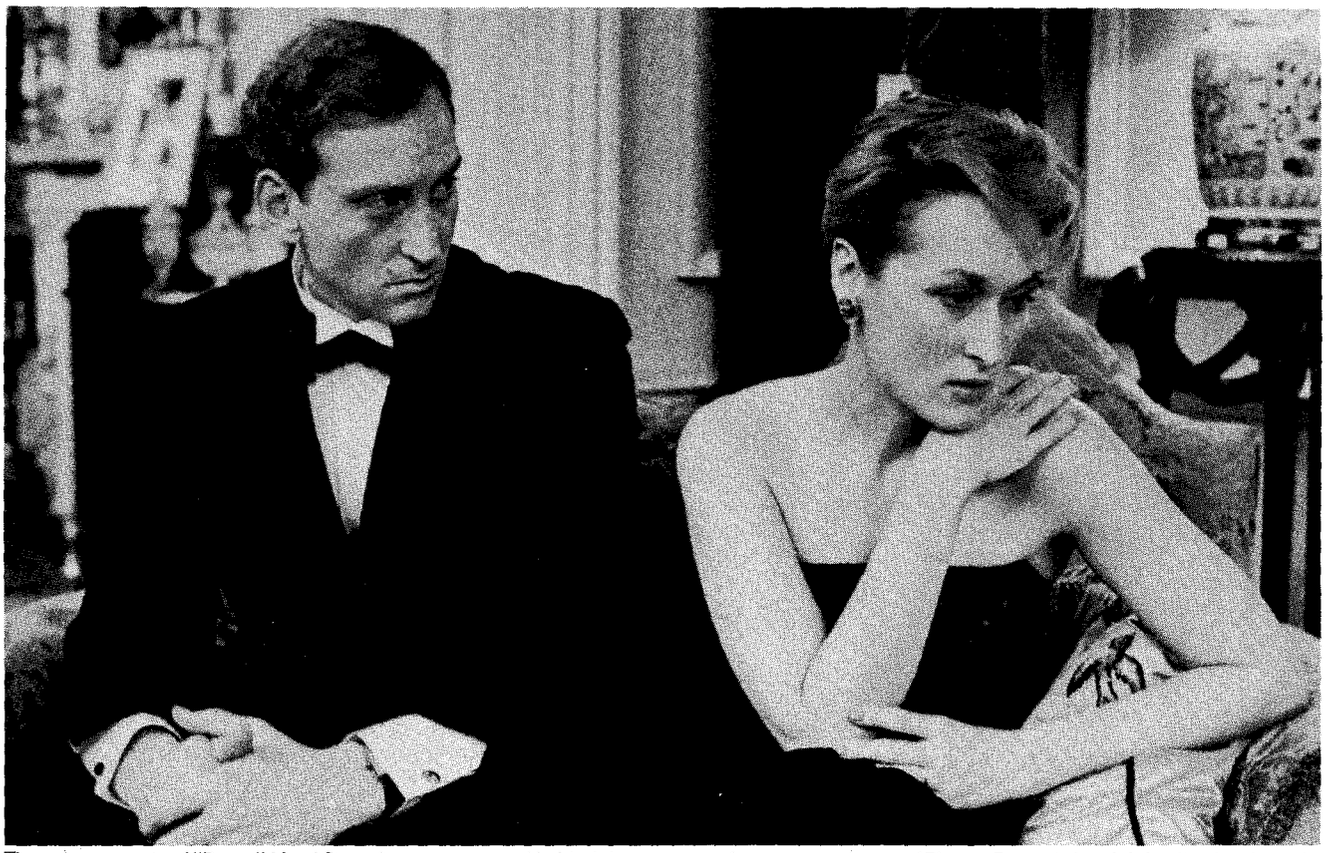

There were reports of "Dame" Meryl Streep's temperamental behind-the-scenes performance on the set of Plenty. *Dance is loyal defending her, but admits that "Some days I thought I must have had breath, the way she reacted. But it was just a case of being immersed in the emotions of her character."*

While paranoia does not, admittedly, fit the classic mold of Dad afflictions, the hypersensitivity may be traced to a childhood quite remote from the Oxbridge assembly line that gave us the British Raj or the diplomatic corps.

Charles Dance was born in 1946 in the Midlands of Worcestershire to a working class mother who polished stoves and brass plates from the age of fourteen and married slightly above her station to an engineer. ("His family didn't want anything to do with her, so I don't know much about him, except that he painted some rather nice watercolors and used to do musical recitations.")

His father died when Charles was four, so his mother married the lodger and moved her family off to Devon, where she became head cook to an aristocratic family. They lived happily enough in a little tithe cottage by the sea. "The sea is very important to me. If I don't go near it once or twice a year I get very peculiar. It's something about the tide." Mother labored and nursed Charles's ailing stepfather till he died, whereupon she retired and packed off to recover from two years of sickbed duty. She got no further than the bus station, where she dropped dead.

> "I think I made an awful mess of things during the later part of my adolescence. My mother was appalled."

Charles responded to this transiency with an artistic sensibility and a dreadful stammer that didn't disappear till he was nineteen. He attended art school with vague intentions of becoming a graphic designer. But mainly, left to his devices, he became a long-maned child of the sixties and a rabble-rouser. There were the inevitable run-ins with the law.

He smiles devilishly at the memory, then pulls back guiltily. "I think I made an awful mess of things during the later part of my adolescence. My mother was appalled, coming as she did from the east end of London, which contains a very moral, Tory-voting people. I can remember a whole mob of us gate-crashing a party, and I was charged with 'unruly behavior likely to cause a breach of peace section five of public order of 1936' and fined £20 with £50 costs. I never told her anything about it until she read it in the paper. She behaved as if I had one foot leading to the gallows."

At art school in Leicester, Dance was active in the drama club and through it met two retired, eccentric, classically theatre-trained gentlemen. Martin Burkhardt and Leonard Bennett were a quirky pair with colorful histories from the Berliner Ensemble and the Shakespeare Memorial Theatre. According to Dance, "What they didn't know about acting wasn't worth knowing." He told them that he couldn't afford drama school and would they teach him? "They looked at me and said they didn't think there was much they could do but they would try—and it would be a bloody long job."

There are strong whiffs of *Pygmalion* to the story of Charles Dance's dramatic education. "They were the most extraordinary men I ever met. *Totally* out of their time. They lived in this remote cottage—you couldn't find it even with a map—where they kept five goats from which they would take milk and make butter and cheese. They grew their own vegetables and Martin would bake bread. They even

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drank their cider out of caramoor cups. And there was no electricity; the home was lit with oil.

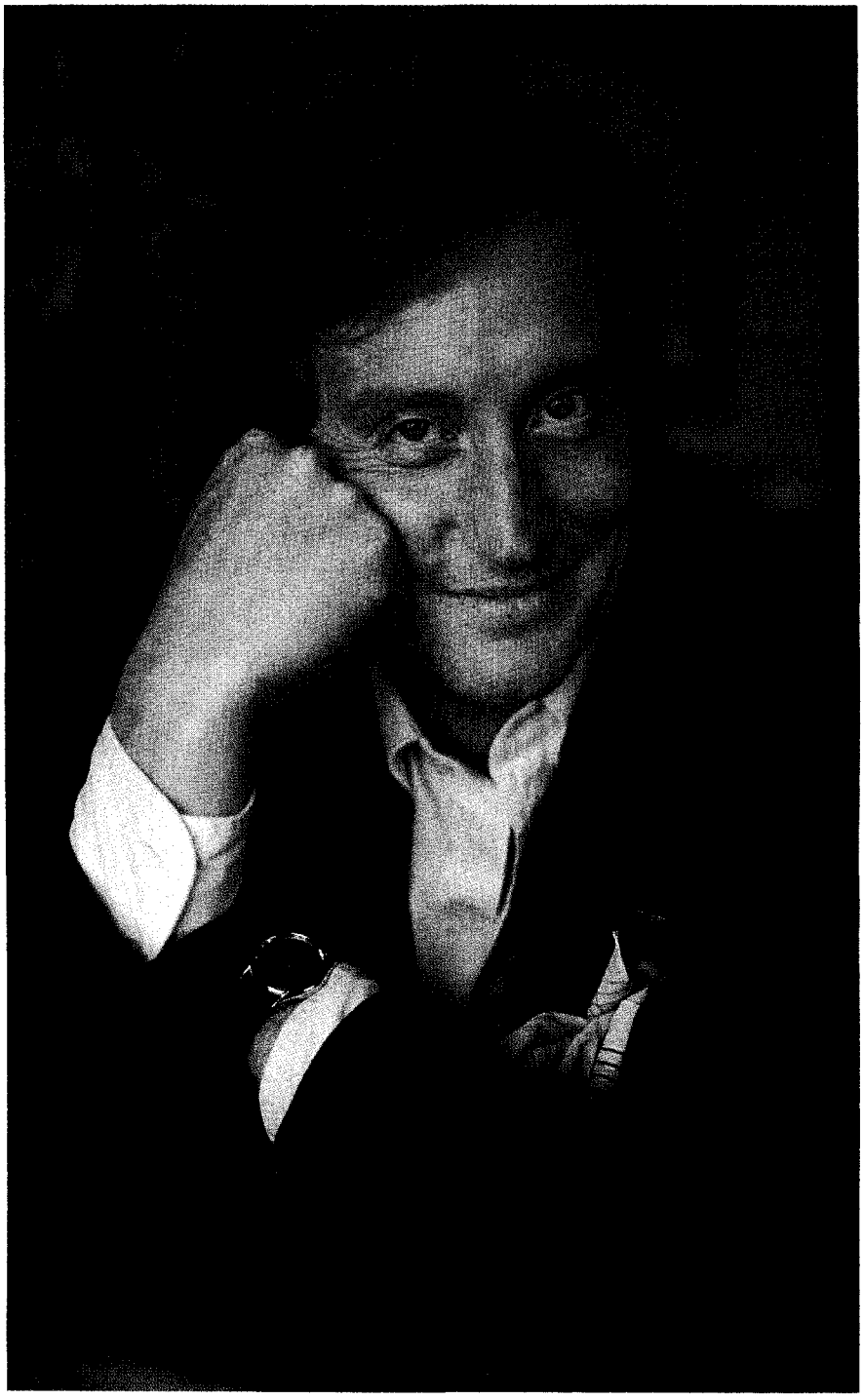
"They were very strict, and I had a *lot* of catching up to do. I started to devour Shakespeare. I would go to see Leonard about three evenings a week and we'd work in a room in the back of a pub. It cost me two pints of beer a lesson. I'd see Martin on Sundays and paid him by tending the garden. It was six months before they allowed me into that cottage sanctum of theirs, and eighteen months before I could call them by their Christian names. I could never, never be late, and if I wasn't able to come I was to phone at least two days in advance.

"During this time I worked as a construction worker, a plumber's mate—all sorts of silly things just to get some money. One day I dropped a concrete block on my foot and broke my leg, so I couldn't drive the ten miles to see them. When I phoned Martin up, he said (Dance affects a stern, imperious voice) 'Go to a library, boy, and get the complete works of Shaw and read it all before you see me again!' So in ten weeks I plowed my way through all of George Bernard Shaw. I was twenty-two when I met them and stayed with them till I was twenty-four. During that time they became my fathers."

Dance's warm if unsentimental education came to an end when his two surrogate parents brought him to London and left him there with a single admonishment: "If you are ever out of work, don't get a job as a bartender. Get a job inside a theater! It doesn't matter if you are selling tickets, programs, ice cream, dressing actors, shifting scenery. Be inside a theater because there is so much you don't know that you can't afford not to know about actors and how they think." Within a short time, Dance was dutifully dressing the entire male choruses of *Fiddler on the Roof* and *Canterbury Tales*, which led to acting in weekly repertory companies of increasing merit until, finally, in 1975 he was invited to join the Royal Shakespeare Company. Beginning with small parts, he was soon playing the title roles in *Coriolanus* and *Henry V*. He also appeared frequently on British television, including a role in an original David (*Plenty*) Hare BBC-TV drama, *Dreams of Leaving*.

One of the many legacies of Leonard and Martin is Dance's unusual capacity to listen, both inside and outside a role.

Continued on page 95



Eric Leibowitz

"When we were filming in India, I would go out and roam the back alleys and streets and purposefully get lost."

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IMAGES FROM HEAVEN

By Don Lambert

Don Lambert

IF THERE IS A HEAVEN, IT MUST LOOK LIKE the paintings on these pages.

Bursting skies and bubbling fields come together on the canvases as if by a blessing. Squiggles of color suggest sparks from the eternal creation of life. And everywhere, one feels the presence of a masterful Creator.

The creator of the paintings is Kansas City artist Philomene Bennett. In her mystical, energized works, one sees hints of her Blessed Sacrament School Catholic upbringing and her Abstract Expressionera art education, along with her own flamboyant style and personality. One also sees fresh spiritual perceptions brought about by her tragic discovery of the beauty of life.

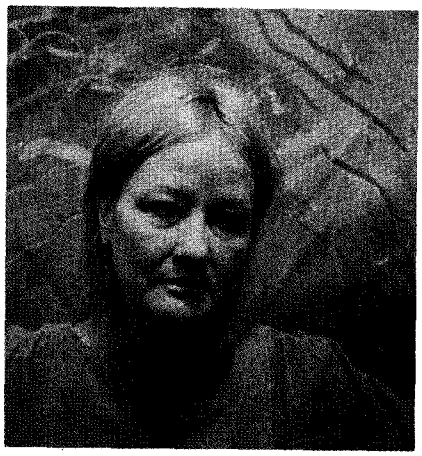
In 1976, her seventeen-year-old son Brad was in a car wreck. During the following year when Brad was in a coma, she could not force herself to paint. Upon his death in 1977, she returned to her canvases.

"I was angry," she admits. "I took one of my minimal, color-field paintings and began beating it with marks of paint. I squirted paint right from the tubes. The entire experience was very freeing."

The markings she struck onto the canvases became symbols of creation and life. The sun (son) was at the center. Around it were playful, child-like symbols suggesting clouds and mountains and streams. The paintings were given appropriate titles like *Not of This World, Magic Mountain* and *The Beginning.*

"Suddenly, I was doing paintings which reflected my new feelings about art," she comments. "I had just returned from New York City where gallery after gallery had been filled with minimalist paintings arguing that 'less is more.' I returned feeling that less is not more. Less is less. More is more."

Thus, Bennett herself became more active and more vocal and more colorful than any artist in Kansas City. She co-



founded the Kansas City Artists Coalition, which now consists of 400 professional artists. She helped organize *Helicon Nine*, a Kansas City-based magazine of women and the arts. She gave lectures, she taught workshops, she served on dozens of committees. Whenever anyone wanted an "artist" for anything, Philomene Bennett would get the call.

"My work has grown a lot in the thirty years I have been in Kansas City," Bennett says. "In the Midwest, artists realize they probably won't get much fame or money. But by long and hard work, these artists have gained something else; their work is strong and solid. So, in spite of the lack of support we get here from the major art world, it is a wonderful place to live and work."

Today she lives with her husband, Lou Marak, an artist and illustrator for Hallmark, in a seventy-year-old farm house on the outskirts of Kansas City. They have converted the nearby barn into their studio complete with ceilings high enough to accommodate her large painting, such as the ten foot by ten foot *Red River to Heaven*, which was recently selected for the permanent collection of the National Museum of Women in the Arts. The museum is scheduled for an April 1987 opening in Washington, D.C.

(Clockwise from upper left) Kansas City's Philomene Bennett; *Paradise Morning No. 1*; *Red River To Heaven*, selected for the permanent collection of the National Museum of Women in the Arts; *Captiva*.

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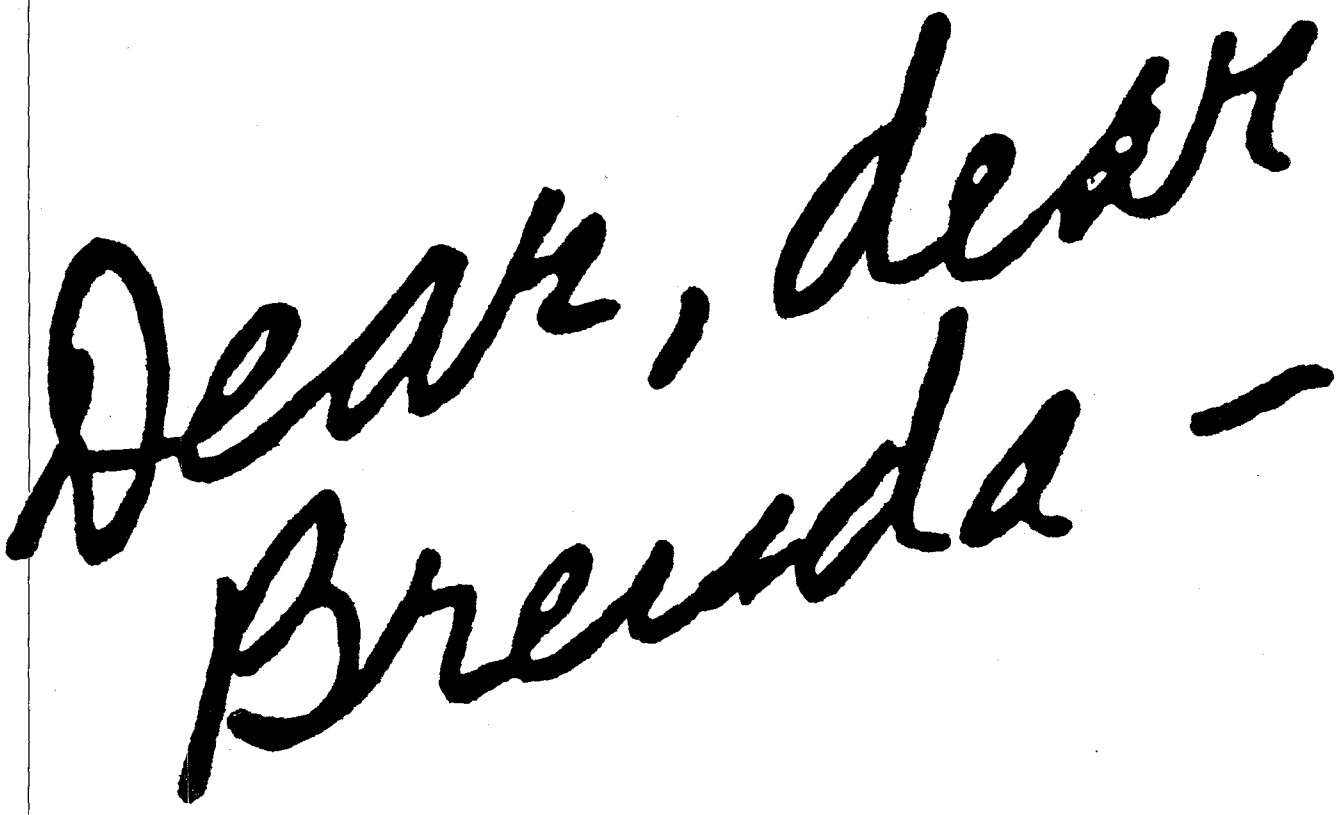
THE LOVE LETTERS OF HENRY MILLER TO BRENDA VENUS

How a young B-movie actress and a world famous octogenarian author carried on a classic eighteenth-century courtship by letters—in the down and dirty language of the twentieth century. Like many of Henry Miller's works, these letters contain explicit sexual language.



Brenda Venus missed the acting class Henry Miller was going to address because her house burned down that after-

PHOTO BY GEORGE HURRELL

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noon. But she wanted to meet him, so weeks later she found his address and wrote to him. He was fascinated by her name, and they began a friendship that lasted more than four years, and a correspondence that comprised more than 1500 letters. It was 1976. He was eighty-three, failing in health, blind in one eye; and she was in her mid-twenties, beautiful, free-spirited and ambitious for success in films.

Their story is a sort of raunchy Pygmalion: the world famous author in his randy dotage and the part-Indian young woman from Hattiesburg, Mississippi.

Miller's first letters were somewhat formal. "If you are as beautiful as your photo then *Je vous embrasse tendrement,*" he concluded one of the earliest notes. Within a few days he wrote: "This time I kiss you in some unknown area."

6/26/76

Dear Brenda, I got four letters in a row from you today. Marvelous! You mention my fingers—yes, they once played the piano and they have strummed many a tune on a woman's private parts. You know, getting a flood of mail from a beauty like you tends to make me feel a bit horny, forgive the expression.

In your first letter, you talk of paying me a visit some afternoon and going to dinner in your Porsche. (I wouldn't mind if it were only a V.W.) O.K., dear Brenda—some day or eve this coming week—possibly Thursday or Sunday next: Imperial Gardens where they treat me royally.

I have taken quite a few beautiful women there, but you should take the cake. I love dark hair and skin. What color are your eyes—heliotrope?

6/29/76

Tonight I feel my soul expanding, or, to be more truthful, I am aware that I do indeed possess a soul.

Which reminds me that I had a long correspondence and a very intimate one with a most beautiful Japanese young woman (not Hoki!) who was a feminist, an active one, in Japan.

She came to see me finally and while talking about my soul held my penis in her hand. It was sheer bliss.

Copyright © 1986 by Brenda Venus and Corwin / Sindell Productions. From the book *Dear, Dear Brenda: The Love Letters of Henry Miller to Brenda Venus*, which will be published by William Morrow in January 1986.

"Brenda, I wish God had given me the gift of writing about sex like D.H. Lawrence. Somehow my efforts always seem crude and shocking, even to liberal-minded individuals."

Henry Miller's self-portrait, painted in 1958

Somehow or other I am also aware tonight that I am a world figure. I belong to the world, not to America or France. I can think this way without my ego becoming swollen.

Nearly all the very beautiful women I have known seemed to lack confidence in themselves. "Beauty is only skin deep," the saying goes. What these women fear is that they do not have the character to match their beauty. Often they become frigid or almost. I was glad to learn you have always been in love. I know men, even French men, who never touched a woman until they were over 21. When you begin to fuck is not the all important, but how you do it. With heart and soul or just your cunt.

I told you the collar of Venus was significant. So your whole body is one erogenous zone. How marvelous! (By the way it's not "reoccurring," but "recurring." I hope it disappears soon.) Fevers are dangerous. The only permissible fever is the fever of love. Or as some French author—De Maupassant, I believe—said: "The best part of love is walking up the stairs."

To change the tune: Have you seen any of Lina Wertmuller's films? *Swept Away,* perhaps? There's a woman I admire, as I do Germaine Greer. Both more frank, more daring, more courageous than most men. And both extremely capable. Lina, in my opinion, is a better director than any man. When I saw *Swept Away* I was reminded of *Tropic of Cancer* and *Sexus.* Humor and fucking—lots of it . . . a belly full. Hollywood doesn't give us that, for all the stars they have.

Partly as a way of testing, and partly to express himself freely, Miller began edging towards his accustomed explicit style. He tested the water in July. In August he dove in.

7/24/76

Brenda, I wish God had given me the gift of writing about sex like D.H. Lawrence. Somehow my efforts always seem crude and shocking, even to liberal-minded individuals.

Why do I speak thus?

Because, willy nilly, we are approaching that delicate yet most powerful region called the genitals. Just as Walt Whitman felt compelled to include in his *Leaves of Grass* the "Sons of Adam," which alienated so many of his admirers here and abroad, so I feel I run the great risk of alienating your affection once I begin to plunge in where angels fear to tread.

Yet, do I not have a collaborator? Have you not kept pace with me step by step all along the way? Do you not write screaming messages between the lines, so to speak? Do you not encourage me to be myself?

Well, does all this give me the right to speak my mind to you? I am still hesitant. I think I shall wait for your reaction before proceeding further. Have mercy on me! You've taken me to your heart. Now take me other places!

8/7/76

Since I have known you you have occupied my thoughts perpetually. In my fantasies I have done all sorts of things with you. I have guarded in my head the idea not to offend you. At the same time thru your letters I can sense that I may dare to do and say much more than I actually am doing. Your body itself is an invitation to do everything.

The scene that comes to mind repeats

From *The Paintings of Henry Miller,* Chronicle Books, 1982, $35 in cloth

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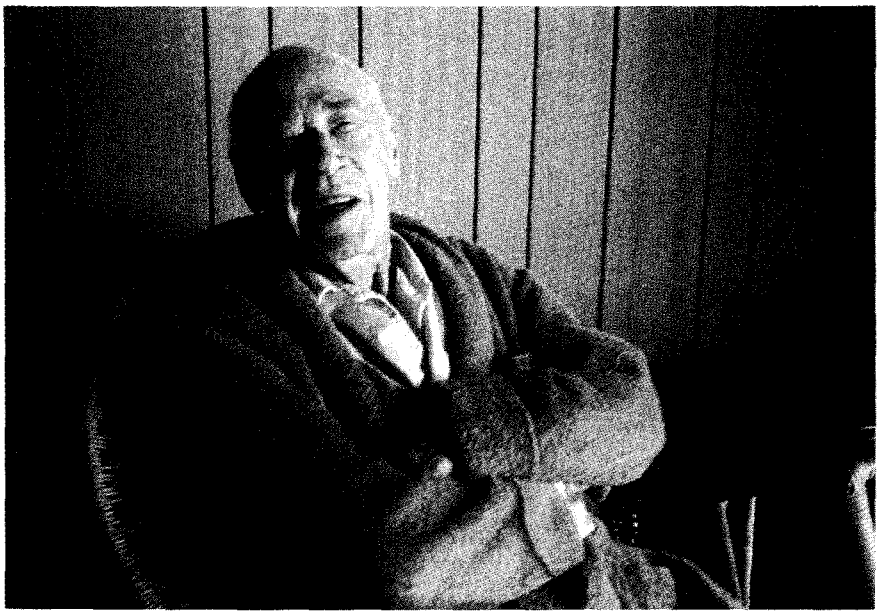
itself often. I am at your house looking at your paintings. You immediately give me something to drink. The drink rises to our heads. You are dressed in a very thin and transparent skirt. Above your belly-button you are wearing nothing. Your breasts are splendid. You have the appearance of a dancer. (Something from Degas.) Your legs are strong and beautiful. All of a sudden I throw myself on you, and lift your skirt. You are totally naked under the skirt. Your little puss with black and copious hair makes me immediately tighten up. I plunge my hand between your thighs and I see that you are already wet. You seem very excited, ready to do anything. *That is not surprising. I know you from* centuries, what I mean to say is from other incarnations. We were lovers many times. Sometimes you were a prostitute at the temple—in the Indies, in Egypt and in other countries. You are always a lady of pleasure, but always religious. Your religion was always "sex"—just like the practitioners of Tantra of today. You teach the young, the men and the women. For you it is a question of art. That's why you now appear to be an expert.

Without the slightest blush you lightly touch your cunt with your right hand. Then . . . with two fingers of each hand you open the crack between your legs, and you show me the small lips that tremble like a little bird. The juice flows liberally; your thighs gleam.

Without saying a word you put your hand in my trouser and catch my flute (or the bollard if you prefer). Your hands so strong but delicate, play with it as if it were a musical instrument. You are choked up and irresistible. I want to "play" immediately, and most of all when you put your tongue in my mouth. From there your mouth turns to suck my flute gently. It is difficult to remain standing. Luckily the couch is on your side. We fall onto the couch together, mouth on *mouth and flute on cunt. I have not yet* penetrated you. How warm you are! You give me kisses all over. I want to kiss you. You are totally ready. You press on my flute and put it between your legs. I enter softly, even slowly. Your organ is deliciously formed. It is narrow and deep. You hold me as one would a finger. Naturally I cannot retain myself anymore. I come—as do you—at the same time.

We remain like that for a while intertwined like serpents. I want to tear myself away but you do not allow me to. You



The ardent correspondent in October, 1977. (Below) Love, *painted by Miller in 1963.*

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hold me with strong muscles. After some time I feel movement inside of you. Little by little I begin to swell. Now you lift your legs and put them over my shoulders. You are totally open and wet. You do not stop coming. Your eyes turn towards the ceiling. You ask me to continue, to do more. You say [in English], "Fuck me, Henry, fuck me! Shove it in to the hilt. I'm so horny." It is the first time that you have used such language with me. It drives me wild. "God give me the power, the strength," I say to myself, "and I will kiss you endlessly." Do not forget that I am relating to you a fantasy. I do not understand where the power comes from to give you pleasure for so long.

You are insatiable. You make all sorts of movements, sometimes gestures that are completely delirious and obscene. You have lost your mind. You are totally sex and nothing else. Knowing that you can kill me you detach yourself from me so that I may breathe. But you do not stop caressing, especially with your tongue. And your body continues to undulate over me. You kiss me like a madwoman!

Et puis quoi? Quelle position? C'est moi qui propose que nous faisons l'amour comme les chiens . . .

With no remaining barriers of expression, the relationship grew and deepened. They saw each other frequently; spoke on the telephone constantly; and wrote regularly: a classic eighteenth-century courtship by letters written in the down-and-dirtiest twentieth-century vernacular.

9/4/76

Did I ever tell you how inventive the Japanese man is when it comes to delineating a woman's cunt? They have all sorts of terminologies for this organ. The cunt they appreciate the most is called "like a thousand earthworms." Another, not so good, is "hit the ceiling," and for a very big cunt it is "falling downstairs." All expressed in a word or two. Remember my water color "Asamara"? Means "morning erection." Morning, mind you, no other time of day.

9/17/76

Your letter, which I read immediately on coming home, was utterly enchanting. You write like one who has had long practice in writing love letters. There's no hesitation between your feelings and your words. It's quite a gift, you know. Most writers struggle for years to attain it. You are it, whatever it may be. Also, you are the first woman I have known to combine cunt and intellect—or spirit or soul! I mean it. You are terribly sexy (not just sensual) and at the same time pure as an ethereal being. The name Venus suits you to a T. Venus—Aphrodite. If it had not been Venus it could have been "Juno" (without the peacock).

"And then there were the humorless people! (Like Jesus and Confucius.) God save me from them! I can tolerate a scoundrel if he has a good sense of humor."

Henry Miller, the artist, at work.

Talking of cocks, I was taken by surprise when you asked that question at table last night. The only cocks I know of which may take on a little heft are those which do a lot of fucking. Yet a man like George Raft, who made a habit of sleeping with a different woman each night, retained the same cock he had as a teenager—according to my friend Joe Gray who was a good friend of his. Most men with unusually big cocks find themselves in trouble. Prostitutes make them pay double. Ordinary women with ordinary cunts don't want anything to do with those freaks. Yet women will always fantasize about big cocks, *non?* Herriot, one time Prime Minister of France and a most cultured individual, had such an enormous one that he had to strap it to his leg.

For a woman, the supreme thing is to have a rather long, deep one that fits like a glove. And it should be equipped with a thousand earthworms or the equivalent. Some cunts could be called laughing cunts. Others are rather dull, solemn, and dry as a bone.

So you "tend to your own," as you put it. Sounds like you were cultivating a "secret garden." When I think of what your cunt must be like it blows my mind.

To come back to the class . . . you all seem to me to be accomplished actresses. At least you have acquired that wonderful gift of being natural, being oneself. Bravo! Because that's half the battle. Olivier is the actor personified—everything thought out. Burton makes me weep when he recites Shakespeare—because he is Welsh, I think. The Welsh are born poets. I knew Dylan Thomas in London. He wanted me to go back to Wales with him. Offered to let me sleep with his sister. (I believe he slept with her.) There's a lot of incest in Wales—and idiocy and genius—and, my God, what marvelous male voices, what lusty singers and sinners.

Do you ever think any more of Dagney and Herr Nagel in *Mysteries?* I can never forget that line of his when he runs into her in the forest: "Good morning, Froken, is it permitted to touch your puff today?"

Well, my darling Brenda, whether it's permitted or not, I am going to say good night and in doing so I make bold to touch your disarming puff.

5/17/77

When it comes to telling a woman you no longer love her, I am a great coward. I don't want to hurt her feelings, never realizing that by failing to tell her everything I am causing her more pain and suffering.

Americans, more than any other people I can think of, place great emphasis on telling the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. Older peoples are not so scrupulous or fastidious. For the

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Courtesy Brenda Venus

(Left) Brenda Venus. (Right) Miller's portrait of her. The inscription reads, "To Brenda, The Venus of Dick Street."

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truth, as well as the lie, can hurt terribly. I guess the truth is that one has to be intuitive, know when to talk and when to shut up, eh?

I can't deny that it gave me a bit of a thrill, or shall I say, "corroboration," when Hoki's girl friend told me how often and how beautifully Hoki spoke of me. It's true that I was "an easy mark." On the other hand, it's very difficult for me to say no to a demand. Because, no doubt, I have been a beggar for the greater part of my life. I have heard no, together with a thousand different excuses, so often that it's like the sound of a funeral march in my ears. Always the people who refused me were what is called "respectable" people. (The worst kind!)

And then there were the humorless people! (Like Jesus and Confucius.) God save me from them! I can tolerate a scoundrel if he has a good sense of humor.

10/27/77

You mentioned last night about health value of eating animal organs—especially the heart of most animals. I wonder what the *human* heart tastes like? You know the stories about a king getting even with his unfaithful wife? He has the lover killed and his heart served up to her at dinner. She remarks how well it tastes and the king rejoins, "No wonder, it's your lover's heart!"

Strange they have never made choice bits of the sexual organs. I would think the vagina would be delicious. (Not the prick, however—too much muscle!)

4/25/78

Seems every day brings new problems. My sight is giving way. And each day I have an envelope ready to mail you—but no letter!

Fuck it all! *You come first.* I must remember that. Am wondering if you received the "scorcher" I wrote yesterday. Maybe to you it will not seem so "scorching." You are more sophisticated than I, I do believe. I am really quite an innocent one—an angel with *clipped* wings. (That was title of first book I wrote—long since lost.) Curious, eh? Of course I did not include *An Angel.* Perhaps I didn't even think of one—unless unconsciously.

About saints, both male and female. Somehow they are always associated in my mind with fierce sexual desires. That's why their struggle with the flesh was so *"heroic"*. You follow me?

> "In my sleep I run my hands over the curves of your physique—what a thrill! Like being proficient in finger runs at the piano."

And I, in my old age, I who thought I had solved that problem, find it flaring up again. *But,* I started out to write you about writing, *your* writing and writing in general.

One of the first things you have to recognize, if you are a *serious* artist, is that art has no rules. Everything else under the sun has, but not art. With art *you are free,* provided you follow the bidding of your heart and not your mind. (Do you know anything about the Dadaist movement? It was *something.* Unfortunately it didn't *take* with the public. It had to do with "clowns and angels," idiots, traitors, scoundrels. It was like becoming a child again, but *an unruly one.*

Back to the writing biz. . . . Brenda, literature is like music, painting, or any other art. You have to be yourself all the time. That won't mean early profits. On the contrary, you will find all the snares and traps that you have in T.V. With everything, whether art, love, or what not, the element of *chance* plays a certain role, a rather big one, I would say. Learn to cultivate chance, to spot it at a glance. Don't besiege your astrologer. Get to know your own heart and mind. Follow your instincts. And remember (I'm sure you do!) that *success* demands sacrifices. Success, though it seems like the goal, is your greatest enemy. I would say, "Don't try to be Number 1, just be *whatever you are.* Be it fully and constantly."

6/78

Since going to bed at 8:30 I am wide awake, my mind racing. Started with musicians—composers. Those I like and those I don't care for, such as Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. Awakened memories of Ravel's "Gaspard de la Nuit," one of my great favorites, like Hamsun's *Mysteries.* In bed I got to thinking who was the greatest personality in European history—Gilles de Rais, the white knight who saved Joan of Arc at the Battle of Orleans, and then after her burning at the stake, turned into a monster, violating children and murdering them (depopulating whole villages of their youth). When found guilty in court, he got on his knees in all his finery and begged the audience (made up mostly of parents of children he had murdered) and begged them to *pray for his soul*!

Then the most wonderful man of Europe—St. Francis of Assisi (who included atheists as well as pious ones among his kind).

And the greatest work of art, in my opinion, the Triptych called "The Mystic Lamb" by Van Eyck in the Cathedral of Ghent, Belgium.

But enough! My head is still reeling with names and deeds! Good night, my angel.

6/30/78

I feel so close to you now that the holidays will keep us apart a little longer. Sometimes I could just undress you and lick you from head to toe. In my sleep I run my hands over the curves of your physique—what a thrill! Like being proficient in runs at the piano. (Czerny's finger exercises.)

I hope you are staying fit and that *you eat enough* each day. Seems to me you are starving yourself. Where do you get all your energy? Surely not simply from shutting off the sex machine? (Did you notice that in Hindu thinking one gets great strength from sex without ejaculation?) Curious that sex too can be a way to God or liberation! Do you remember Hesse's book *Siddartha*? Do you remember what Siddhartha answers when his would-be employer asks, "What good to me are you, a forest monk?" And S. replies, "I know three things: I can think, I can wait, and I can do without."

The last is the great one. If we can master that, we've made it, *n'est-ce pas?*

8/78

On rereading you today I get the impact of your letter not only in my affectionate areas but in the genitals, too.

Continued on page 95

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MY DOG'S HOTTER

SR GALLERY

DON COOPER

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JUNGLE SURRENDER

DON COOPER WAS BORN IN BELTIN, TEXAS, but spent most of his life in central Georgia. He studied art at the University of Georgia in Athens, receiving Bachelor's and Master's degrees in fine arts. After finishing graduate school in 1968, he was drafted and served as a scout dog-handler in Tay Ninh Province, South Vietnam.

Cooper's colorful paintings reveal the effect of the two years he spent in Asia, depending on an animal for his survival. The red clay, tall pines and wildlife characteristic of his Georgia influences are often combined with Asian landscapes and portrayals of a spiritual relationship between man and animal.

In April, Cooper was named a Fulbright Scholar for 1985, the only American so honored. The award has allowed him to paint and live in Scotland for nine months

with all expenses paid. He was also selected by a jury of museum directors, critics and curators as the recipient of the fourth "Awards in the Visual Arts," given annually for outstanding arts achievement.

Don Cooper lives in Atlanta.

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THE ADORATION OF NATURE: FAUNA

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DUCK AND COVER

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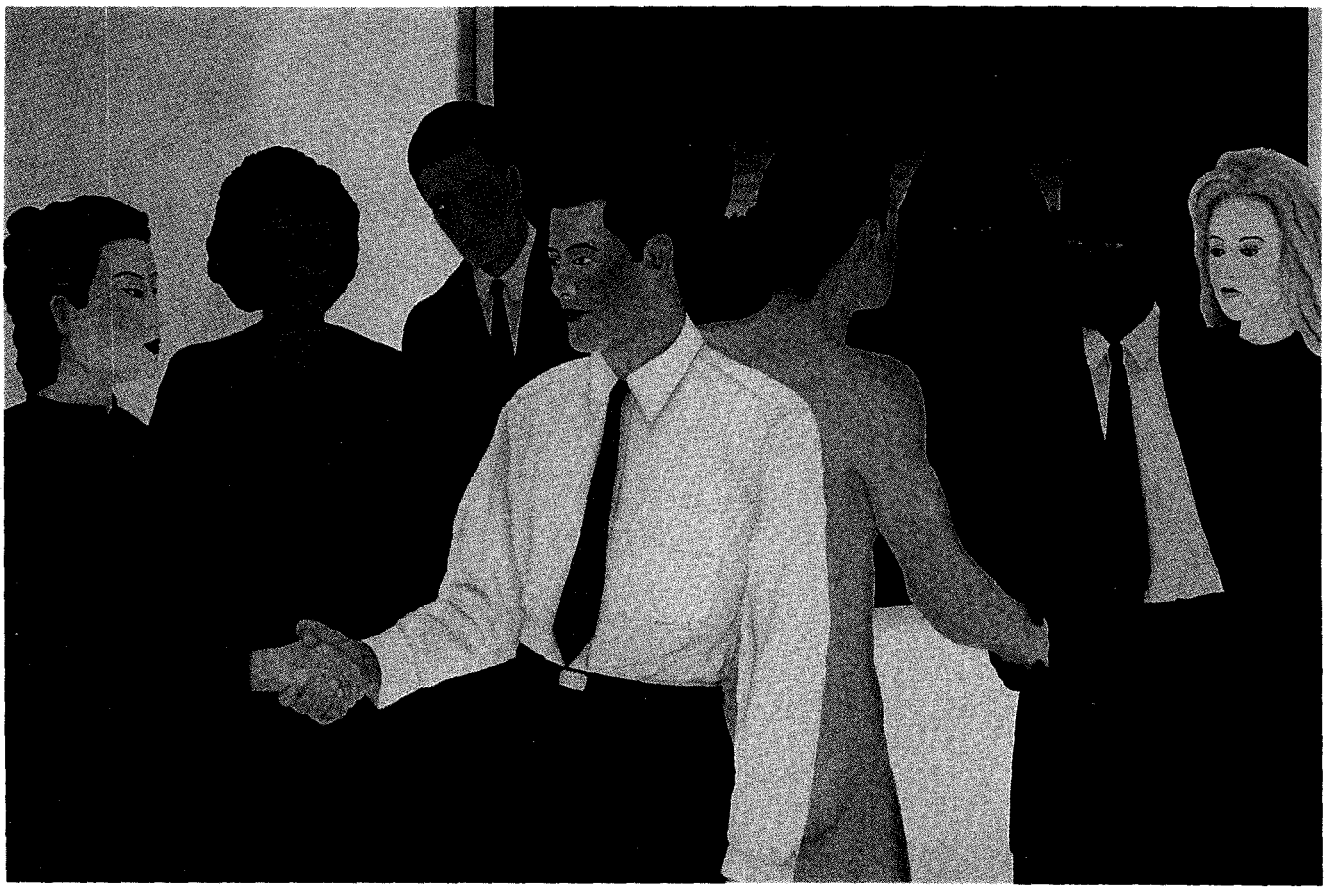

CONGRATULATIONS

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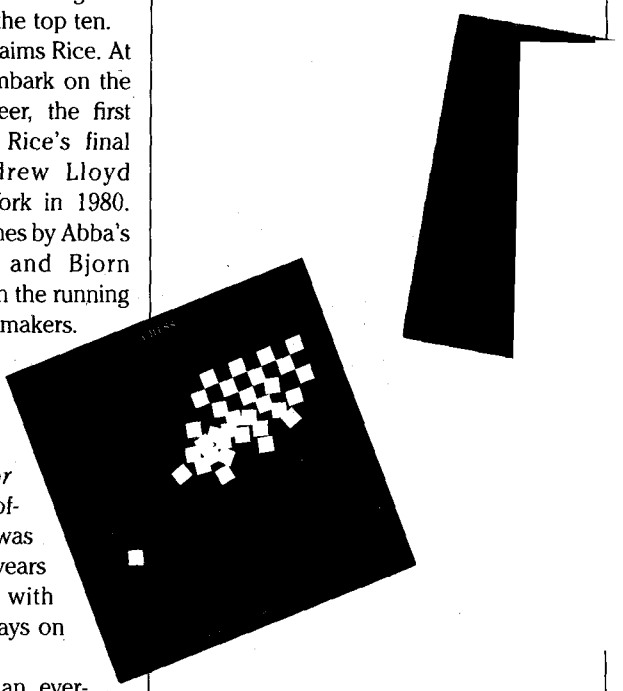
TIM RICE PLAYS CHESS

BY RICHARD LAERMER

Courtesy RCA Records

LYRICIST TIM RICE SITS IN HIS STUDY TALKing freely, then abruptly stops. The radio, which before was background noise, has now taken center stage. It says Rice's record "One Night In Bangkok," a single off the album *Chess*, is climbing the charts and has dipped into the top ten.

"Well bloody good!" exclaims Rice. At forty-four, he is about to embark on the biggest venture of his career, the first major move since *Evita*, Rice's final collaboration with Andrew Lloyd Webber, galvanized New York in 1980. The new one, *Chess*, with tunes by Abba's team Benny Andersson and Bjorn Ulvaeus, will put Rice back in the running against mainstream musical-makers.



"*Chess* has had quite a history," says the co-creator of classics *Jesus Christ Superstar* and *Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat*. "I had actually offered it to Andrew once; he was busy. But for seven or eight years before I began working with Benny and Bjorn it was always on my mind."

A big-framed man with an ever-congenial expression, Rice was born in Buckinghamshire and studied law. He met Webber in college and together they presented a few precocious school productions. They also began tinkering with *Joseph* (a slight piece lifted from Biblical lore) in 1968, some fourteen years before its Broadway debut.

Though Rice tends to avoid the subject, he and Webber stopped working together in the late seventies because they were heading in different artistic directions. Webber's solo shows, notably *Cats* and *Starlight Express*, are, Rice says, "pieces about inanimate objects. I pride myself on putting the musical back to the idea of telling the story." They've remained friends. "I've seen his shows," Rice says, adding it is "quite possible" that their successful partnership will re-form.

Rice tends to take his time articulating. The words, he will say, always take precedence. "There was a time after *Evita*, you see, where I thought if I was ever going to get anything done I'd better find another partner." He found Stephen Oliver, the musician whose pop tunes fit Rice's funny words for the rock musical farce *Blondel*, about a twelfth-century minstrel who, Rice says grinning, "couldn't seem to get a hit.

"We had this notion of a storyline and some great songs. But it was the first production to reopen the Old Vic—and they were expecting another *Evita*. "*Blondel* was a disaster," he notes sadly. "It's a pity what happened. I thought it'd catch on."

Rice claims to be surprised when theatergoers and record patrons decide something is hot. "When we wanted to do *Superstar*, nobody would back us. So we put the songs on record and . . . we found out we had an enormous hit album in the states. We went over but even before we got off the plane we could tell we had done something big. People were already putting on pirate concert adaptations and we were even reviewed in *Life* magazine."

Superstar didn't spark New York. "Something went wrong when it was directed as a real play," Rice recalls. "Spontaneous energy in the concert versions was missing amongst all the crazy ladders and paraphernalia on Broadway." While an English cast LP failed, the stage show ran longer than any West End musical to date.

"There's just no telling what an audience will like, ever. I'm beginning to think everything happens by accident!"

TIM RICE IS RUNNING AROUND A SUITE IN New York's Westbury Hotel, busily pre-

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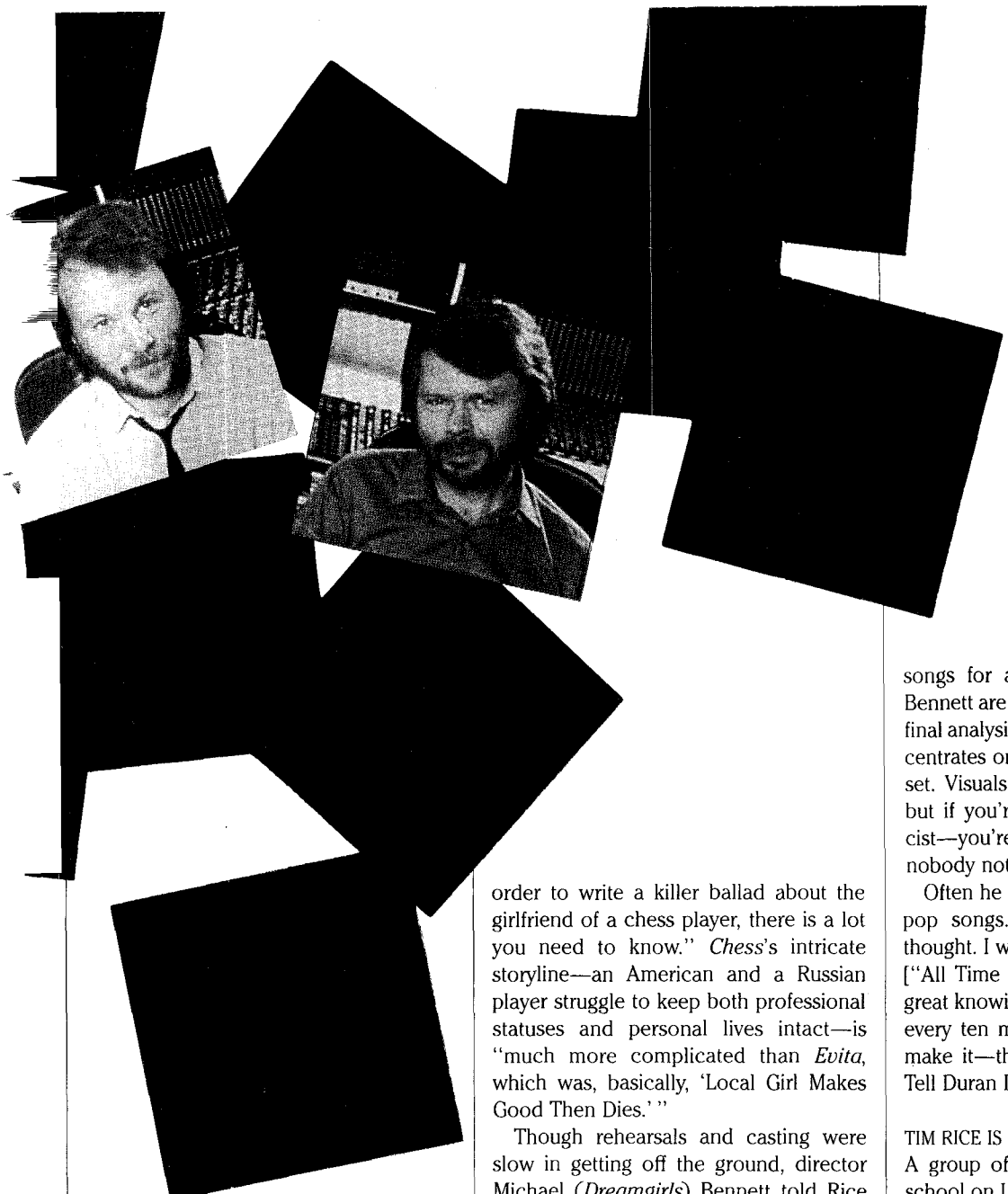

Courtesy RCA Records

***Chess* master Tim Rice (far left). His new musical (album cover above left) features music by the two male members of the Swedish supergroup Abba, Benny Andersson (above center) and Bjorn Ulvaeus (above right).**

paring for an appearance on a chess documentary to air on PBS. "I hope they don't think I'm an expert on the game," he says. "I'd have to say right away, 'Sorry, mate, I watch it on the telly but if you want an analysis—forget it!' "

But Rice is an expert to a degree. A desire to get chess terms absolutely right while preparing for the record that preceded his musical made him study the rules—and read players' autobiographies fervently. "Oh, I've always been fascinated by the game," he says, "and in order to write a killer ballad about the girlfriend of a chess player, there is a lot you need to know." *Chess*'s intricate storyline—an American and a Russian player struggle to keep both professional statuses and personal lives intact—is "much more complicated than *Evita*, which was, basically, 'Local Girl Makes Good Then Dies.' "

Though rehearsals and casting were slow in getting off the ground, director Michael (*Dreamgirls*) Bennett told Rice that the words were done—"the album's pretty much the score"—and there was little more to do on Rice's end. "Except fill in the gaps between songs," he sighs. "After the words are finished and it's all together, then you have to concentrate on business."

The business is elementary to Rice, who is co-producing *Chess* and running a small book publishing firm whose tomes include his own *British Pop Singles*, compiled yearly with three pals. He is quick to eradicate traces of comparison with consummate producer Webber: "I don't have time to produce other peoples' shows and buy theaters. That doesn't interest me.

"I have quite a few minor schemes going on—it isn't all *Chess*," he says. "But that is still the priority. The problem is, it's not actually long enough. When I get through I imagine there'll be enough songs for a triple-album set." He and Bennett are betting they will create, in the final analysis, "something that finally concentrates on the score instead of just the set. Visuals are important, I understand, but if you're a writer—especially a lyricist—you're not going to be satisfied if nobody notices anything but the set."

Often he will leave the theater to write pop songs. "It's a professional afterthought. I was asked to do a James Bond ["All Time High"], which was a hit. It's great knowing your record's on the radio every ten minutes. Ballads don't usually make it—the rock groups matter more. Tell Duran Duran to ring me up."

TIM RICE IS BASKING IN A MINI-LIMELIGHT. A group of student thespians at a high school on Long Island has performed the east coast premiere of *Blondel* to rapturous applause. The responsible one briefly stands to thank the youngsters with a pointed thumbs-up signal before going backstage to "give notes" to the cast. "I'd like to see *Blondel* do what *Joseph* did," he says, "play colleges and community theatres so that when it comes to New York, it'll have a following."

Rice says after *Chess* opens later this year on Broadway, the next natural step would be to completely revamp *Blondel* for a New York, and maybe London, run. "I see mistakes I've made," he remarks. "I truly believe in *Blondel*, though. All it needs is the right, mmm, climate."

He reiterates sentiments sung by the main character: "All I need are words/ And of course a tune/I'd be over the moon/Let me start again/Try a new approach/Add a little beat."

And *then* it may succeed. SR

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Segue to Nowhere

BY PHILIP GARNER

THINK FOR A MINUTE. WHAT HAVE YOU seen today that just didn't quite "jell?" Something that wasn't out of the ordinary enough to attract the full focus of your senses but left a taint of irresolution that has stayed in the back of your mind all day?

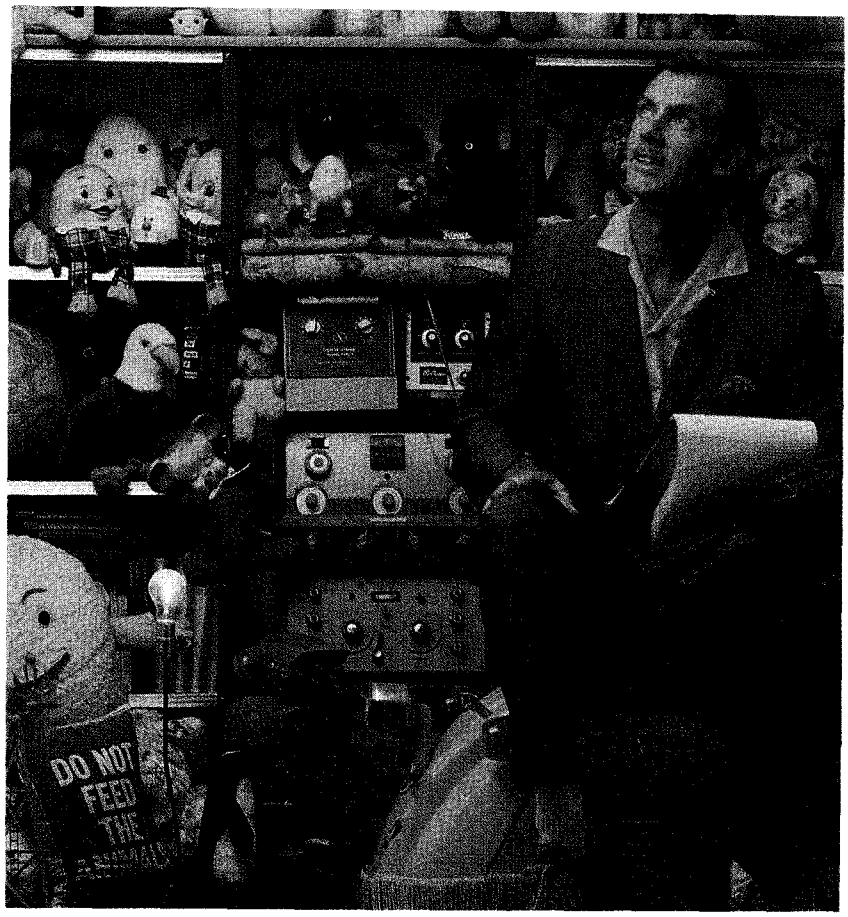
You may have scratched your head or smiled, then forgotten all about it at the time, but some sort of sensory residue persists. This mystery of the mundane may return to disturb you years from now.

It is man's nature to seek explanations for things. We often amuse ourselves with guessing games but, ultimately, satisfactory answers must be found or frustration sets in. Far-fetched as it may seem, a good portion of the anxiety of modern life might be traced to the accumulated tension of unresolved real-life observations.

I speak with the authority of first-hand experience. Some years ago, I was a victim of the phenomenon just described, known in professional terms as "ambient visual overload syndrome." I was a bundle of nerves, couldn't sleep and worst of all, was dogged by hallucinatory flashbacks of trivial tableaux from as far back as childhood.

Being a practical man and one of modest means, I analyzed the situation and prescribed my own cure. I began to keep a photo-diary of these day-to-day moderately puzzling images which I knew would come back to haunt me if I did not confront them head-on at the time of observation.

Whenever a bizarre object, scene or combination thereof invaded my cone of vision, I would whip out my instrument and hastily capture it on film for future scrutiny. When I received the processed pictures, I would paste them in my album and devise written explanations using common logic and a certain improvisational insight with which my friends tell me I am modestly endowed. It worked. Through my homespun docu-therapy, I became happier and better adjusted than ever before.



Tim Street-Porter

I "GREW UP" IN THE FIFTIES IN NAPERville, a small town thirty-five miles west of Chicago. The post-war decade, which I think of as "the golden age of materialism," provided the basis for my love affair with consumer appliances. My skills in the field of "tinkering" were developed during that time also, as the rural environment contained a great variety of discarded machinery and assorted junk. I spent most of my time in school dreaming up and drawing strange contraptions.

As a result, I barely made it through. At age eighteen, I came to Los Angeles to study the design of automobiles, which seemed ideal, until I discovered how desperately serious the other students were. I was forced to retaliate by adopting a satirical point of view toward the entire machine age. This got me kicked out of college but launched my career as a magazine contributor and artist. Since then, my work has included exhibitions, performances and the publication of two books, *The Better Living Catalog* and *Utopia or Bust.* Presently, I am planning the installation of a "flying bridge" on a 1968 Buick so that the automobile may be driven from the top; I appear regularly on a local CBS TV show, *Fridays at Sunset*, as a resident inventor; and I'm working on a new book, *Segue to Nowhere*, based on a fifteen-year accumulation of candid photographs.

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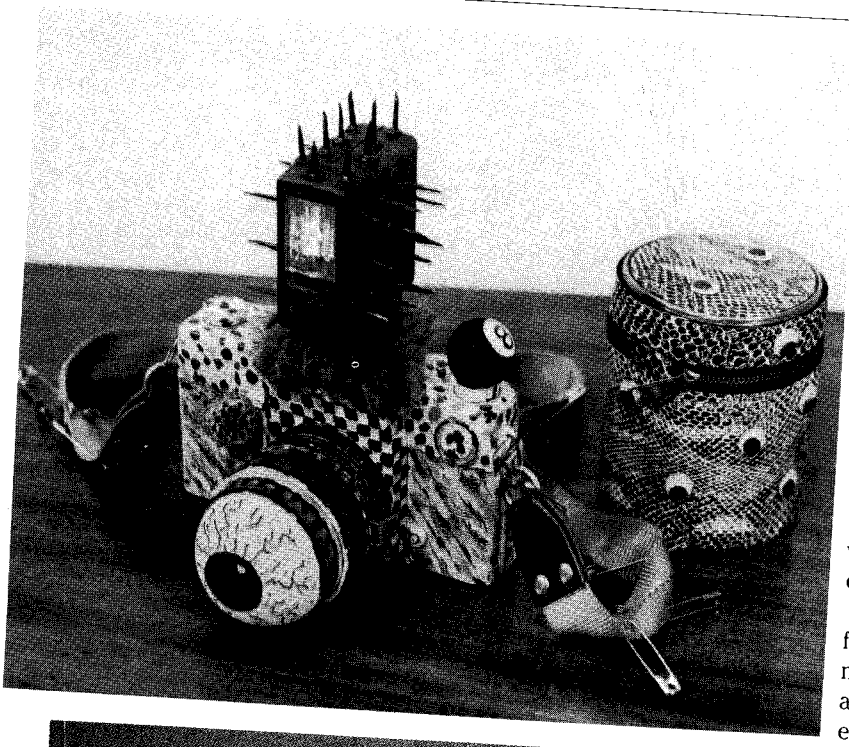

MY CAMERA WAS PURCHASED ORIGINALLY during a stopover at the Reykjavik airport at its native artifact and duty-free gift shop. To while away the long winter months in that region, a rather unusual custom has developed, that of decorating consumer appliances.

Although my equipment has brought jibes and sneers from other photographers on more than one occasion, I have enjoyed several benefits from its unusual appearance.

In portrait work, it has often caused a spontaneous raised eyebrow or other gesture to add life to an uninspired subject. In remote countries, it has helped circumvent the "devil in the camera" bugaboo due to its "paganesque" motif.

Also, by lucky coincidence, it seems to fall within the visual vocabulary of the modern American youth movement, enabling me to "access" their many cultural events.

AMNESIA-HELMETED ALIEN "SPACESLAVE" flanked by two neutron-powered mobile "mini-monolith" guides ingests coin-operated telephone through hyperosmosis. By this method, "unit" gains the power of human speech as well as a direct information source and communications system. Neutral white-on-white exterior will assume the appearance of local beings, as indicated by the formation of a skin-like covering already beginning at the heel area. Large multi-function orifice at top (under gauzy membrane) will metamorphose into facsimile of human features. ET's of this type are generally serving a term of conscription as intergalactic observers and pose no threat to earthlings.

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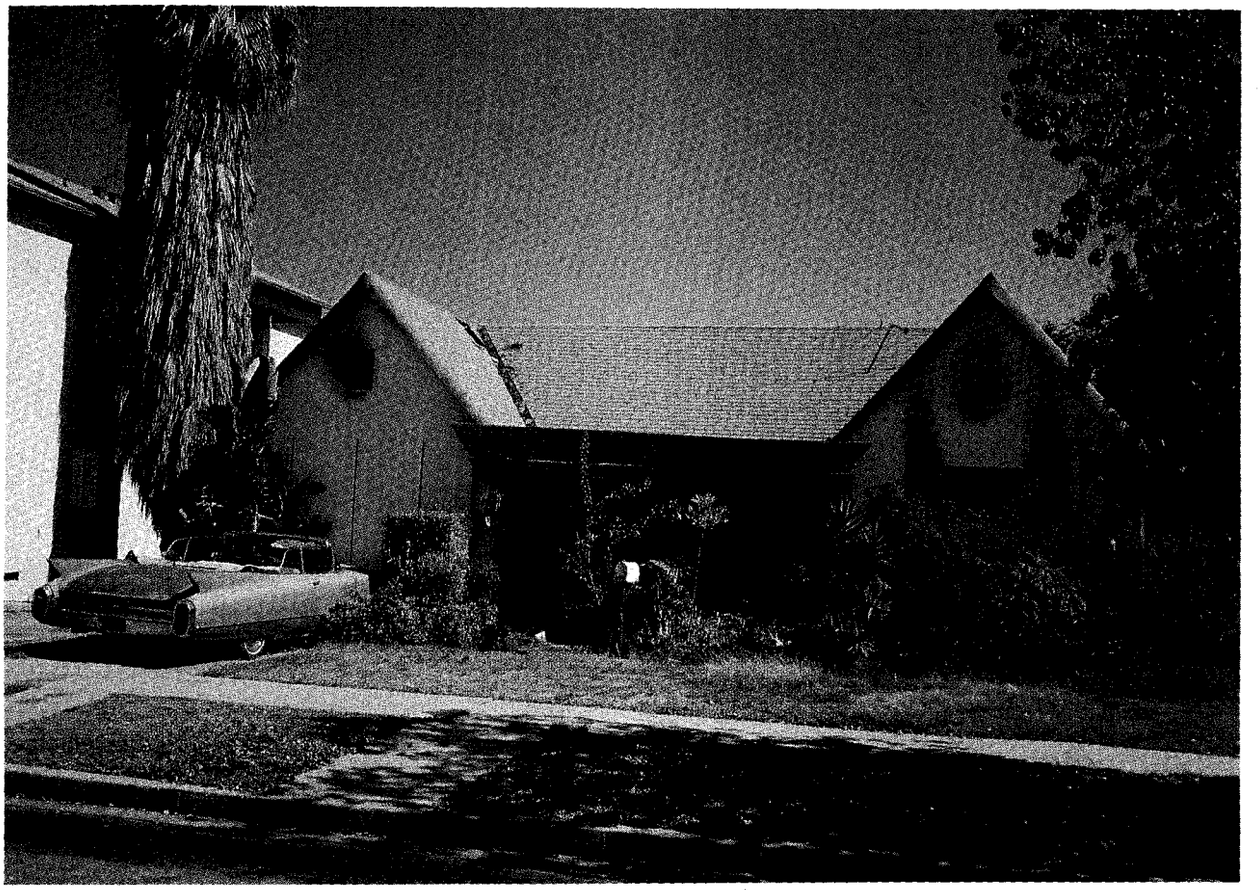
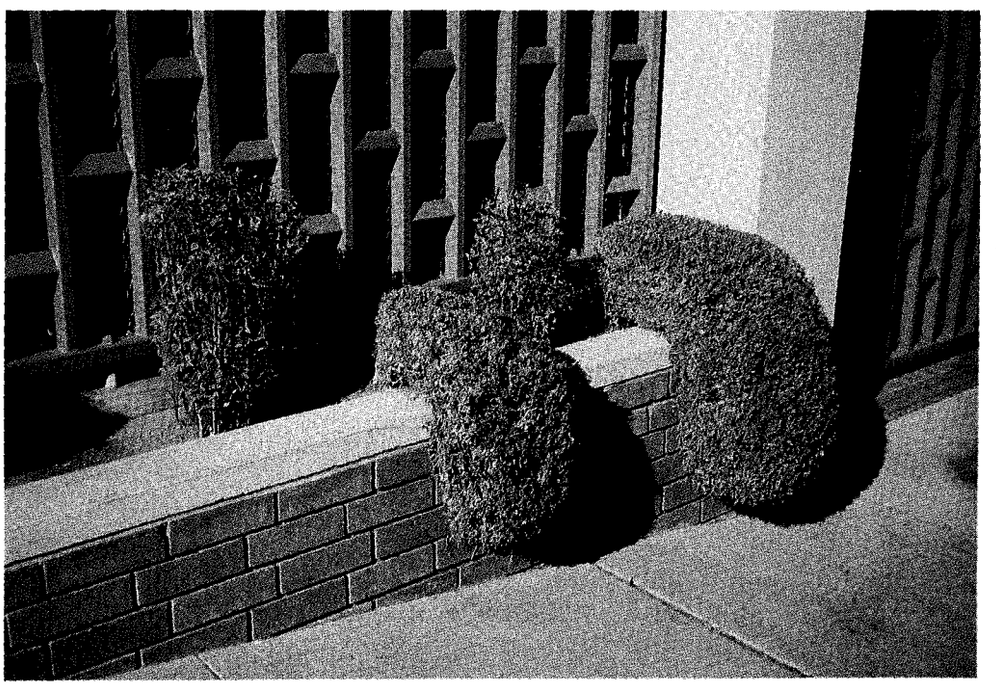


INDO-EUROPEAN SMOKING CLUB ATTRACTS USERS OF THE STRONGEST TOBACCOS KNOWN TO MAN. HEAVY AROMA PERMEATES neighborhood and has prompted complaints and threats of legal action from nearby residents. Giant Airwick installed on tree trunk (to left of clubhouse) seems to have brought the problem within tolerable limits. Damage to car finish and chaotic growth of shrubbery are indications of intensity of fumes. Note toppled TV antenna, which succumbed to effects of particularly exotic Turkish blend.

A MALFUNCTION OF THE automatic level control at Liquid Shrub Generating Plant #6 in West Los Angeles caused this organic overflow. Caught here in the early stages of the mishap, globules of greenery have just breeched the decorative iron grillwork of the plant's main bushvat gallery. System was repaired with only moderate losses. Plant #6 generates large percentage of area's semi-topiary.



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BEAUTIFUL NATURAL SETTING is marred only by a portable television set, a late model automobile, an anonymous brick building and a sign with movable letters. The skilled visual aesthetician must be able, using the technique of psycho/molecular dispersion, to "remove" these foreign bodies from the field of vision and see only the landscape. If you, the viewer, should desire to achieve this state of consciousness control, train yourself on this picture. Simply stare at it until all the objects disappear but the sky, the trees and the grass. Then go outside and see if you can do the same thing in real life. If you have trouble, start over using a photograph with only one unnatural object and work up.

SALESMAN'S TRAINING SCHOOL PUTS SENIOR STUDENT TO THE TEST. VESTED, BESPECTACLED, BEATLE-WIGGED YOUTH MUST SELL pickup truck with lion-shaped camper (sleeps one) in front of deserted construction site, in twenty minute parking zone, for a minimum of ten-percent over factory invoice to receive diploma. White towel indicates "trainee" status and serves as temporary vendor's permit. SR

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WHAT (AND WHO) WILL BE HOT (AND NOT SO HOT) IN 1986

The people, ideas and events that, whether or not you have heard of any or all of them, you will, repeat *will* be talking about at some time during 1986. Really, you will. Trust us. And read on.

HO

PETER UEBERROTH *author*
ESTEE LAUDER *author*
SELTZER WATER
ALAIN MIKLI *designer*
GO-GO MUSIC
FAKE FUR
DIANE BRILL *designer and party girl*
DAVID EISENHOWER *biographer*
BUDDHISM
KARLEEN KOEN *first novelist*
JONI MITCHELL *singer-composer*
PIERRE-AUGUST RENOIR *Exhibitionis*
KATHLEEN BATTLE *super soprano*
ERIC BOGOSIAN *comedian-monologist*
RICHARD SERRA *sculptor*
DIEGO RIVERA *artist*
MIES VAN DER ROHE *architect*
MO DEAN *Watergate wife-author*
DAVID STOCKMAN *author*
GRACE JONES *singer*
LOUISE ERDRICH *novelist*
AROMATHERAPY
MELBA MOORE *TV actress*
MARIA ALONSO *actress*
TRACEY ULLMAN *singer, comedienne*
GLENN FREY *Miami Voice*
JUDITH IVEY *actress*
AZZEDINE ALAÏA *designer*
AIDAN QUINN *actor*
SALLY BEAUMAN *million-dollar story telle*
B-SIDE *(see page 92)*
MAX HEADROOM *android talk show host*
SATURDAY REVIEW

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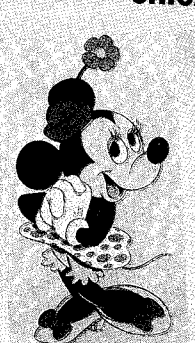
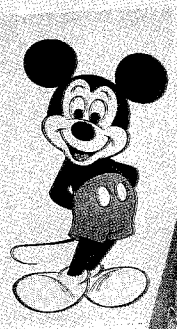
HOT AND NOT

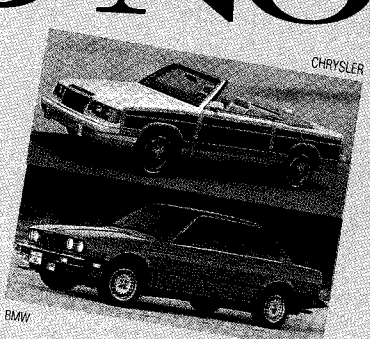
NEW MEXICAN FOOD	CAJUN COOKING
RUBEN BLADES	JULIO IGLESIAS
ABSOLUT	STOLICHNAYA
PADDLE TENNIS	AEROBICS
MINNIE MOUSE	MICKEY MOUSE
CONVERTIBLE CHRYSLER LEBARON	BMW
COMPACT DISCS	LASER DISCS
S&M	S&Ls
EYEGLASSES	CONTACT LENSES
BLACK	FLUORESCENCE
GOLD	SILVER
SEAN PENN	MADONNA
CHICAGO	SAN FRANCISCO

BLADES

IGLESIAS


MINNIE


MICKEY

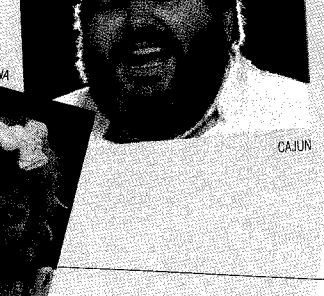


BMW

NEW MEXICAN

PENN

MADONNA


CAJUN

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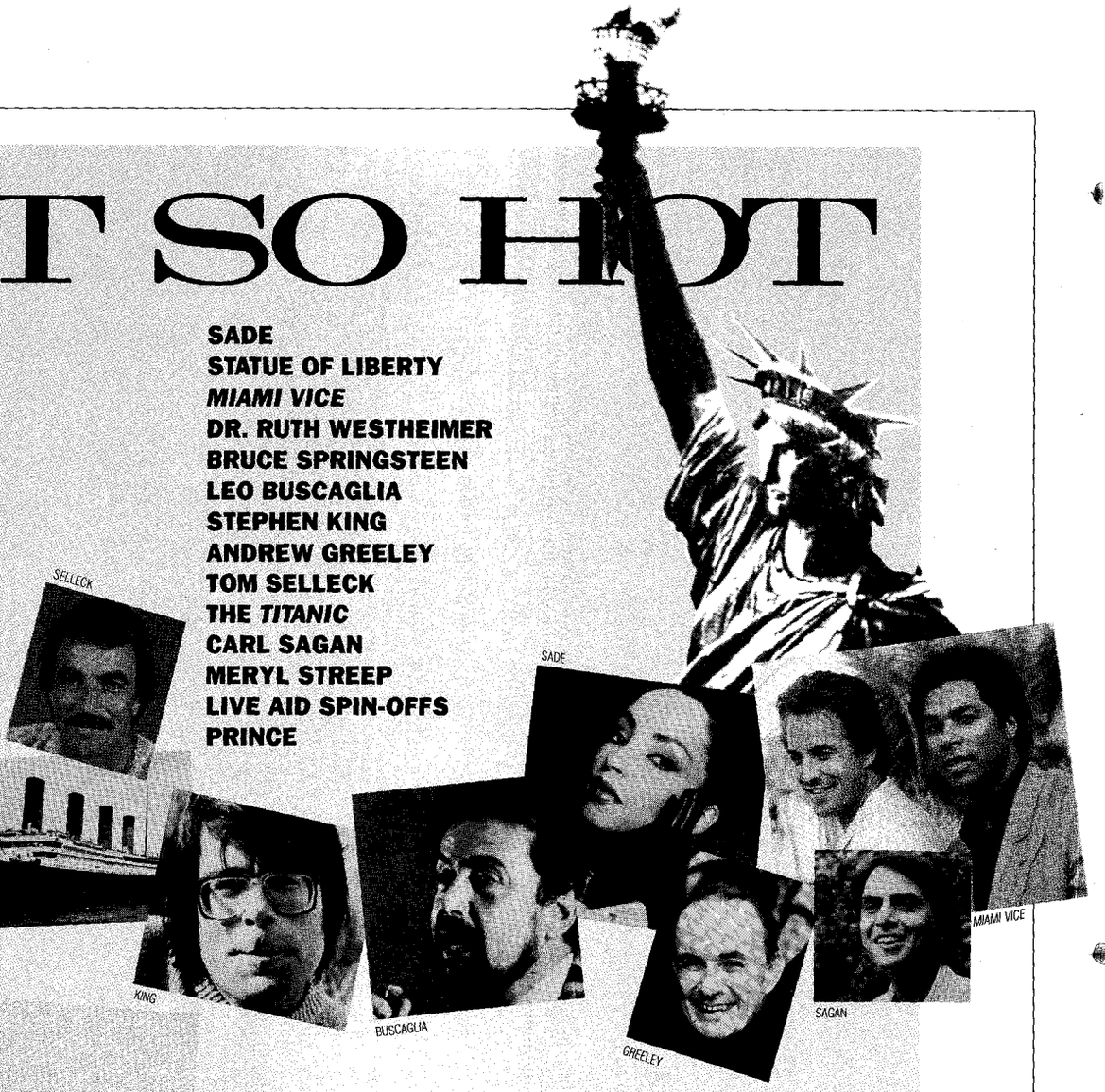
NOT SO HOT

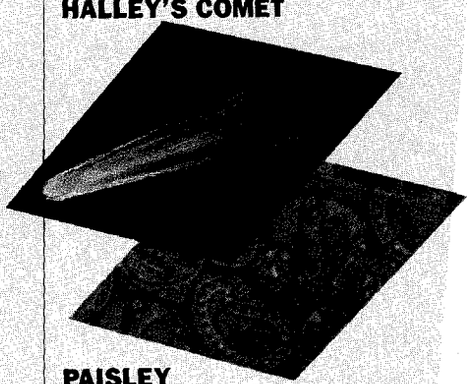
SADE
STATUE OF LIBERTY
MIAMI VICE
DR. RUTH WESTHEIMER
BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
LEO BUSCAGLIA
STEPHEN KING
ANDREW GREELEY
TOM SELLECK
THE *TITANIC*
CARL SAGAN
MERYL STREEP
LIVE AID SPIN-OFFS
PRINCE



TERMINALLY UN-HOT

Things which, because of relentless overexposure, have become so unhot that they will not be heard of again for at least seven decades.

HALLEY'S COMET



PAISLEY

THE SATURDAY REVIEW FIRST ANNUAL HOT HALL OF FAME

FRED ASTAIRE
EUDORA WELTY
AARON COPLAND
TINA TURNER
GEORGIA O'KEEFFE

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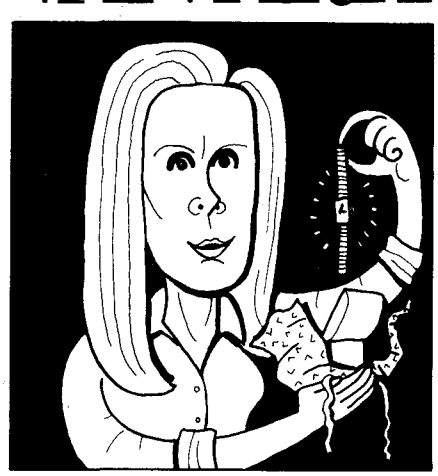
NEW YEAR'S IRRESOLUTIONS

Anyone can make New Year's Resolutions. But we asked some people what they would like to resolve for 1986 —but know in advance they lack the time or discipline to accomplish. Here are their New Year's Irresolutions.

ANDY WARHOL

"Start a family."

JOAN VAN ARK



"I would have a quote here about not being late, but I did not make the deadline."

"To go through a complete workout with Victoria Principal."

DANNY SULLIVAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID COWLES

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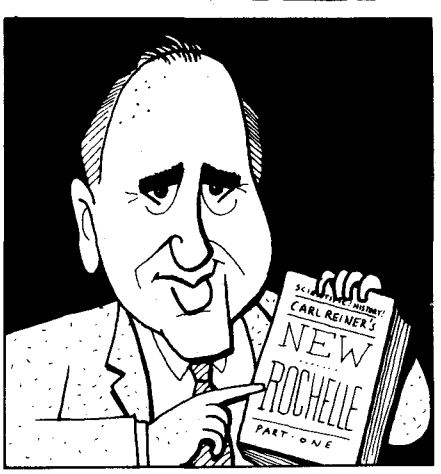
ART BUCHWALD

"I would never eat another Oreo Cookie again."

"I'm going to use butter only for food."

T. GERTLER

CARL REINER



"I will start writing the first volume of my new novel, a scientific and historical trilogy."

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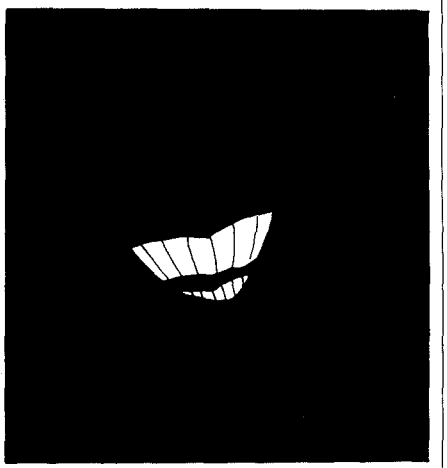
SANDRA BERNHARD

"I'm going to actually go to college."

"Resolve that I would see all the movies that come out, all of the plays on Broadway, listen to all the new records and read one or two books."

AHMET ERTEGUN

TOMMY TUNE



"I'm determined to make a perfect blackout. No green exit lights, no ushers with flashlights, no aisle lights. A perfect blackout."

SR

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TRADEWINDS

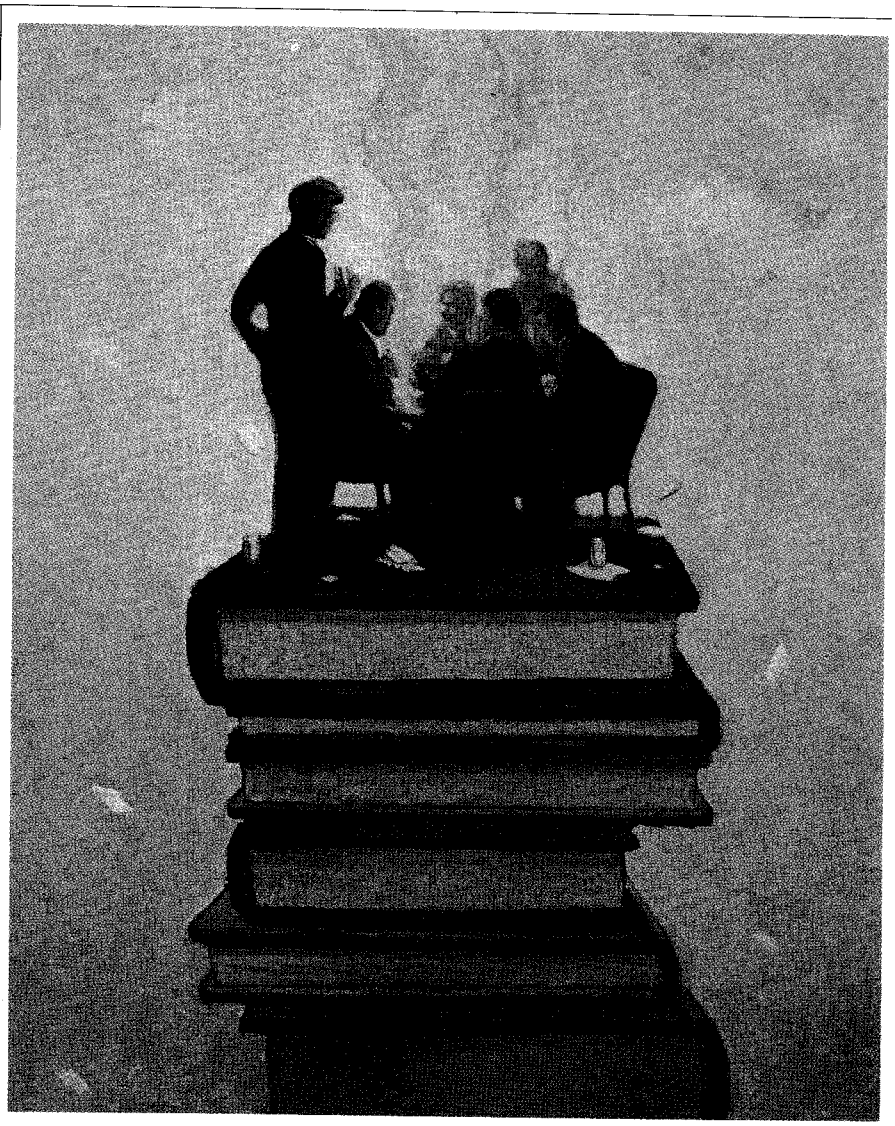
BY WILLIAM COLE

UNITED ARTISTS

THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT IRISH WRITERS: they all know one another and are all pals, in varying degrees. There's no border, North or South, in Irish literature. They wouldn't be Irish if there wasn't the occasional witty back-stabbing, but they review one another's books and meet frequently at theaters, parties, readings and festivals. (A current joke: get three Irishmen together, you've got the start of a festival.) In October I went to a dinner in Dublin at the home of Seamus and Maire Heaney.

Brian Friel, the playwright, was puzzled. He'd just read a novel he admired, *Foggage*, by one Patrick McGinley. Obviously Irish, but who was this McGinley? None of the dozen writers present had read him, met him, or knew anything about him personally. Very strange, and they seemed slightly offended. His work was better known in the States; I'd read his first, *Bogmail*, a peculiar mystery, and reviewed *Foggage* in these pages. When I got back home, I phoned McGinley's editor and discoverer, Joan Kahn, at St Martin's Press, and found that he'd grown up in Donegal, is in his late forties and lives in London. Productive? He's published five novels in as many years.

An outstanding example of writers getting together is the unique cultural cooperative, Field Day. In 1981 playwright Brian Friel and actor Stephen Rae founded the group in Derry, in the North. Shortly thereafter they filled out the Board of Directors with four other Northern friends, poets Seamus Heaney, Seamus Deane and Tom Paulin, and folksinger/filmmaker David Hammond. The group's first endeavor was the production of Friel's play *Translations*, which premiered in Derry. They were the first publishers of Heaney's verse narrative *Sweeney Astray*, and then put together a professional theater company that produced and toured Tom Paulin's version of Sophocles' *Antigone*, called *The Riot Act*, and poet Derek Mahon's adaptation of Moliere's *The School for Husbands*, called *High Time*. This double bill opened in Derry, went on to Dublin, and then to a dozen other smaller centers in the North and South, many of which had never before seen a professional theater company.



Mick Wiggins

I go to Ireland as often as possible, to purify the soul and activate the liver.

David Hammond and I chatted one morning when he drove me from Belfast to Derry. I remarked that it is interesting, and perhaps significant, that the Field Day board members got along so beautifully although they were from "the two traditions"—three Protestants and three Catholics. "Yes, true," he agreed, and added, "All lapsed." "Lapsed?" I said, and thought a moment. "Could that be a solution for all problems of Northern Ireland—I mean, if everybody lap . . . no, no, forget it!"

The work Field Day does is not restricted to the six directors—in fact they jokingly refer to themselves as "Six characters in search of an author"—and in-

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cludes plays by Shaw, Brecht and Strindberg, the latter two in adaptations by writers from the Republic.

Field Day's major project for 1986 is a play now in preparation by Dublin playwright Thomas Kilroy, *Double Cross*, about two men from the same part of Ireland, in the same period, who went divergent ways: the traitor Lord Haw-Haw, and Churchill's Cabinet Minister Brendan Bracken.

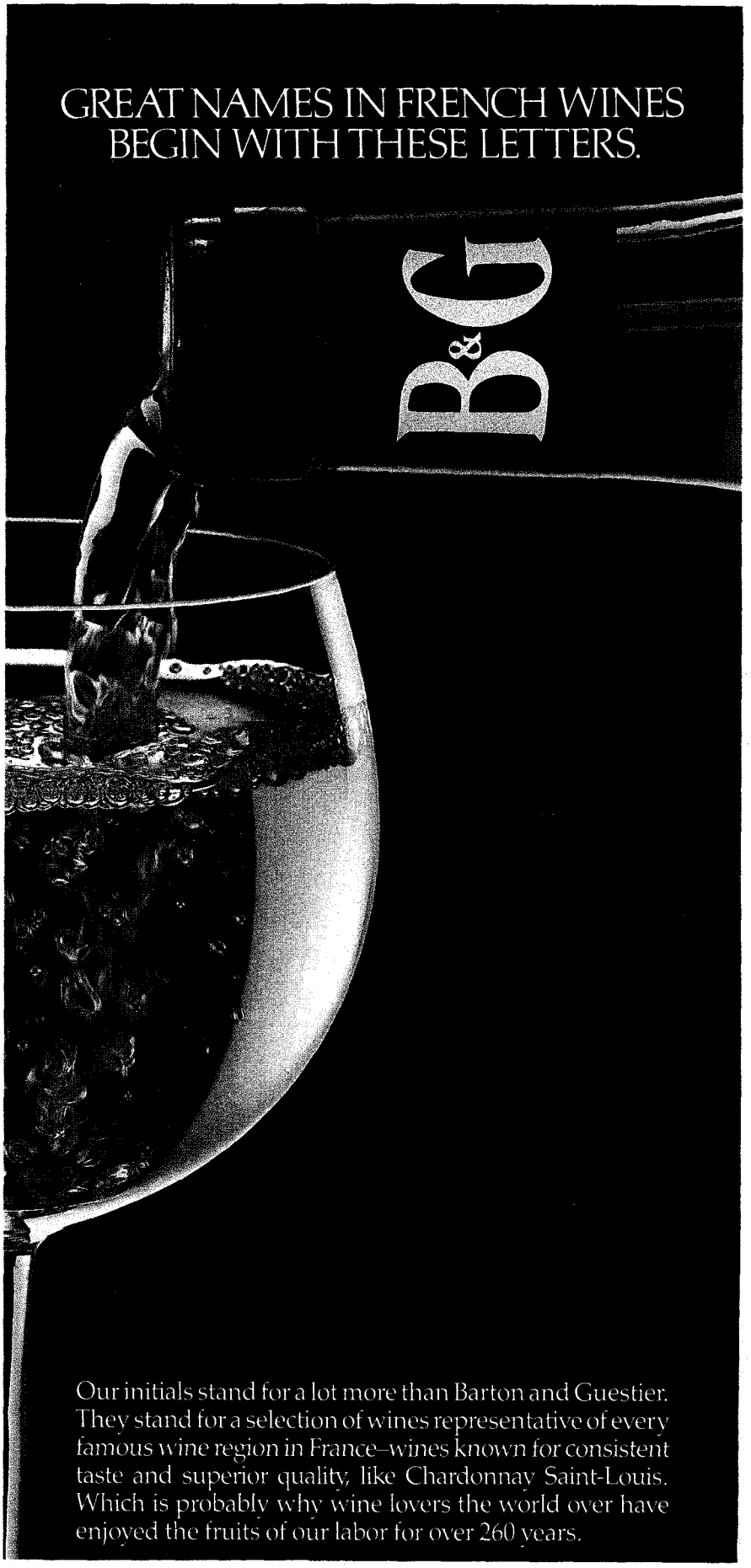
In addition to their theater work, the group has published six pamphlets about modern Ireland. Among the first three was one in verse by Seamus Heaney objecting to having been included in an anthology as a "British author." But by far

The Irish poet has objected to being included in an anthology as a "British author."

their major project is an over-all view—collection—of Irish writing from the past four centuries, tentatively called *The Cabinet of Irish Literature*. This will be in both languages, in two volumes of a thousand pages each, and—if sufficient funds are raised—will be published in 1988.

Field Day's ultimate purpose is to emphasize the cultural affinities of the two Northern traditions, as Seamus Deane wrote, "... to provide a sense or a vision of the island's cultural integrity which would operate as a basis for an enduring and enriching political settlement." God knows nothing else has worked. Let us cross our fingers—after clapping our hands.

I go to Ireland as often as possible, to purify the soul and activate the liver. The purification this last trip came about from viewing the scenery in a fifteen-mile stretch of road through the Sperrin Mountains in the North—the world's most lovely landscape. The activation came about at the Galway Oyster Festival, which erupts every fall—a day of eating, drinking, singing and mass hilarity that is certainly matchless. SR


GREAT NAMES IN FRENCH WINES
BEGIN WITH THESE LETTERS.
B&G
Our initials stand for a lot more than Barton and Guestier.
They stand for a selection of wines representative of every
famous wine region in France–wines known for consistent
taste and superior quality, like Chardonnay Saint-Louis.
Which is probably why wine lovers the world over have
enjoyed the fruits of our labor for over 260 years.

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TOP OF MY HEAD

BY ZAN THOMPSON

AUTHOR! AUTHOR!

A GENTLE MIST WAS FALLING ON HUNTINGton Harbor, where the channel makes the hairpin turn and heads out to the sea. It was the week before Christmas and the evening of the holiday boat parade. Tonight boat owners would deck their crafts with stars and Christmas trees; add tape decks playing carols; and bring aboard people dressed like Dickens characters, space men, Santa Clauses and reindeer. To sit on a warm glassed-in terrace, cupping a mug of spiced rum, while the merry burghers of Huntington Harbor pass by in boats ranging from skiffs to fifty-foot yachts, is part of Christmas in California.

I was sitting in front of the windows of Bit and Marianthi Lansdale's house watching the Christmas toys go by when Marianthi announced that one of her guests, Kate Coscarelli, had written a book titled *Fame and Fortune*. It was just about to be published.

Everyone immediately turned their backs on Santa Claus and the jeweled boats and clustered around the striking Mrs. Coscarelli. She was a tall, flaxen-haired lady, not large enough to be Junoesque, but a little larger than a dryad.

Kate was a Long Beach housewife who spent her time with volunteer work and taking care of her over-achiever son, daughter and husband. One day she began to talk about writing a book. Finally, she did, writing it in longhand.

After Kate had finished, her husband took it to the William Morris Agency, where an agent explained to him that they did not take first-time novelists. By the time he had finished the explanation, the agency had assigned an agent to Kate's book. When St. Martin's Press bought it, it was for an advance of $50,000, rare for a new writer.

Kate Coscarelli has a new book out now, *Perfect Order*, and still writes in longhand.

That holiday evening, when Marianthi announced Kate's presence, the party engulfed her as though she were a sword swallower or a moon walker. People

David Reau Johnson

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TOP OF MY HEAD

seem to expect writers to be unique beings, not quite normal, people who never do dishes, or drive kids to football practice, or put up a Christmas tree.

I have found that writers, real ones, are very much like other people. Those I have met are charming, arrogant, sullen or gracious in about the same proportion as bank tellers and dermatologists. They are not one breed, though there is a great preponderance of plain niceness among them. Only the poseurs are strange. Nevertheless, the fascination with meeting authors continues.

The most successful fund-raisers I have ever witnessed were those presented for a number of years by the Hawthorne Hospital in Los Angeles. Phyllis Marlowe, president of the hospital support group, decided that people would pay money to see real, live authors on a Sunday morning, followed by a champagne breakfast.

She was right. Doctors, lawyers, businessmen, professional women and housewives stood patiently in line to hear one syllable from the mouth of a published author and, wonder of wonder, to carry away a book inscribed by the writer with the person's very own name. It was as if they were wonderstruck that the writer could pick up pen and write. (It has always been impossible for me to understand the fascination with the autographed book, so I won't dwell on the subject. I had just as soon the book be inscribed by Howdy-Doody.)

I met Thomas Thompson at one of the Hospital's fund-raisers one Sunday. He was easy, pleasant and gracious, with that ease of the brotherhood of the former *Life* writer, an unassuming masculinity that didn't have to prove anything.

Joseph Wambaugh, the writer of excellent police novels, is shy and, his friends say, still misses being a detective in the Hollenbeck Division in Los Angeles. He has the look of an all-American boy with some street panache. When he wrote his first hit, *The New Centurions*, he really thought he could go on being a cop. But people asked for his autograph and he realized that he had become that strange being, a published author.

Ray Bradbury is that rarest of writers, one who is exactly what you think he will be. He has the enthusiasm of a Fourth of July parade, and talks as if he could hardly

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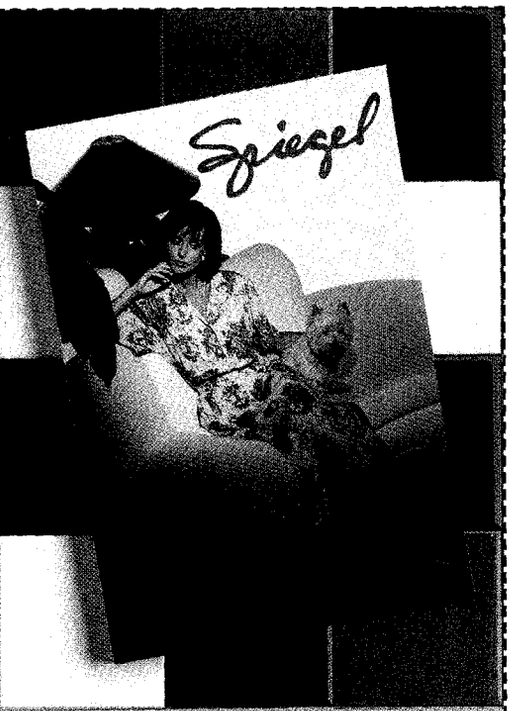

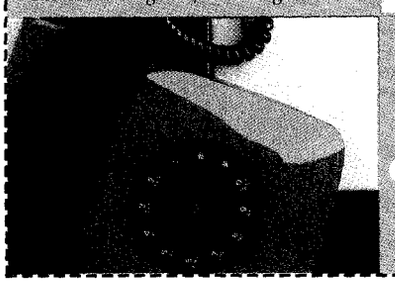

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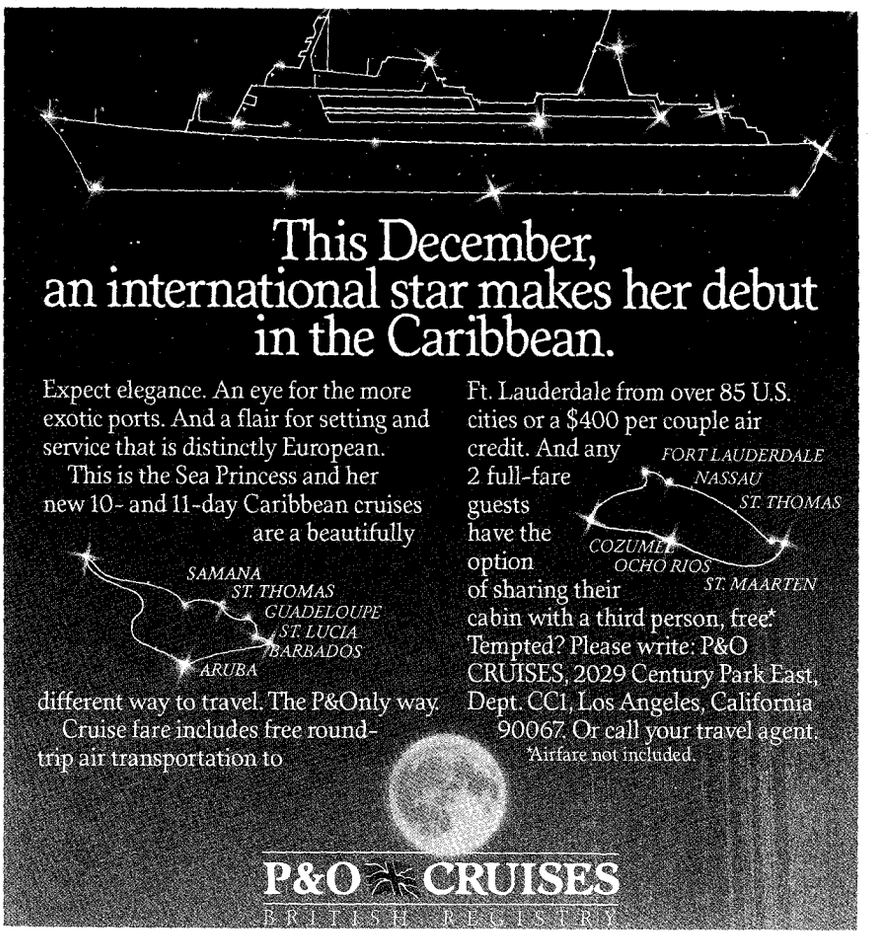
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TOP OF MY HEAD

form the words fast enough to tell you everything he thinks you should know.

Cook book writers, biographers and political analysts all seem very much alike. Except that Norman Cousins is nicer than most people.

If you want to meet writers, go to a book store where one is appearing and watch him turn on the spit as people wander disinterestedly by. I don't know what they expect—maybe an aura, flames coming out of the top of the head.

I feel for the writer on a promotion tour who sits all day in a book store and has few interested visitors. One time, I heard a woman say to her friend, "Oh, he's nobody. I thought they were going to have the man who did the barbecue book," as if the fine writer sitting at his wobbly table were without the ability to hear.

People go and see a writer the way they go to see the tattooed lady at the circus.

I like books and writers far too much to watch them go through this. But people will continue to go and see a real live writer, published in hardback, the way they would go to see the tattooed lady at the circus.

Like that night in the rain in Huntington Harbor when Kate Coscarelli became the openly stared at center of a group of highly sophisticated, cosmopolitan people. Maybe because people expected a little brown, ink-stained wren, not someone so pretty.

It is a tragedy that the book audience seems mostly to want to destroy its idols, to meet an author and then say, "Oh, I talked right to him. He's not so much."

You're right, friend. He's just a man or woman who had an idea, bled for it, gave up Sundays, evenings and hours with friends and family to write it, finally sold it, waited at least a year to see it in print and then spent a Saturday afternoon being ignored by a woman on her way to buy a Get Well card. It isn't surprising that there are so many nice writers. The surprise is that there are any at all. SR

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A WRITER'S DESK

JAMES DICKEY

JAMES DICKEY SAYS THERE ARE "FOUR OR five" places in his Columbia, South Carolina home where he likes to write. "I'm never very far away from a piece of writing." The desk pictured here "is where I do some of it. That's where I wrote *Deliverance*."

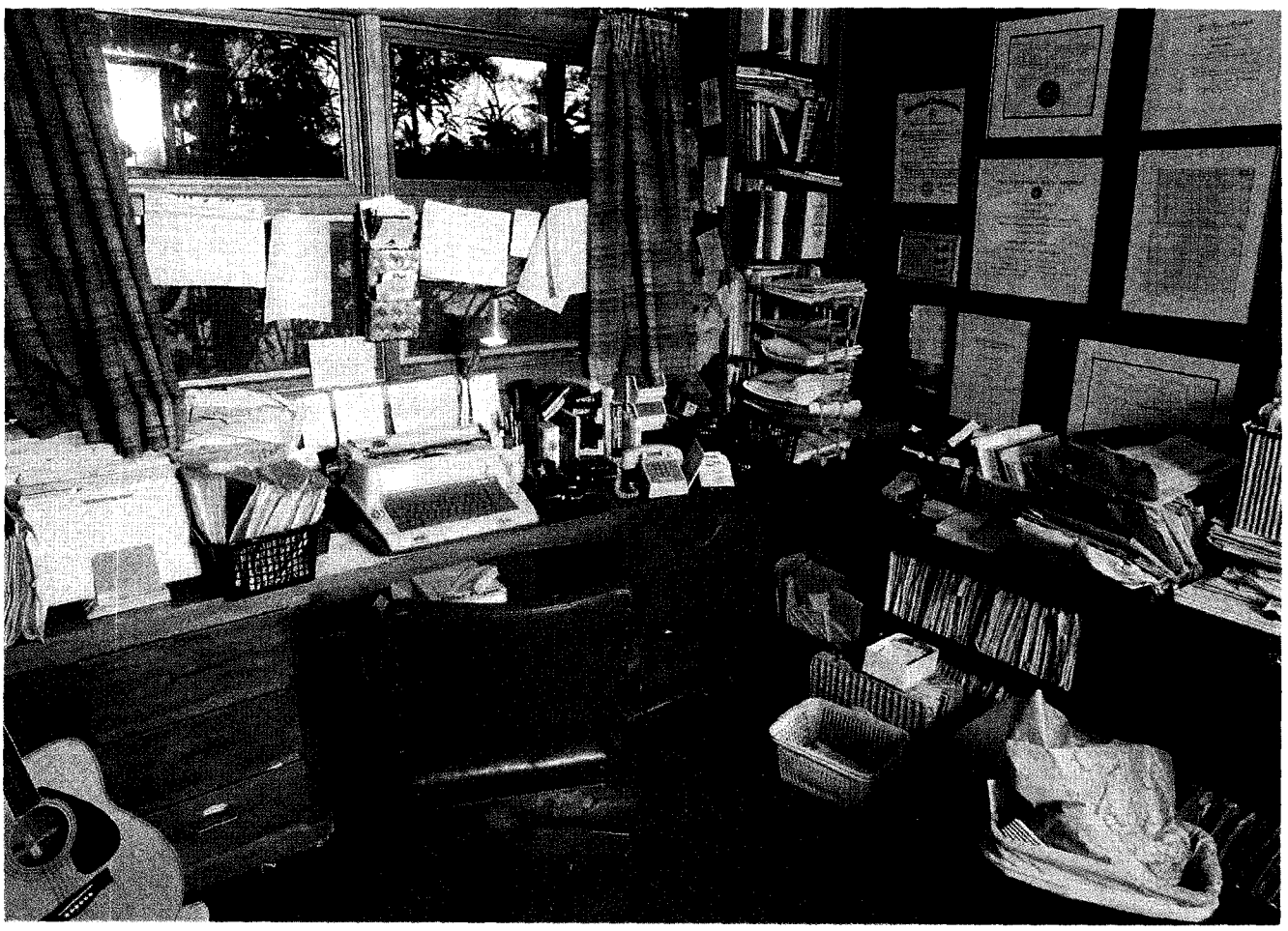
A guitar is close at hand should Dickey want to interrupt his writing. "I like to have some kind of break from writing, so I just pick up the guitar," says Dickey. "I love music . . . it's a release from the pressures of writing." (Dickey selected the "Dueling Banjos" music for the movie version of *Deliverance* after hearing "a sign painter and the curator of an American Indian museum" play it at a folk concert at Reed College in Portland, Oregon, where he was teaching at the time.)

"The way I work allows for interruptions," notes Dickey. "I work in bursts." He typically has seven or eight projects going simultaneously, finding it "a more organic" way to do things. "I feel that in some strange way all these things cross-pollinate one another."

The projects that clutter his work space include personal correspondence, literary criticism and lecture notes. At present, he is working on poetry, a book of "journal entries, observations and aphorisms" and "a curious thing of freewheeling translations from different languages." He has recently completed a children's book, due out next fall, titled *Bronwen, The Traw and the Shape-Shifter* and a novel "on a blind man and airplanes" titled *Alnilam*.

"I don't get writer's block," says Dickey. "My problem is too much material—concentration. I work steadily, I'm a compulsive writer. It's just something that fascinates me. I think that if the excitement ever left me I'd never write again . . . but the more I do, the more I see I can do."

Dickey's books include: *Self-Interviews* (1984), *Sorties* (1984), *False Youth: Four Seasons* (1983), *For a Time & Place* (1983), *The Central Motion: Poems 1968-1979* (1983), *Night Hurdling* (1983), *Puella* (1982), *Deliverance* (1971), *Babel to Byzantium: Poets & Poetry Now* (1968) and *Poems: Nineteen Fifty-Seven to Nineteen Sixty-Seven* (1968).



Doug Gilmore

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BOOKS

The Serpent and the Rainbow

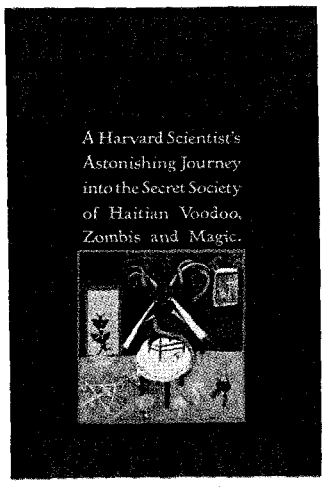
by WADE DAVIS

Simon & Schuster, 288 pp., $17.95

ON APRIL 30, 1962, CLAIRVIUS NARCISSE was admitted to the Albert Schweitzer Hospital at Deschapelles, Haiti. He complained of fever, body ache and general malaise and soon began to spit up blood. His condition rapidly deteriorated. On May 2, Narcisse was pronounced dead by two attendant physicians. His body was placed in cold storage for twenty hours and then buried in a small cemetery north of l'Estére, Narcisse's village.

Eighteen years later, Clairvius Narcisse walked into the marketplace at l'Estére and confronted his sister Angelina, identifying himself by a boyhood nickname known only to family members.

Narcisse told Angelina that back in 1962 he had been turned into a zombi on



the orders of their brother, with whom Narcisse had been involved in a land dispute. After being taken from his grave by a sorcerer, Narcisse spent two years as a slave at a sugar plantation. Following the death of his master, he escaped and wandered the country for the next sixteen years, returning to l'Estére only after learning of his brother's death.

Zombis do, indeed, walk the dusty roads of the Caribbean. They are not the bug-eyed animated corpses depicted in Grade B horror movies. According to Harvard ethnobotanist Wade Davis in his non-fiction book *The Serpent and the Rainbow*, zombis are the victims of a powerful neurotoxin administered by members of secret societies throughout Haiti.

Davis, a graduate student at the Harvard Botanical Museum and an expert in plant-derived pharmaceuticals, arrived in Haiti in 1982, seeking the biological basis of the zombi myth. Familiar with the case of Clairvius Narcisse, he hypothesized the existence of a drug that mimics death, inducing complete paralysis and lowering respiration to a virtually undetectable rate. His research took him to the nethermost reaches of voodoo society.

Voodoo, or more correctly vodoun, came to Haiti from Dahomey and Senegal in West Africa, brought to the New World in the early sixteenth century aboard slave ships. Many of the slaves were priests or sorcerers who adapted their African religion to their new environment and society. Despite various attempts through the centuries to abolish it, belief in vodoun still flourishes in the West Indies to this day.

Practitioners of vodoun acknowledge the existence of an all-powerful God but believe that He can speak to humankind only through a set of lesser gods, the loa. These divinities fall more or less into two categories: the Rada loa, those of African origin and hence the most powerful and predictable, and the Petro loa, darker, more impetuous gods native to Haiti.

Celebrants in a vodoun ceremony commune directly with their deities. Led by a vodoun priest, the houngan, they dance to the beat of the drums until they are possessed or "mounted" by a loa. The possessed take on the physical attributes of their gods. Thus, a man mounted by the fire-god Ogoun can place a burning ember in his mouth without harm.

In vodoun society, to become a zombi is the most horrible fate imaginable. Haitian peasants believe that they are raised from the dead by evil sorcerers, bokors. The loved ones of the recently deceased often stab the corpse through the heart to ensure that it will not be resurrected

M. Geiusseraud

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

WADE DAVIS

AS AN ANTHROPOLOGY STUDENT AT HARvard, Wade Davis earned his degree by collecting hallucinogenic plants in the Amazonian jungle. His South American adventures gave him a certain amount of expertise in ethnobotany, but they did not prepare him for the Zombi Project. When he left for Haiti in search of the zombi formula, Davis knew little about that Caribbean nation and even less about vodoun.

He says, "I took the assignment almost as a lark. Frankly, when I first got it, I didn't really believe that it was possible for zombis to exist."

Davis did, in fact, return with the formula that turns men into living corpses. His scientific articles on zombis brought very favorable reactions from his colleagues. Requests for reprints came from all over the world, including the Soviet Union and other Eastern Bloc countries.

Davis, however, takes some exception to the way the media have handled his findings. He says, "I think one of the problems with the research is that the press has tended to sensationalize it and present everything as *fait accompli* or as a much tighter case than I in fact do in *The Serpent and the Rainbow*."

Davis's research is so intriguing, however, that it easily lends itself to hyperbolic prose. The jacket copy of *The Serpent and the Rainbow* remarks that Davis participated in vodoun to "a profound and dangerous extent."

That description rankles Davis. "Frankly, that's just Simon and Schuster hype, and I asked them not to put anything like that on the cover of the book. I think the book shows very clearly that I was working with good connections in a traditional society and that the whole notion of vodoun as something dangerous and ominous is completely inaccurate. One of the points of the whole book is that it tries to show vodoun society as a coherent world view, a system of rules, regulations, concepts and beliefs that appear strange only to the outsider, because the outsider does not know them or appreciate them."

—Michael Berry

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through magic.

By passing himself off as a member of the Mafia, Davis obtained from a bokor a sample of the formula used to create zombis. Laboratory analysis revealed the active ingredient to be tetrodotoxin, a poison taken from puffer fish. One of the most poisonous nonprotein substances known to science, a lethal dose of tetrodotoxin can rest on the head of a pin.

The Japanese have eaten puffer fish for centuries. Prepared correctly, its meat produces sensations of warmth and a feeling of general euphoria in the diner. Prepared incorrectly, it brings swift death. If the amount of poison is just right, it may place the victim in a state of suspended animation, keeping him totally conscious but unable to move or communicate.

At the Schweitzer Hospital, Clairvius Narcisse actually heard himself pronounced dead and saw the sheet pulled over his face. While in his coffin, he underwent what physicians term autoscopic near-death experience. He felt himself floating above his body at all times, watching everything going on outside his tomb. He says he was content and without fear.

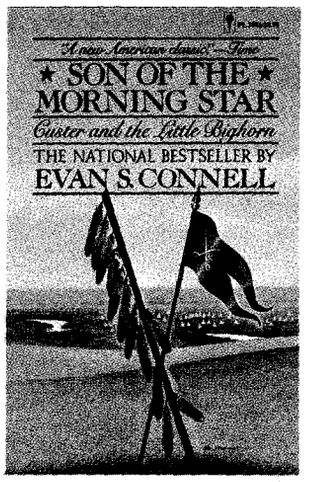
In Haiti, bokors broil puffer fish meat and mix it with other exotic ingredients, including human bones, lizards, sea worms, tropical plants and poisonous toads. The resulting powder is applied to the skin of the intended victim or blown in his face so that he inhales it. The poison is not administered orally. If ingested, it more often kills than induces a state of catatonia.

With the zombi formula in hand, Davis took his research a step further. Popular folklore held that zombis were the victims of random crimes. Davis, however, found that zombis are rarely innocent victims. Most often, they are people who have committed crimes against the community. Their behavior brings them to the attention of the Bizango, a secret society that judges their guilt and then administers a suitable punishment. When the crime is sufficiently severe, the guilty party is sentenced to zombification.

Such was the case of Clairvius Narcisse. He often fought with his family, fathered a number of children whom he refused to support and tried to take by force land belonging to his brother. For these and other offenses, Narcisse received capital punishment, a living death sentence as it were.

Wade Davis's *The Serpent and the Rainbow* is certain to enthrall both the lay and the scientifically minded reader. Although Davis sometimes seems a little too pleased with his own ingenuity, he tells his incredible tale in a straightforward, highly readable manner. His book will go a long way toward dispelling many of the unfortunate myths surrounding Haiti, "the Voodoo Isle."

—Michael Berry



Son of the Morning Star

by EVAN S. CONNELL

Harper & Row, 441 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by
KENNETH L. ADELMAN

CUSTER'S LAST STAND ITSELF STANDS AS the most celebrated military defeat in American history. Custer-lore has endured ever since that doleful June day in 1876 when he and every single one of his troops were wiped out at Little Bighorn. In those times, neither side took prisoners. There were no survivors.

Connell's sturdy book (originally published by San Francisco's North Point Press), like Custer's sturdy life, is filled with blood and guts. The U.S. Cavalry and the Indians did not merely slaughter one another. They hacked, mutilated, tortured and butchered. Connell describes these military engagements in as much clinical detail as Masters and Johnson describe sexual ones.

Indians were not terribly popular in those days. In fact, they were not popular at all: " . . . a set of miserable, dirty, lousy, blanketed, thieving, lying, sneaking, murdering, graceless, faithless, gut-eating skunks as the Lord ever permitted to infect the earth" is the way *The Topeka Weekly Leader* tenderly put it.

The solution? None other than what Adolf Eichmann would later apply to Jews. General William T. Sherman wrote Ulysses S. Grant: "We must act with vindictive earnestness against the Sioux, even to their extermination, men, women, and children. Nothing less will reach the root of the case." So obsessive was the white man's hatred of the red man that the U.S. Government was estimated to have spent some $1 million per Indian

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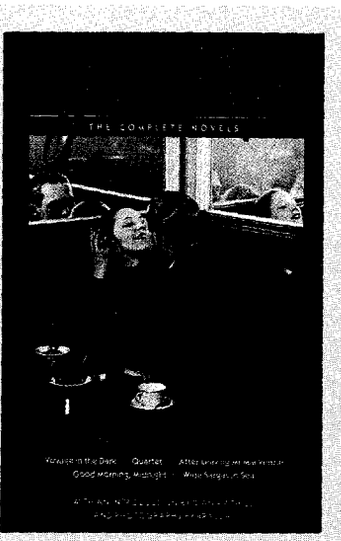

Rhys's Pieces

JEAN RHYS WAS ONE OF THE CENTURY'S FOREMOST writers. Four of her five novels—*Voyage in the Dark, Quartet, After Leaving Mr. Mackenzie* and *Good Morning, Midnight*—were written during the first part of her career, in the period between the two world wars. Ahead of their time in style and content, they attracted only a small audience.

After 1939, Rhys fell into almost thirty years of haunting misery and near oblivion. Then her masterpiece, *Wide Sargasso Sea*, was published in 1966, and its success led to the rediscovery of her earlier books.

Conceived and offered by the Quality Paperback Book Club, a hardcover edition of *Jean Rhys: The Complete Novels*, with an introduction by Diana Athill and photographs by Brassaï, has been published by Norton.

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331488-391482. Bach: Brandenburg Concertos, 1 to 6 (complete)—Kapp, cond. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

326983. Bach: Organ Masterpieces—*Toccata & Fugue in D Minor*, etc. A. Newman (Sine Qua Non)

317081. Bach: Goldberg Variations—Glenn Gould (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

330647. Bach: Unaccompanied Cello Suites 1, 2—performed by Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

336578-396572. Bach: Flute Sonatas—Rampal, flute; Pinnock, harpsichord, etc. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

338178. A Bach Celebration. Christopher Parkening plays music from Bach cantatas arr. for guitar and orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

329714. Bartok: Concerto for Orchestra; Dance Suite—Solti conducts Chicago Sym. (*Digital*—London)

338004-398008. Beethoven Piano Sonatas—Moonlight, Appassionata, Tempest, 3 more. A. Brendel (Counts as 2—Vox Cum Laude)

335075. Beethoven: Overtures—Coriolan, Egmont, Fidelio, Lenore, etc. Tennstedt, London Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

232496. Beethoven: Symphony No. 3 (Eroica)—Bernstein and New York Philharmonic (Columbia)

321570. Beethoven: Symphony No. 5; Schubert: Symph. No. 8 (Unfinished)—Maazel, Vienna Philhar. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

252874. Beethoven: Symphony No. 9 (Choral)—Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orch. (Columbia)

331595. Bizet: Carmen Suite; L'Arlesienne Suites 1, 2—Ozawa, Orch. National (*Digital*—Angel)

263293. Bolling: Suite For Flute and Jazz Piano—Rampal, Bolling (Columbia)

332668. Brahms: Symphony No. 1—Tennstedt cond. London Philharmonic Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

334243. Brahms: Piano Concerto No. 1—Weissenberg; Muti, Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

328039. Brahms: Symphony No. 3; Haydn Variations—Mehta, New York Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

333518. Bruckner: Symphony No. 7—Chailly, RSO Berlin (*Digital*—London)

325183. Dvorak: Symphony No. 9 (New World)—Solti, Chicago Symph. Orch. (*Digital*—London)

333575. Elgar: Enigma Variations; Pomp And Circumstance Marches—A. Davis, Philharmonia Or. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331314. Gershwin: An American In Paris—plus Grainger's *Fantasy on Porgy & Bess*—Labeque sisters (*Digital*—Angel)

323543. Handel: Royal Fireworks Music; Oboe Concertos 1-3—Karl Munchinger, Stuttgart Chamber Orch. (*Digital*—London)

332569. Haydn: Symphony No. 94 (Surprise), **No. 100** (Military)—Solti, London Phil. (*Digital*—London)

321190. Liszt: Hungarian Rhapsodies 1 & 4; more—Boskovsky cond. (Angel)

330613. Mozart: Greatest Hits—Gould, Previn, Szell, others (CBS Masterworks)

321224. Mozart: Overtures—Don Giovanni; Cosi fan tutte; Marriage of Figaro; etc. Marriner, Academy of St. Martin (*Digital*—Angel)

338228. Offenbach: Gaite Parisienne; Gounod: "Faust" Ballet Music—Dutoit, Orch. symphonique Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318691. Prokofiev: Love For Three Oranges Suite; Lt. Kije Suite—Michael Tilson Thomas, Los Angeles Phil. (CBS Masterworks)

245043. Rachmaninoff: Piano Concertos Nos. 1 & 2—Ashkenazy; Previn, London Sym. (London)

334565. Rachmaninoff: Symphony No. 2 (complete version)—Rattle and L.A. Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

321729. Schubert: The Impromptus, Op. 90 & 142—Murray Perahia, piano (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

334771. Sibelius: Symphonies No. 4 and **7**—Berglund, Helsinki Philharmonic Or. (*Digital*—Angel)

326405. Stravinsky: The Firebird (complete ballet)—Dohnanyi, Vienna Philharmonic (*Digital*—London)

338244. Stravinsky: Rite Of Spring—Dutoit cond. Orchestre symphonique de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318444. Tchaikovsky: 1812 Overture; Serenade For Strings—Muti, Phila. Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

336461. Tchaikovsky: Violin Concerto; Serenade—Pinchas Zukerman; Zubin Mehta, Israel Philharmonic (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

331942. The Academy—By Request. N. Marriner cond. works by Schubert, Bach, etc. (*Digital*—Angel)

328013. Nancy Allen—virtuoso harpist in music by Ravel and Debussy. With Rampal, Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Angel)

328146. Willi Boskovsky cond. Symphonic Waltzes by R. Strauss, Tchaikovsky, Weber, etc. (*Digital*—Angel)

334276. Canadian Brass & Berlin Phil. Brass—Brass in Berlin. Bach, Pachelbel, Gabrieli, etc. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337279. Placido Domingo—Save Your Nights For Me. *Love Came For Me; Maria;* etc. (CBS)

330159. Bob James—Rameau. The jazz artist performs works by the French Baroque composer on synthesizers. Superb! (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

321851. Wynton Marsalis Plays Trumpet Concertos. Haydn, Hummel, L. Mozart (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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331959-391953. Mormon Tabernacle Choir—Great Choruses of Bach and Handel. (Counts as 2—CBS Masterworks)

327551. Luciano Pavarotti—Mamma. Popular Italian songs arranged by Henry Mancini (*Digital*—London)

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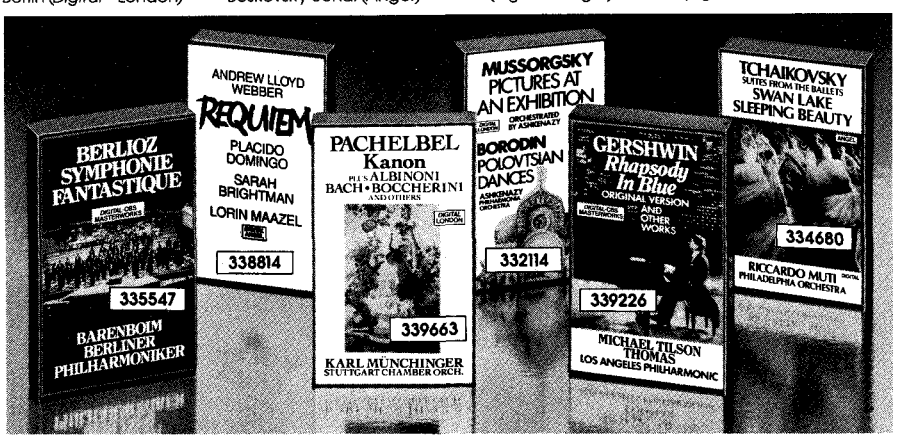
333112. Andreas Vollenweider—White Winds. The inventive harpist's latest (*Digital*—CBS)

334763. John Williams—Bach, Handel, Marcello Concertos *arr. for guitar* (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)



329144. Chopin: Waltzes, Mazurkas, Polonaises—Ivan Moravec, piano (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

330100. Chopin: Piano Concerto No. 2; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 2—Licad; Previn, London Phil. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

326439. Copland: Rodeo; Dance Symphony; El Salon Mexico; Fanfare for Common Man—Dorati, Detroit Sym. (*Digital*—London)

335679. Debussy: La Mer; Nocturnes—Andre Previn, cond. London Symphony (*Digital*—Angel)

304931. Debussy: Images For Orchestra; Prelude To An Afternoon Of A Faun—Previn, London Sym. (*Digital*—Angel)

333526-393520. Dvorak: Slavonic Dances (Op. 46, 72); **American Suite**—Dorati, Royal Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—London)

334508. Mahler: Symphony No. 1 (Titan)—Muti cond. Philadelphia Orch. (*Digital*—Angel)

329094-399097. Mahler: Symphony No. 2 (Resurrection)—Lorin Maazel, Vienna Phil. (Counts as 2—*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

318824. Mendelssohn: Symphony No. 4 (Italian); **Schumann: Symphony No. 4**—Tennstedt, Berlin Phil. (*Digital*—Angel)

330142. Mendelssohn: Violin Concerto; Saint-Saens: Concerto No. 3—Cho-Liang Lin; Thomas con. (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

328740. Mozart: Piano Concerto 26 (Coronation); **Rondos**—Murray Perahia, English Chamber Orchestra (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

337782. Mozart: Divertimento, K. 563—Kremer; Kashkashian; Yo-Yo Ma (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

318451. Ravel: Bolero; Pavane; Daphnis Et Chloe (Suite No. 2)—Andre Previn, London Symphony (Angel)

331447. Ravel: Ma Mere L'Oye (Mother Goose); etc.—Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

324533. Respighi: Feste Romane; Pines & Fountains Of Rome—Dutoit, Orch. de Montreal (*Digital*—London)

318436. Rimsky-Korsakov: Scheherazade—Svetlanov, London Symphony (Angel)

325100. Saint-Saens: Carnival of the Animals—also works by Debussy, Satie. Philip Jones Brass Ensemble (*Digital*—London)

331082. Saint-Saens: Symphony No. 3 (Organ)—Hurford; Dutoit, Montreal Sym. (*Digital*—London)

322487. Schubert: "Death and the Maiden"; "Quartettsatz"—Tokyo String Quartet (*Digital*—Vox Cum Laude)

329169. Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4—Lorin Maazel, Cleveland Orch. (CBS Masterworks)

324897. Vivaldi: Four Seasons. Maazel, members Orch. National de France (*Digital*—CBS Masterworks)

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Two Sides of Philip K. Dick

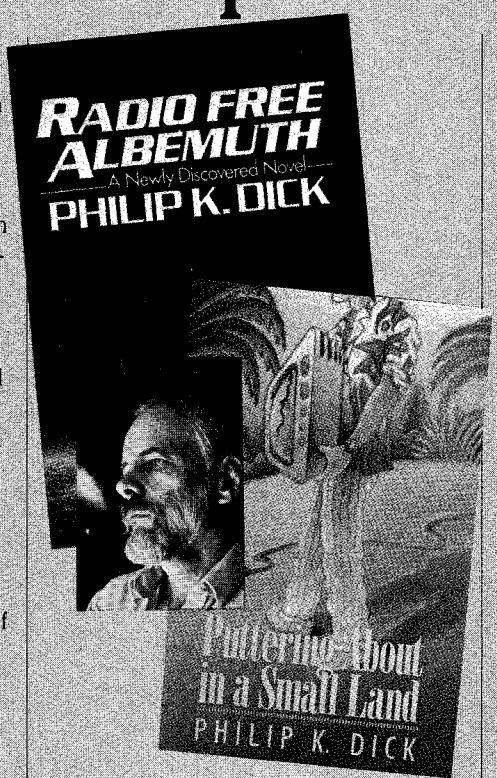
BY THE TIME OF HIS DEATH IN 1982, SCIence fiction author Philip K. Dick's life would have fit perfectly in one of his own novels. With five ex-wives, three nervous breakdowns and at least one suicide attempt to his credit, Dick's personal life was as steeped in paranoia and confusion as that of any of the anti-heroes who populate his books. Add a contact, in early 1974, with a presence that Dick believed to be an information source from God, and the resulting real-life story is as weird as anything from Dick's fictional ones.

In fact, by the time he died, Dick *was* a character in his novels, playing a major role in 1981's *Valis*, an often brilliant and largely autobiographical novel that describes the events of 1974. Philip Dick is also a character in the just published *Radio Free Albemuth*, an alternate version of *Valis* from Arbor House.

Dick was best known for his science fiction, bizarre, hallucinatory and often darkly humorous works like *The Man in the High Castle*, *Do Androids Dream of Electric Sheep* (made into the movie *Blade Runner*), *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* and many others. But there was more to Dick's work than his reality-warping science fiction. In the mid-to-late-fifties, he wrote some ten mainstream novels, none of them published until recently. The third to make it to the printed page, *Puttering About in a Small Land*, has just been published by Chicago's Academy Press.

Born in 1928, Dick attended college at Berkeley, but dropped out to protest compulsory ROTC training. He then began writing science fiction while still living in Berkeley, which was to provide the setting for much of his writing.

Dick would eventually move to Southern California, and his experiences there with the drug subculture would inspire *A Scanner Darkly*, a mixture of tragedy and black humor about a narcotics officer assigned to report on himself. (Dick would later protest that the stories of his own drug use were greatly exaggerated.) He



Frank Ronan

lived in Vancouver for a brief time, following an unexplained break-in that made him decide to leave his San Rafael home.

His output was tremendous. In an interview done in 1980, he estimated that at one point he wrote sixteen novels in five years. Until *A Scanner Darkly*, all were written while he was gobbling quantities of amphetamines. All also dealt with Dick's obsessive theme of trying to "pierce the veil of what is only apparently real to find out what is *really* real."

As a result, many of his finest novels have a subtle tinge of madness, with nothing as it really seems, and reality often a vague, shifting construct that is apt to slide out from underfoot and send his characters scrambling. *The Three Stigmata of Palmer Eldritch* is about a drug that permanently impairs a user's ability to know what is "real." *Flow My Tears, The Policeman Said* is about an even more insidious drug—the main character's perceived reality changes when someone *else* takes it.

Eventually Europe would hail Dick as one of America's finest writers, but in the meantime he struggled in vain to make a decent living with his typewriter. He hoped that the ten or so mainstream novels he wrote would reach out to a wider audience, but it wouldn't be until the 1975 publication of *Confessions of a Crap Artist* that any of them would see print.

Confessions, an alternately tragic and humorous tale of Marin County, chronicles the disintegration of a marriage. *Puttering About in a Small Land* is about another failing marriage. Although very much a mainstream novel, it still contains the element of "the projected personal unconscious" that Dick once told an interviewer surfaces in all his unpublished mainstream writings.

The book tells the story of Roger and Virginia Lindahl, and the destruction of their marriage in 1950s Los Angeles. Neither is a particularly sympathetic character. Roger is moody, uncommunicative and unaffectionate; a man whose dreams constantly outstrip his ambitions. His wife is caught between the demands of her insecure husband and her domineering mother.

But after Roger tumbles into an affair with attractive, bubble-headed Liz Bonner, Virginia finds the resources to blackmail her husband into running his business her way, destroying his self-respect in the process.

Written in a bare, unadorned style with awkward dialogue and an eye for the details of stale married life, *Small Land* is a small novel that pulls a reader in with its offbeat rhythms. This story of little people moving inevitably towards destinies that hold little promise is not a great novel, but it is a subtly disturbing one.

Of more interest to Dick's cult is the publication of *Radio Free Albemuth*, which adds some pieces to the puzzle of his last eight years.

To an outsider, Dick's claim that in early 1974 a superior intelligence—per-

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haps God—beamed information into his head seems, at the very least, dubious. But like Saul's on the road to Damascus, the experience left Dick a changed man. By the time he died, he had filled 10,000 hand-written pages with his *Exegesis*, an account of his strange encounter and resulting philosophies. He used much of this material as the backbone of *Valis*, a complex and challenging book filled with theological speculation and a disarming sense of humor. In many ways it is a book about salvation, specifically Philip Dick's salvation from a life filled with mental crises, confusion and despair.

With its original title of *Valisystem A*, the unpublished manuscript of *Radio Free Albemuth* was first dismissed as just an unrevised version of *Valis*. This is not the case. While sharing much in the way of theme and storyline, *Albemuth* is more a work of straight science fiction, with its autobiographical material slightly obscured. It is not as polished or thought-provoking as *Valis*, but does underscore the aspects of Dick's experience that he considered important.

The America of *Radio Free Albemuth* is a McCarthyistic nightmare under the presidency of Ferris F. Fremont. In this coldly paranoid version of the United States, Dick envisions an organization called the Friends of the American People, which routinely spies and informs upon its fellow citizens. Helped by the intervention of an ancient satellite known as Valis (for Vast Active Living Intelligence System), a group of underground subversives attempts to fight against these Orwellian forces of irrationality and oppression.

In May, Arbor House will publish *Only Apparently Real*, a Philip Dick biography by his literary executor, Paul Williams. It would be an ironic Dickian twist if now, several years after his death, the occasionally brilliant, often eccentric and always unique Philip K. Dick received the recognition that escaped him during his lifetime.

—*Tom Huntington*

Continued from page 72

killed—and that at a time when $1 million was a healthy chunk of money.

If the Indians were considered such scum, how come they won? How come they defeated the cream of the cavalry crop, General George Armstrong Custer?

Because Sitting Bull and his oddly-named lot—including Flying By, Mustache, Hump Nose, Rectum, Many Lice, Long Dog, Young Skunk and Chased-by-Owls—were just as brave and a whole bunch smarter.

It wasn't tough to be smarter. Custer was a hard-charger, all right, but that's about all. He and his men rode into Little Bighorn with lots of shouting but no scouting, lots of shooting but no thinking. Even Grant, never touted as a grand strategist himself, later said, "I regard Custer's massacre as a sacrifice of troops, brought on by Custer himself, that was wholly unnecessary—wholly unnecessary." During the Civil War, Custer lost more men than any other commander, with his deadly combination of extraordinary courage and extraordinary brainlessness.

Above all, he was lucky, at least until the end. Despite his men dropping all around him, and several horses dropping beneath him during those Civil War battles, Custer never suffered a scratch. He was always there to gain the limelight and his superiors' notice. Thus he climbed the ladder of success.

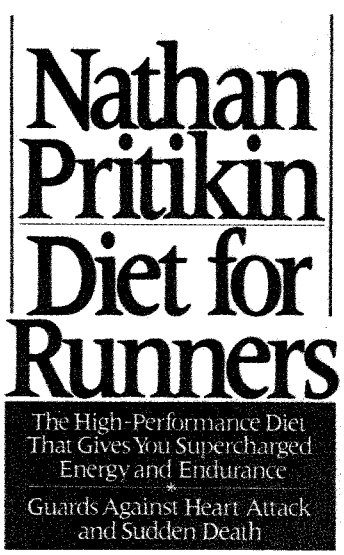
And what success he found. After a faltering start—plumb last in his West Point class, establishing a record of 726 demerits—he became the youngest American ever to wear a star: Brigadier General at the age of twenty-three.

He carried such callow acclaim with insufferable bearing. He was a braggart, brown-nose and bully. He dressed accordingly, at times donning a tightly fitting hussar jacket and gold-laced pants, or a velveteen jacket with gold loops on the sleeves (a trooper compared him to a circus rider). At other times he wore a blue tunic with gold epaulets, tassels and stripes, white gloves, a saber aside his yellow-striped gray trousers and a shiny eagle-adorned helmet atop his flowing yellow hair. Troops dubbed him "Ringlets," but only behind his back. He preferred "Son of Morning Star," the name Indians had bestowed upon him.

So who was this guy behind all the sparkle and beneath all the legend? It beats me, even after reading this 400-page biography. The author develops Custer as a character but not as a real person. Worse yet, he doesn't even try: "... his strange personality can no more be determined now than one may fix the taste of wine by examining an empty bottle." Why not? The personalities of many historical figures come alive in biographies. Admittedly, Custer didn't have much of a personality to probe, but neither did Grant, and he comes wonderfully alive in the fine biography by William S. McFeely (Norton, 1981).

Connell's book roams thither and yon, almost aimlessly, much like most of Custer's wanderings out West. When it meets action, it's terrific. Otherwise, it drags.

Still, there's a lot of action. Above all, here we have the whopping legend in all its glory. A private scanned the battlefield after the last stand: "Oh what a slaughter, how many homes are made desolate by the sad disaster. Every one of them were scalped and otherwise mutilated but the General lay with a smile on his face." Perhaps he saw the legend coming.



Diet for Runners
by NATHAN PRITIKIN

Simon and Schuster, 256 pp.,
$12.95 (cloth), $5.95 (paper)

OKAY, I KNOW WHAT YOU'RE WAITING for. You want some cheap Nathan Priti-

Continued on page 77

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Red's Blues

THE FIRST SENTENCE OF ROBERT WARD'S RECENT novel, *Red Baker* (Doubleday) doesn't just grab the reader. It also jolted the author out of bed and a deep depression.

Ward says, "One morning I woke up at six with that sentence running through my head. It was just like electric volts. I went to the typewriter and in my t-shirt and shorts I wrote the first twelve pages of the book.

"I knew it was right from that second, but I had a terrible sense of agony. This wasn't the 700-page tome I'd been writing obsessively for the past four years, the book that would combine thrillerdom with serious content, with surrealism, with the Katzenjammer Kids. It was a whole new book and I thought, 'Oh my God, what if this one doesn't work either?'"

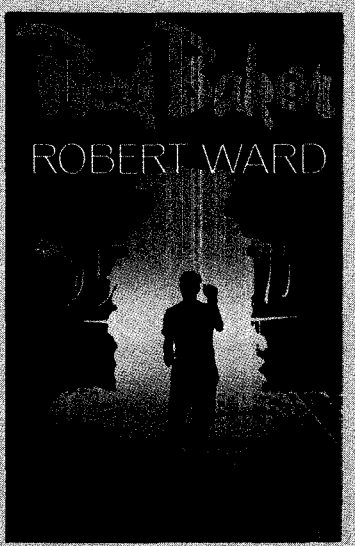
The night before, Ward realized that everything he had written of the earlier novel was a complete failure. "I was so depressed, half crazy, writing ten to fifteen hours a day, being alone, going berserko . . . I had to get to a psychic state of desperation to hit rock bottom" before the real book, *Red Baker*, could emerge.

With a startling cackle and self-mocking charm typical of Red, Ward adds, "I don't want to over-melodramatize."

Red Baker compellingly and compassionately brings to life the plight of the hard-core, unskilled unemployed, the "new poor" of the 1980s.

Red is a latter-day Willy Loman, an unemployed steelworker rather than a failed salesman, and the Bakers are like modern-day Joads. Although mired in Baltimore rather than Oklahoma, like the Joads, the Bakers escape to the west.

Baker, his pal Doggie Donahue, and most other workers at Larmel Steel get laid off and wait in the unemployment line, "getting gray sleet down our collars, blowing steam on one another, and cursing for two hours, rats waiting for cheese." They wait with "Dead-eyed guys. Bent-backed guys . . . so wasted that they looked like they were going to ship them out back behind Big Burger, grind them up, and use them in the special sauce."



Ann Zelle

That's what Red looks like after enduring many months of unemployment; mixing quantities of booze with speed; fooling around with go-go dancer Crystal, a "welfare worker of the body"; constantly disappointing his wife and son; and finally working as a litter-picker-upper in Baltimore's Harbor Place—for less money than he made mowing lawns as a teenager.

In desperation, he teams up with Dog and crooked cop Choo Choo Gerard to rob the Mona Lisa Pizza, run by his lifelong enemy Vinnie, who has "hair like black whipped cream."

When Dog gets killed in the robbery, Red hits rock bottom and only then, like the author, can he turn himself around. Red makes off with the stolen money and takes off with his reunited family to the promised land of El Paso—and a job.

Some of the reviews praise, or almost bury, the book as a proletarian novel. "I didn't want to write a proletarian novel where Mr. Perfect fights evil John Corporation," Ward scoffs. "It has a social conscience, but I made damn sure that its characters lived first—I hate polemics in fiction."

The humor, realism and exquisite descriptions of feeling keep the book balanced precariously between sentiment and sentimentality. Only occasionally does it tip over into melodrama, like after Red's wife Wanda and son Ace leave him.

Ward explains, "I tried extremely hard to exorcise sentimentality. Red felt sorry for himself, but undercut it by saying, 'I know I'm a fool.'"

Ward says the father-son "love and connectedness," but not the "craziness and brutality," come from his relationship with stepsons Shannon, twenty, and Kevin, nineteen, by his second wife.

A bit sensitive about the book's pathos, he demands, "What happened to passion, compassion, anger at injustice . . . ? I see it in modern life, but not in fiction. Writers should be writing about it. If they don't, no one wants to read their books and it's their own fault."

Instead, readers are left with "the upper east side New York school of fiction," he says, his lips like curled worms, to quote the book. "These writers have no concerns outside those of their immediate background of shopping at Bloomingdale's, seeing their psychiatrists, and telling vignettes of hopeless ennui."

When pressed, Ward concedes, "Part of me is Red Baker. I grew up with those people, know them inside out. I'm also a provincial, working-class neighborhood guy who's very much a creature of habit. I like to do the same things I did at sixteen—play basketball three nights a week and watch horror films."

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Ward, forty-two, who looks like a cross between Henry Aldrich and Chicken Little, says "People are surprised that I don't talk like a redneck. I used to teach magical realism and romantic poetry."

The former English teacher at Hobart and William Smith Colleges in Geneva, New York has long been a fugitive from his working-class background. He was a hippie in Haight-Ashbury and a New York scriptwriter, three-time novelist and journalist who profiled machos like Clint Eastwood, Lee Marvin and Reggie Jackson.

Ward now lives in Washington, D.C. with his third wife, National Public Radio news desk editor Celeste Wesson, to whom he used to shuttle on weekends.

"I read about these trendy people with their bi-coastal commuting marriages—Forget it, man, forrrget it!"

A recently completed script for *Hill Street Blues* was so successful that Ward has been signed on as a consulting writer for the TV series. The ironic drawback is that Ward is now back to commuting—this time truly bi-coastal.

He has also been working simultaneously on a feature film script, a novel and a humorous novella. Both books are about fathers and sons.

"My wife laughed and said, 'Could you get a little more cheer into the next book, because I don't want to have to live with an out-of-work redneck for years.'"

He laughs raucously and describes novel writing as a "mixture of adrenaline, anxiety and insanity." So why do it?

"Because when you get it right, you feel like you're in touch with something that's almost universal, almost Godlike, like riding some kind of wave, with a voice that's beyond you. It's a spiritual, wonderful, great moment. You no longer exist."

Then, with the self-effacement of Red Baker, Ward adds, "That sounds really pretentious." He compares novel writing instead to writing music, adding with a disarming smile, "I'm more blues than Bach."

— Marsha Dubrow

Continued from page 75

kin/Adele Davis/Jim Fixx jokes, right? Some of you probably expect me to throw in some gratuitous cracks about Euell Gibbons, too. Something along the lines of "If these guys know so much about healthy dieting and running, how come they're all dead?" Good question.

Nathan Pritikin was a self-taught nutritionist who developed a low cholesterol, salt-free diet to combat the heart disease he was diagnosed as having in 1958. Pritikin claimed his diet would not only stop heart disease, but actually reverse it. Apparently, in his case it worked. Pritikin survived his heart disease, but later developed leukemia, committing suicide earlier last year as the disease moved into a terminal phase.

The medical establishment has always viewed Pritikin with suspicion, declaring that his diet ideas were too strict for most people to maintain and the research data too sketchy to support his claims. Certainly, no doctor would ever criticize Priti-

Continued on page 83

Rush Hour of the Gods

JAPAN IS THE MOST DENSELY POPULATED ISLAND IN THE WORLD—PHYSICALLY *AND* spiritually. As Akira Y. Yamamoto states in the recently released *Japanese Ghosts and Demons: Art of the Supernatural* (edited by Stephen Addiss, George Braziller, Inc.): "It is claimed that there are eight million gods who reside both in heaven and on earth . . . supernatural beings surround the Japanese wherever they are, and whatever they are doing. The deities and spirits are usually benevolent but they can also be malevolent, reflecting the state of mind and behavior of the human beings with whom they deal."

Beginning with the introduction of Buddhism in A.D. 552, Japanese artists of the Edo period depicted inanimate objects that sprang to life—women became snakes, animals became teapots, ghosts haunted former lovers. Spiritual themes were to continue for centuries, and emerged as common subjects in kabuki and noh theater, and in the literature of the time.

Appearing below are two nineteenth-century prints from the book: Right, *The Ghost of Kohada Koheiji* by Hokuei (and bearing an eerie similarity to the contemporary cartoons of Gahan Wilson). Left, *The Nightly Weeping Rock* by Kuniyoshi.

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Lessing Is More

SIXTY-FIVE-YEAR-OLD DORIS LESSING IS not sweet, hardly old-fashioned, barely polite. She embodies what my Mother calls "a fightin' word" and that word is anti-Establishment. If old age is, as May Lamberton Becker proclaimed, growing "neither better nor worse . . . but more like ourselves," then Lessing's anti-Establishment literary impulses bode well for all of us, because she will be increasingly unmanageable.

She's always been this way. She left Marxism because, somewhere along its revolutionary course, it became too Establishment. She left Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) and was declared *persona non grata* after criticizing its racial policies. Then she avoided the faith prescribed for conventional English citizens and became—what else?—a Sufi.

Being a pure, long-time and practicing anti-Establishment writer has led Doris Lessing past many a dragon of the political, economic and social Establishment. And if all this were not enough for one pariah to have violated, Lessing recently took on her favorite ally and adversary: the literary Establishment.

First, of course, she left conventional fiction for the inner/outer spaces of science fiction with her *Canopus* series *(Shikasta; The Marriage of Zones Three, Four, and Five; The Sirian Experiments)*. It is well established, of course, that critics of the revolutionary form of *The Golden Notebook* (1962) or of the strange narrator in *Briefing for a Descent into Hell* (in which Watkins is either out of his mind or the only sane voice in a wild world) could insist that Lessing had already left conventional fiction long ago.

But her science fiction phase was, perhaps, inevitable for an anti-Establishment mind. By the end of the *Children of Violence* series *(Martha Quest; A Proper Marriage; A Ripple from the Storm; Landlocked; The Four-Gated City)*, after all, Lessing had brought the beleagured Martha Quest right past the nuclear devastation of planet Earth and into an age of extra-sensory survivors. Outer space seems, in context, the logical next imaginary step: a giant leap for humankind, as it were.

Sidney Gaitskin

Lessing herself sees these space fictions as anything but futuristic. They harken back, rather, to the ancient traditions of story-telling. But less debatable than the relative merit of her space fictions or her innovations in the novel is her recent blow against the literary Empire.

Jane Somers' *The Diary of a Good Neighbor*—which draws a striking portrait of a complicated and ornery nonagenarian named Maud Fowler—did rather well for an unknown author, selling 2,500 copies. Given this performance, the publishers took on Somers' second novel, *If the Old Could*. Since Doris Lessing has agreed to write the foreword to the collected works of Jane Somers—a book entitled *The Diaries of Jane Somers*—sales should boom. And why would Doris Lessing be involved in the fortunes of Jane Somers? Because Doris Lessing is Jane Somers.

O, the dragons of literary criticism are rearing their small cerebrums over this one. For her part, Lessing declares only that she "wanted to be reviewed on merit," according to a *Newsweek* interview with Walter Clemons. And she wanted to escape what she calls "the kind of dryness . . . the conscience, that monitors Doris Lessing whatever she writes."

Her editor at Knopf, recognizing the Lessing behind the Somers, admits that Lessing is operating at what he calls "her most playfully perverse." Her perversity is based upon her scrupulous individuality: that anti-Establishment streak of hers is present in everything she says, does and writes.

All this may help her readers understand that, in her fine and possibly screwy way, Doris Lessing is enjoying her life at a time when she should be lamenting something, according to the conventional wisdom of social aging procedures. And

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what we gain as a reading public is a whole new possibility in literature: a literature by and about the aged, and first-rate literature at that.

These Jane Somers books provide a good case in point. The two heroes, Janna Somers and Maudie Fowler, confront one another with stereotypes about middle age and the aged. Jane (Janna) has avoided emotional responsibility during the lingering death of both her husband Freddie and her mother. In the sometimes unpleasant form of Maud Fowler, Janna comes to terms, as it were.

For a nice three-dimensional insight on aging and our emotional responses to one-another, Lessing introduces the character Jill, a niece of Janna's. This niece completes the triple-goddess face: the crone, the full moon embodiment of mature womanhood and the virgin. That each of these women might categorize and limit the other is predictable, given our rigorous social training in misunderstanding one another.

But, as in all Lessing novels, these characters will rise out of stereotypes and comfortable clichés. They actually confront reality. In the process, they become wider human beings, implicated in the process of breaking down (or breaking through) social notions and into full acceptance and understanding of one another. Even the debilitating dysfunctions of Maud Fowler's body become a bond between the generations. Odder still, the intrinsic emotional connections come not through one's "given" family but through strangers or near strangers.

Georgie and Janna, sisters, see nothing "eye to eye" yet Jill chooses her Aunt Janna when choice becomes possible. Janna must let this young woman "in" although she does not want to and can only gradually accept Jill's unarticulated reasons for wanting the alliance.

In the same way, Maud must allow Janna Somers to connect with her, although in her fierce need and fiercer pride, she disdains the interference of the younger woman. In the end, Maud's closest ally and familiar is not her family but Janna Somers, and she has given to Janna understandings about aging, disease, death and personal sanctity.

It is precisely because Doris Lessing is anti-Establishment that she can help us see the aging process and our aging selves in a clearer, perhaps truer way. In using ultraconventional heroes like Jane Somers of *The Diary of a Good Neighbor* or Kate Brown of the justly celebrated *The Summer Before the Dark*, Lessing can provide quiet revelations. That is, her characters' insights regarding marriage, motherhood, aging, emotional growth and individuality are more startling *because* of their utter conventionality. They free themselves, gradually and painfully, from the bonds of conformity, bonds which define who they are, what they think, how they feel, why they must forever mistrust themselves and others.

Lessing's heroes, in peculiar and quiet ways, triumph over these dragons of convention. Lessing's restraint in allowing their progressive enlightment indicates one of her true powers as a writer. Her characters, despite the keen and quick changes of their anti-Establishment creator, evolve. They do not revolt; they recognize. They do not pull down the tents of the Establishment armies; they simply steal away, slipping past the sleeping dragons of conformity.

That Lessing is sixty-five, not sweet, hardly old-fashioned, and barely polite presages a new literary possibility. Some of our finest authors are living, as Virginia Woolf and Katherine Mansfield assuredly are not. With May Sarton and Doris Grumbach and Doris Lessing marching toward old age, the literary legions—Establishment and anti-Establishment—may look forward to some grand literature depicting the many worlds of Maudie Fowler.

—*B.A. St. Andrews*

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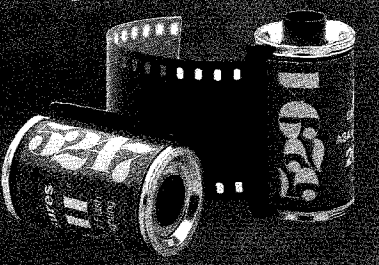

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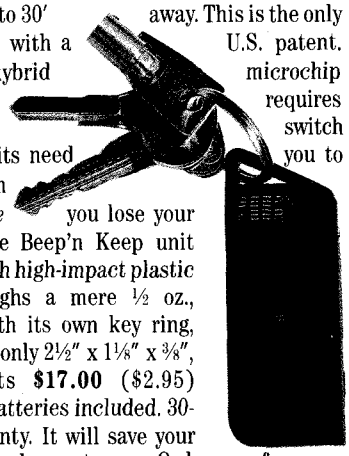

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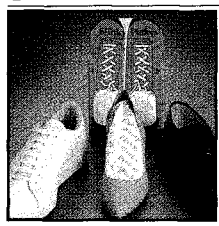
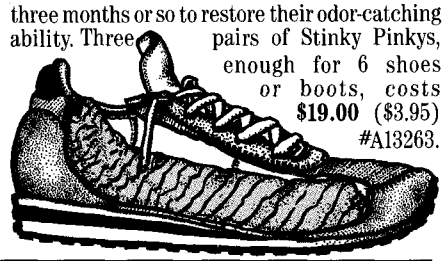


Fortunately, human anatomy is arranged so the nose and the feet are separated by the greatest possible distance. Even so, the twain do occasionally meet — and the nose is usually not delighted to know of the foot's exertions. Now just put a Stinky Pinky "sock" in each shoe and overnight odor is gone, absorbed by the special blend of all-natural earth materials. Works in running shoes, sneakers, boots, leather shoes, anything that goes on your feet. And keeps on working too — just put Stinky Pinkys out in the sun for a day every three months or so to restore their odor-catching ability. Three pairs of Stinky Pinkys, enough for 6 shoes or boots, costs **$19.00** ($3.95) #A13263.



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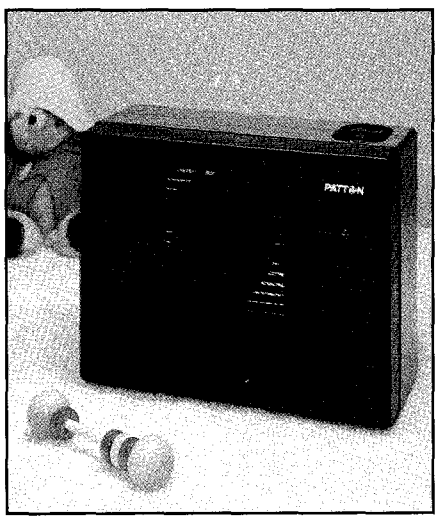

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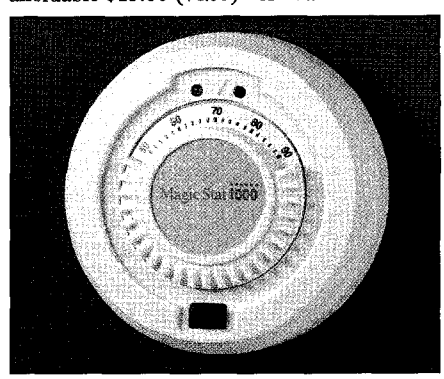

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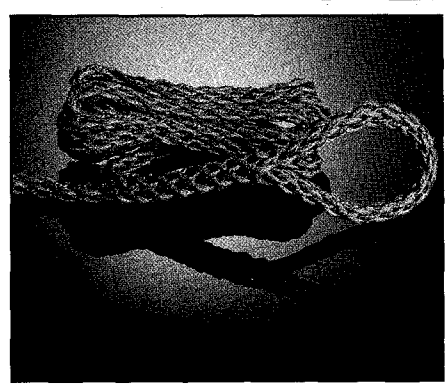

There is a lot of folk lore — none of it true — about snakes that swallow their tails, but here's a rope that actually turns the trick. Just thread the end back through the rope at what ever point you want to secure it and pull tight. The more pressure the tighter the grip. There you have it — a rope that ties without knots! Nothing could be easier, more reliable or versatile. Light duty Python Rope comes in 28' length that will suspend up to 1000# for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1506. Heavy-duty Python Rope comes in 11½" length with suspension strength of 3000# for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1507. Both are made of rot-proof high-density polyethylene for a lifetime of rugged service.

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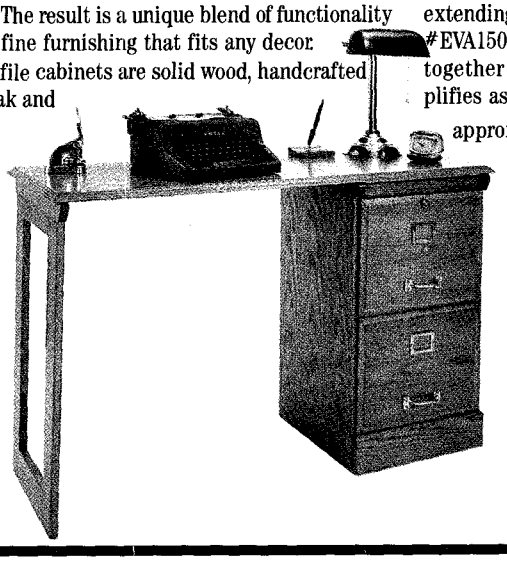

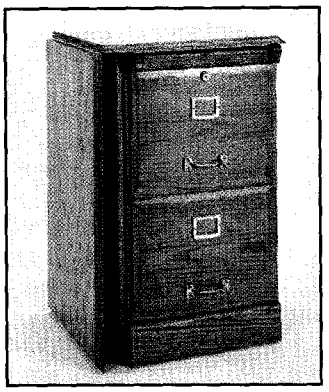

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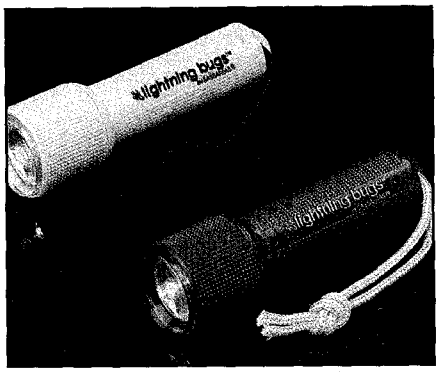

A sage once observed that it is impossible to have *too many* flashlights. We agree, especially when the lights are as fun, colorful and convenient as these little Lightning Bugs from Sassafras. Stick them in the glove compartments of your cars, in kitchen drawers, in hallway tables, in your favorite hiking jacket. Give them to the kids for both play and protection. They throw out an amazing amount of light (1600 candlepower) despite weighing under 2 oz. and measuring only 4" long. They are totally waterproof (to 2,000'!) and the bright ABS case is virtually indestructible. Uses standard #222 bulb and two alkaline N cells (not included). The Lightning Bugs are available in sets of two, one yellow and one blue, for **$12.00** ($2.95) #A1424. A set of 4 batteries, enough for both flashlights, is available for **$3.00** ($1.95) #A1425.

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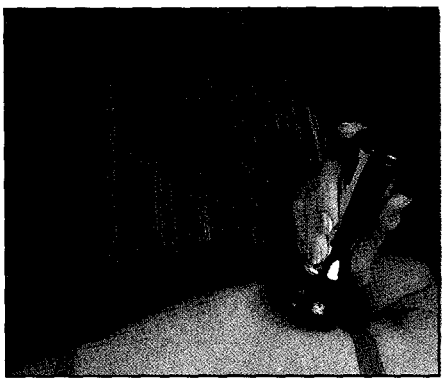

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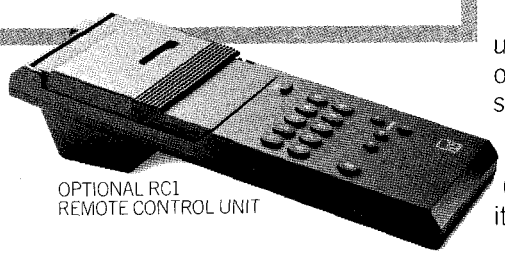

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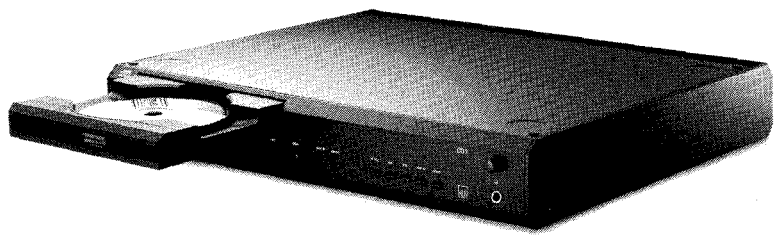

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Continued from page 77

kin merely because he a) was not an M.D.; b) regularly trashed doctors by name; and c) attracted a large following with his books and "longevity centers."

Diet for Runners is part horror story about runners dropping dead, part criticism of other diets and doctors, and part cookbook, all told with the evangelical fervor of Billy Graham.

Pritikin lists "Seven Survival Staples." Brace yourself—they are cooked brown rice, cooked dried beans, simmered chicken, tomato-veggie stew, "mock sour cream," frozen bananas and berry-apple compote. That's it. For the rest of your life.

In fairness, Pritikin's recipes do make the most of a bleak culinary landscape. Most of the recipes look at least edible, if not exactly pleasurable. (Simon and Schuster's press release promoting *Diet for Runners* tries to claim that "eating safely is also a gourmet spree," but no one reading this book will ever believe that statement.)

Diet for Runners makes grim reading for those of us who believed that twenty miles a week in our Nikes was more than enough atonement for all our Eggs Benedict, Hostess Cup Cakes, Molson Beer and other foods that make life worth living.

But deep down in our hearts we suspect that Pritikin is probably more right than wrong and despite the severity of the diet, we'd all do well to ladle a little mock sour cream over our tomato-veggie stew.

—Larry McCarthy

IN BRIEF

BY BRUCE ALLEN

THE BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES 1985, edited by Gail Godwin, with Shannon Ravenel (Houghton Mifflin, cloth $14.95, paper $8.95). A recent surge of interest in short stories seems to be encouraging a proliferation of fresh talent. Of the twenty stories that make up the newest installment of this dependable annual, almost three-fourths are by comparatively new or little-known writers. Gail Godwin's introduction emphasizes her selections' "focus on the singular and strange"—indeed, there's a predominance of primal relationships and events (such as the deaths of children in H.E. Francis's "The Sudden Trees" and Joy Williams's "The Skater"), and of vividly drawn contrasts between timid people and their threatening opposites (Ethan Canin's "Emperor of the Air," Peter Meinke's "The Piano Tuner," Jane Smiley's "Lily"). The best thing in the book, however, is veteran Wright Morris's eerie, unclassifiable "Fellow-Creatures," which is "about" the relationship between a retired army colonel and a chicken—you really have to read it to believe it; and, once you have, you will.

The Tree of Life, by Hugh Nissenson (Harper & Row, $15.95). An innovative mixture of prose, poetry and illustration, this is a novel of the American frontier

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BOOKS

that's also a powerful and provocative Edenic myth. Its setting is the Ohio Territory in the years 1811-12; its "story" the diary of settler Thomas Keene, a Harvard-educated former clergyman, alcoholic and widower. Keene reads Juvenal to arouse himself, and painstakingly itemizes his daily expenditures and labors, while dreaming of the young widow he yearns to marry. This hopeful passion is compromised by his lust for a freed black woman and mocked by the idealistic vigor of his neighbor John Chapman (aka "Johnny Appleseed"). The latter's faith in renewal challenges Keene's morose apprehension of approaching destructiveness. The image of the apple tree casts its expected shadow: brother takes up arms against brother, and both men's prophecies are brought—quite brilliantly and memorably—to realization.

The Old Gringo, by Carlos Fuentes, translated by Margaret Sayers Peden and the author (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $14.95). A fictional imagining of the fate of the misanthropic American writer Ambrose Bierce, who is known to have disappeared in Mexico at age seventy-one, during Pancho Villa's revolution. Fuentes's involving, intricate narrative speculates on what brought the choleric "norteamericano" to this extremity: a wish to participate in righteous struggle, or a repentant search for death as release from his embittered life? This enigma alone does not a novel make, but Fuentes skillfully plays off Bierce's shadowy motivations against the fervent energies of a young general in Villa's army and the confused emotions of an American schoolteacher, whose changing feelings for this maddened land and its people are explored with genuine psychological acuity and given convincing symbolic weight. What happens to the "old gringo" scarcely surprises us, and he remains dimly seen—but the people around him pulsate with life and energy.

The Real Life of Alejandro Mayta, by Mario Vargas Llosa, translated by Alfred Mac Adam (Farrar, Straus and Giroux, $16.95). There's no doubt in my mind that Mario Vargas Llosa is one of the world's most interesting writers, or that this intense portrayal of the revolutionary temperament is an inevitable outgrowth of the masterly political novels (such as *The War of the End of the World*) on which his high reputation is justly based. It's the story—as assembled piecemeal by a nameless writer researching his subject—of a once-famous radical remembered for his participation in a failed 1958 uprising in Peru. The writer's versions of Mayta's presumable past alternate with stories and "explanations" of his commitment proferred by those who knew him. While the result is a discursive, heavily satirical book infused with vigorous dramatic irony, it is not unpredictable, and a bit monotonous.

The WPA Guide to America, edited by Bernard A. Weisberger (Pantheon, paper $13.95). This is an anthology of selections from the "American Guide" volumes commissioned and published by the federal government's Works Progress Administration during the 1930s. Its contents are arranged geographically by clusters of states, and include many lively descriptions of representative towns and cities (my personal favorite is Gnaw Bone, Indiana—though Enumclaw, Washington runs a close second), analyses of areas' native industries and occupations, and retellings of local tall tales and legends. Mark Twain might have liked the story of "The Leeds Devil of Southern New Jersey," and I'll wager Norman Mailer wishes he'd dreamed up "The Mad Emperor of Marco Island, Florida." It's a roomy, prodigal Sears, Roebuck catalogue of a book; fun to dip into, and, somehow, heartening for its colorful testimony to the way we were and the places we've come from.

American Falls, by John Calvin Batchelor (Norton, $16.95). Here is a richly detailed and intricately plotted Civil War novel that eschews combat scenes, focusing instead on political infighting, espionage and such unusual particulars as "recruitment" of newly-arrived immigrants to America, and the underworld kingdom ruled by 1860s New York street gangs. Mainly, the story contrasts the activities and developing emotions of two rival operatives for their respective Secret Services, Northerner Amaziah Butter and Confederate "Yankee" John Oliphant. Batchelor skillfully maintains a rueful, despairing tone, and his deep and sympathetic portrayal of the agonized Oliphant ("a man divided against myself") encapsulates the conflict memorably.

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Myth Informed

IN THE BEGINNING WERE THE AIR-SPIRIT People.

These twelve groups of insects and bats were given to sinning and squabbles that led to their exile from their original home. Flying to the top of the sky and passing successively through three worlds, they finally arrived in one occupied by the Pueblo Indians' forerunners. Here they learned to farm and witnessed the creation of First Man and First Woman, whose descendants invented pottery, clothing, religious ritual and other necessities. These two quarreled and the tribe's men and women separated. When they reconciled, ne'er-do-well Coyote angered a water spirit by stealing its babies, bringing on the great flood of the Fourth World. The Air-Spirit People escaped through the sky in a magic reed.

In the Fifth World, monsters of disorder were born to the women who abused themselves with various objects in their husbands' absence. By trickery, Coyote married a sorceress with twelve brothers. She killed eleven of them, but was exterminated by the youngest. Meanwhile, the monsters eradicated all but First Man, First Woman and four of the Air-Spirit People. In a religious ritual, First Man obtained two figures that came to life as Changing Woman and White Shell Woman. These two bore sons, described as twins, who by heroism, magic and divine intervention slayed most of the monsters. In the ensuing peace, the gods created the five-fingered Earth Surface People, and the related but scattered clans of nomads came together to form the Navajo nation.

When English professor Paul G. Zolbrod decided to transcribe the Navajo creation myths sketched here, he scarcely understood the size of his task. The tales, handed down through time by storytellers working in a sophisticated oral tradition, derived much of their impact from the artful pause, the lifted eyebrow or casual gesture, the shift of tone and volume, or from formulas and cadence familiar to Navajo listeners. Zolbrod had to learn an aboriginal language, befriend the elders

Coyote Painting Woodcut by Daniel Stolpe from *The Coyote Cycle* by Murray Mednick

of a group who have little reason to trust white men, record what they told him, and translate a "boundless, sprawling narrative" into English.

In *Diné Bahane': The Navajo Creation Story* (Univ. of New Mexico Press), Zolbrod tries to reproduce the saga in language that will "appeal to a reader's ear," suggesting the oral rhythm and symmetry without sounding quaint. The result is dense, richly patterned and full of symbol and feeling.

The Navajos love structure. *Diné Bahane'* reflects that sense of order, from its overall four-part organization down to the four times the Talking God hails mortals before he appears. The cosmology comes in four colors—blue, yellow, white and black, symbolizing the colors associated with a twenty-four-hour day—and has five directions, the cardinal points and straight up. Tracing these motifs, the stories are as neatly laid out as a sand painting or a woven rug. Events happen in groups of four or five, formulas are repeated four times, and the patterns recur throughout the sequence. Disorder—sexual misconduct, thievery, cheating—brings disaster in the form of great floods, supernatural monsters or the common miseries that afflict Mankind.

Part of *Diné Bahane*'s charm comes from the wonder one feels at the similar ways widely separated peoples have described their experiences. Changing Woman's and White Shell Woman's "twins," who bring to mind Castor and Pollux, start their quest conferring with the Sibyl-like Spider Woman. Their father, the Sun, resembles Jove in his philandering habits, and his peccadillos, like those of his European counterpart, cause disruption. The Flood story, of course, is archetypal. The Air-Spirit People's wanderings among the five worlds also recall an Old Testament motif: in some ways, they too are strangers in a strange land.

Zolbrod's attempt to render spoken Navajo into printed English succeeds in a limited way. The effect is dynamically rhythmic, and the frequent repetition of words, formulas and action echoes the Navajo sense of order and pattern. Here, for example, the Sun arms the twins against the monsters they will battle:

"To each he gave a helmet of hard flint scales.

To each he gave a shirt of flint equally as hard.

And to each he gave these weapons.

He gave them *atsinilt'i 'ish k'aa'*, the chain lightning arrows. He gave them *atsoolaghá' k'aa'*, the mighty sheet lightning arrows. He gave them *shábit'i 'ool k'aa'*, the deadly sunbeam arrows. And he gave them *náát'sílid k'aa'*, the fatal rainbow arrows."

Flawed editing mars the prose. I counted seventeen errors in typography and syntax, all howlers. Some copy editor in New Mexico presumably deserves a swift kick, but the author, too, should have caught these things in galleys.

It is hard to know whether Zolbrod intended his translation to be scholarly (the introduction, bibliography and erudite endnotes occupy two-fifths of the text) or literary, despite his promise to model his English prose after Navajo poetry. On both levels, Zolbrod has scored a small victory, and the book is well worth the effort its reading demands. SR

—*Vicki Hay*

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FILM

HEARTLAND

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

WHEN THE CLIMACTIC LOVE SCENE BEtween *Desert Hearts'* two central characters finally comes, you sit on the edge of your seat and wonder if you're suddenly going to be socked in the face with a fistful of cowardly bad judgement. The first sign is good: there's no sappy violin music disrupting the scene, the way so many love stories are ruined by invisible orchestras. Then you also notice that there are no gels or vaseline over the camera, no sudden blackouts, no quick-cuts into an incoherent montage that could only distract you from the goings-on in the scene. This lack of pointless excess would be admirable in any movie, but here it's especially refreshing because the two characters in question happen to be women. *Desert Hearts*, based on Jane Rule's book, *Desert of the Heart*, confronts its lesbian theme like few films before it, with unflinching integrity, not dark lighting and fadeouts.

Unfortunately, the film—the first feature produced and directed by documentary and experimental filmmaker Donna Deitch—doesn't always make its integrity translate into gripping drama. The two characters are a little too clear-cut in their extremes for comfort, as if to spell out the cliche "opposites attract" for people who need even their lesbian love stories to adhere to formula. English lit professor Vivian (Helen Shaver) is repressed and intellectual, which we know because she wears repressed spinster outfits, can identify a Prokofiev tune on the radio, and talks with thin-lipped sincerity about how she and her ex-husband "were very big on form—the right friends, the right prints on the wall." She even goes so far as to say her marriage "drowned in still waters," which as only certain high school students will want to pontificate, might explain why she came to this arid but much more liberating desert town (Reno), where people gamble on craps, and their lives. It's—are you still with me?—a desert of the heart. And *you* thought deserts were just about cactus and mosquitoes.

Audra Lindley (left) and Helen Shaver in the desert heartland.

Desert Hearts *confronts its lesbian theme with unflinching integrity.*

Cay (Patricia Charbonneau) is kooky and wild, which we know because she races cars the wrong way up the road and works as a casino croupier. She also flaunts her lesbianism openly, to the chagrin of much of the town, including Frances (Audra Lindley), her surrogate mother who runs the guest house at which she meets Vivian.

The simplified feel of these two characters, as well as everyone's chronic insistence on finding "the right person" and the corny, recurring image of true love—feeling as if someone has "put a string of lights around your heart"—holds this film back from being more than an honestly done breakthrough. Still, it *is* honestly done, with a convincing sense of both the emptiness and the dazzle of Reno ("I think of it as God's backyard," says Lindley. "Lots of ice tea and no deep thinking.") and a nicely controlled build to the point where the two women have to confront the fact that they need each other. Lesbianism isn't exploited for angst a la *Children's Hour*, or touched upon then summarily dropped as in *Personal Best*; it's handled tenderly and optimistically, if not with a lot of levity and wit. The mood is so heavy, in fact, that it's almost a shock when Vivian unpurses her lips for a minute and actually lightens up, telling the divorce lawyer, "When I return, I will simply write a short story for my revenge."

Shaver is good as Vivian, despite the over-archness written into the character, and Charbonneau is winning as the young kook. It's Lindley, though, who's really memorable as the sun-drenched, "silly" (by her own admission) woman, terrified of losing her ties to the past. That this largely unheralded actress could effectively create a character so different from her smartass Mrs. Roper on *Three's Company* is a revelation as wonderful as the film's sensitive treatment of lesbianism.

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A Conversation With Kurosawa

HE DIRECTED TWENTY-THREE FILMS BETWEEN 1943 and 1965, including the classics *Rashomon* and *Seven Samurai*. Yet he's made only four films in the last twenty years. None were funded by his home studio, Toho, and three had to be financed outside Japan.

He is admired by Francis Ford Coppola, George Lucas and Sidney Lumet. He influenced Sergio Leone's *A Fistful of Dollars* and John Sturges's *The Magnificent Seven*. But he fears he has no followers in his own country.

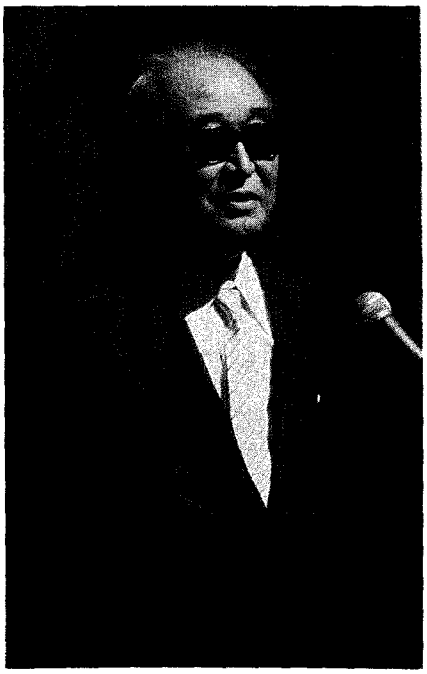
This year he made *Ran*, an adaptation of *King Lear*. No wonder film watchers concluded that Emperor Hidetora, once powerful but betrayed by his sons, represents the director himself, Akira Kurosawa.

Kurosawa doesn't agree. "I'm not Hidetora," he explains. "I'm all the characters in *Ran*, including Lady Kaedé and Lady Sué. I'm just not as good-looking."

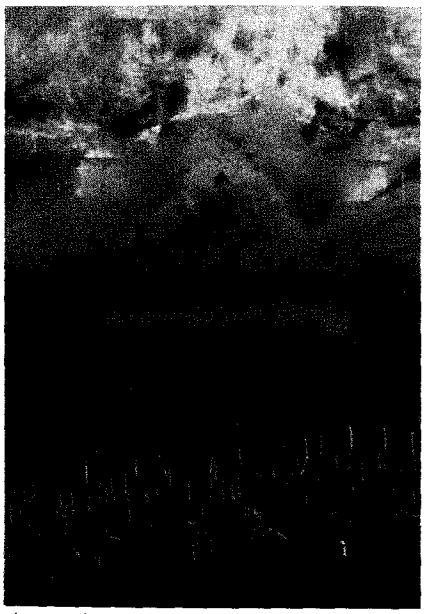
Born in Tokyo in 1910 to the descendants of a prestigious samurai family, Kurosawa began his career as a painter but couldn't make a go of it financially. He thought the film industry might be a better bet and, on a lark, answered an ad for a directing apprenticeship. Kajiro Yamamoto became his mentor; Kurosawa calls him "the best teacher of my entire life."

Yamamoto insisted that Kurosawa become proficient in scriptwriting, set design, lighting, camerawork and editing before directing his first feature, *Sanshiro Sugata*, in 1943. Kurosawa made his next film just a year later and married its leading lady, Yoko Yaguchi. Ms. Yaguchi died in 1984, during the shooting of *Ran*.

In 1951, Kurosawa's *Rashomon* won the Golden Lion at the Venice Film Festival and the Academy Award for Best Foreign Film, bringing international acclaim to its director and to its leading man, Toshiru Mifune. Kurosawa's success continued through eleven more films. But in the mid-sixties, color television began keeping audiences home while American films seduced an already dwindling market. The Japanese studios responded with low-cost gangster and "family" movies. The master's work was no longer in demand.



Akira Kurosawa: There's no business like Noh business.



A scene from Kurosawa's Ran, *which is based on* King Lear. *His* Throne of Blood *was based on another Shakespeare play*—Macbeth.

Younger directors complained that Kurosawa's films were sentimental or "too Western" (sure mark of an inferior product), and that his samurai movies weren't "relevant." Studios balked at his perfectionism—he built a *real* castle for *Throne of Blood*—and the sums his precision cost them. With independent funding, Kurosawa made *Dodeskaden* in 1970, but it was a critical and commercial flop. Self-doubt and ill health prompted a suicide attempt in 1971.

Two events pulled Kurosawa from his depression: letters from children offering to finance his films and an invitation from Mosfilm, the Soviet studio, to direct *Dersu Uzala*. After two years of shooting in the Siberian heat and cold, *Dersu* brought the director another Best Foreign Film Oscar. Yet the Toho studio still refused to back *Ran*. Francis Coppola and George Lucas persuaded Twentieth Century-Fox to help finance *Kagemusha*, a "dry run" for *Ran*. And in 1982, Serge Silberman, along with Katsumi Furukawa, agreed to produce Kurosawa's *Lear*.

In New York for *Ran*'s opening, Kurosawa and his translator greet me in his suite at the Pierre, a room with all the stiff prettiness good hotels offer. He bows hesitantly, like a breath caught short, and apologizes for receiving me in his shirtsleeves.

Kurosawa holds himself poised and still while speaking, leaning forward as though about to get up. He smiles a little, smokes a little.

He becomes excited only as he talks about Noh, the traditional Japanese theater that influenced the style of *Ran*.

"I took my cue for Hidetora's nightmare scene, where he is haunted by those he's killed, from a Noh play, where a medieval knight, travelling by ship, sees in the waves the ghosts of all the men he's slain."

Kurosawa raises his arms to show me how Noh actors hold their spears. He continues his description, arms above head, body swaying in the effort to enliven the scene. It's the only time he breaks his old-world politesse.

"There is no scenery in Noh and only one actor represents all the dead war-

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riors. It is all done by suggestion. This is the great power of Noh." Arms still raised, he lowers his head, trying to see the performance in his mind's eye, trying to remember it. In his autobiography, he wrote that creation comes from memory.

Ran speaks for its director: it tells us, more pointedly than *Lear*, that if we beget our children in violence, they will beget violence.

Kurosawa has spent most of his life investigating man's attempt to live ethically in spite of avarice, ambition and capacity for self-deception. *Ran* forms a part of this inquiry. It is Kurosawa's indictment of the misuse of power. He has levied it at the Japanese film industry for focusing on profits rather than art, and for its social conservatism.

He is also critical of government. "No political system would work without people at the top managing affairs," he says. "The problem is once they're at the top they're occupied with maintaining and extending power. They lose their ideals and concern for the governed. If they could keep their basic humanity and exercise *that* from a position of power, we'd be better off."

But Kurosawa isn't out to film messages. "Filmmaking," he continues, "is not a matter of treating themes. The idea for a work comes spontaneously and in the course of making it, a theme emerges. Works of art that purport to be made for the sake of a message are the ones I deeply distrust."

Akira Kurosawa turned seventy-five this year, and *Ran* is being hailed as his masterpiece. He built a $1.6 million castle for the film, and employed 250 horses and 1400 extras. His next project? "All I want to do is forget about *Ran*," he says calmly.

"Until I do, no new idea can sprout."

—Marcia Pally

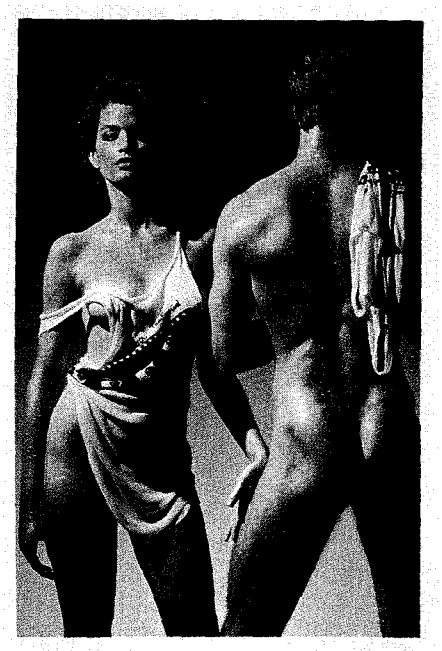
Scene and Heard

BY MICHAEL MUSTO

AT A RECENT NEW YORK PRESS CONFERence, a reporter asked **Boy George** if he'd be interested in doing a remake of *Barbarella* in which he'd play the title role. "What are *you* on?" came the slightly disturbed reply.

Later, George got serious on the subject of films and said, "I'd like to do a film. If anyone wants to give me a script, I'm desperate." This was before "Super Concert One" (for which Boy George and Culture Club were to receive a cool million) was canceled. By now he's probably *very* desperate.

A million is just about the budget that king of exalted trash, **John Waters**, would like for *his* next film. ("I don't want to do another midnight movie.") After having trouble financing the sequel to *Pink Flamingos* ("Everyone said it was too crazy," says Waters—but what on earth did they expect from him, *Terms of Endearment*?), he's now setting his sights on more viable projects. While he's waiting for that perennial flow of cash, he's teaching emotionally disturbed prisoners in a maximum security prison in Maryland. Waters started as a guest teacher, and to no one's surprise did so well he became a regular. "They're my target audience," he laughs.



Reeling

THE CHICAGO FILM FESTIVAL PROMOTERS may have found a way to get people to the theaters, but can they persuade them to move past the poster? Photographer Victor Skrebneski took this eye-catching photograph to publicize the festival's twenty-first outing. Cinema buffs can purchase copies from the Chicago Film Festival at $20 for the black and white, and $36 for color.

Speaking of *Trash*, at a party for **Paul Morrissey**'s *Mixed Blood* at New York's club Area, former Warhol superstar **Holly Woodlawn** tried to convince Morrissey to do *Trash II*, a sequel to his Warhol-produced cult classic starring Woodlawn as an endearing degenerate opposite Joe Dallessandro. Morrissey's been talking about the project for years, but hasn't committed himself yet. A lot of people think he should be committed as one of John Waters' pupils if he doesn't.

And though it won't be called *The Hustler II*, *The Color of Money* is indeed a followup to the 1961 film about a young pool shark's coming of age. **Paul Newman** will reprise his role as Fast Eddy, with Tom Cruise joining him in the game. Martin Scorsese will direct for . . . Disney?

Oddball comic **Emo Philips**, seen regularly on *Late Night with David Letterman* and on his own Cinemax special, says, "*Pee Wee's Big Adventure* was one of the most wonderful comedies made in the last forty years. I'm a big fan of Pee Wee's. I want to be like him someday if I regress." Emo's not about to; he's too full of show biz savvy. "There's a saying," he whines in his most hilariously irritating voice, "I believe by either Addison Misner or Wilson Misner. They were . . . Americans. The saying was, 'Be nice to people on the way up because you'll meet the same people on the way down.' Of course back then they didn't have the advantage of switching coasts like I do."

Has **David Byrne** taken the title of his last film, *Stop Making Sense*, to heart and become the new Woody Allen? When we heard that the Talking Heads' lead singer had co-written a screenplay (with *Crimes of the Heart* playwright Beth Henley and Stephen Tobolowsky) and directed the film, called *True Stories*, we called the Texas set for more information. All we were told is that no descriptions were to be given out by anyone except Byrne himself, who will start making sense only when the film is in the can, as it were. We did find out this much: Byrne appears in the film, along with actress Swoozie Kurtz and others, and nine songs written by Byrne and performed by Talking Heads will be included in the soundtrack. *True Stories* is due in the summer of '86, and that's probably the true story.

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The Missing Masterpiece

ROME—WHEN VITTORIO DE SICA DIED IN November, 1974, none of the obituaries or laudatory pieces about him made mention of the seventy-three-year-old Italian director's all-time favorite film, one that was never shown to the public at all. It was a motion picture he made for the Vatican in 1945, financed entirely by papal money, but when church officials evaluated his finished product, the black-and-white movie was never released for distribution. The Vatican never gave any reason as to why the first movie it had ever produced was "killed."

Bearing the Italian film archive register number of #562, De Sica's flick, which took nearly two years to make and cost the Vatican less than $40,000 to produce, was titled *The Gates of Heaven (La Porta del Cielo)*, with a script by Cesare Zavattini using a strong religious theme along ideas suggested by Pope Pius XII.

The Vatican's decision virtually broke De Sica's heart. He not only considered it a cinematic neo-realism masterpiece, on a par with his *Bicycle Thief, Shoe Shine* and *Two Women* (the last named won Sophia Loren an Oscar in 1961), but he was also convinced it was the finest film he had ever made and remained convinced of this until his death.

At least this is the assertion of his son, Christian, who owns the only extant copy of *The Gates of Heaven* outside of the Vatican itself. For obvious legal reasons, this copy cannot be shown in any theater, and Christian is not prepared to reveal its origins.

Curiously, the Vatican film got De Sica out of a rather ticklish hole. Christian reports that during the time of the Nazi occupation of Italy, Hitler's propaganda minister, Josef Goebbels, wanted De Sica to consider going to Prague to head the Fascist cinema there. Since De Sica was not a Fascist and did not care for Mussolini personally—besides which he was hiding two Jewish families in his bachelor's apartment at the time—he faced a dilemma as to how to turn Goebbels down without incurring Nazi displeasure.

Director Vittorio De Sica behind the camera for The Condemned of Altona *(1963).*

As luck would have it, the Vatican, unknowingly of course, came to his rescue when offering him the job of making its film.

Maria Mercader, De Sica's third wife, was a co-star in *The Gates of Heaven*, together with Massimo Girotti and Marina Berti. Lasting an hour and twenty-five minutes, the film deals with several people on a train from Rome to Loreto who seek a miracle at the famed sanctuary of "The House of Mary," brought to Italy from Nazareth in the Year 1294.

The movie shows one old woman traveling to Loreto to pray that the family she has served as a governess for many years will find peace among its ever-quarreling members. On the same train is a young laborer, recently blinded in a factory accident (shown in flashbacks), and with him is a colleague tormented by the fact that he was directly responsible for the accident.

The film sequences also include a young pianist who does not believe in God; he, too, is on the way to Loreto to seek some kind of miracle to bring back the use of a paralyzed hand. In the same car is an orphan boy who is accompanied by a young girl, herself an orphan. The children meet a semi-paralytic business man who takes a liking to them and decides to bring the two into his home and support them. How each of the train's passengers finds his own miracle, even before the train reaches Loreto, is the main thrust of the film.

Ironically, the man the Vatican placed in charge of the production—and who was, in effect, De Sica's boss on the set—was a lesser church official by the name of Father Giovanni Montini. Eighteen years later this young cleric was to become Pope Paul VI.

"My father used to tell an anecdote about Padre Montini," recalls Christian. "When Montini visited the set for the first time, he asked if he could look through De Sica's camera. Italian filmmakers have a custom, you know, that whenever anyone looks through a camera for the first time, he has to buy drinks or coffee for everyone in the crew.

"Well, he was a good sport, and so at great expense to himself, though he was then as poor as a church mouse (no pun intended), he took the company to the Rome train station bar, fished down into his purse and found enough coins to pick up the tab, including a beer for the amused German soldier assigned to guard the set."

Years later, after Montini became Pope Paul VI, De Sica had reservations about inquiring of the Pope privately as to the fate of *The Gates of Heaven*. He was a non-practicing Catholic by then. He had also married Maria Mercader while still wed to another woman, defying the Vatican's and Italy's then no-divorce laws by becoming, legally, a French citizen while still living in Rome. So meeting the Pope was then a no-no.

"Papa," adds Christian, "used to make a kind of wisecrack about *Gates*. Several times I heard him say: 'To get that film into the theatres, it probably will take God and a miracle!'" SR

—Nino Lo Bello

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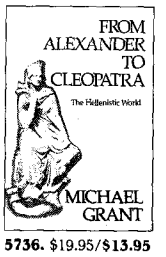

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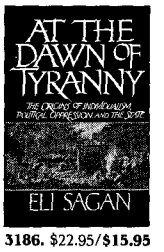

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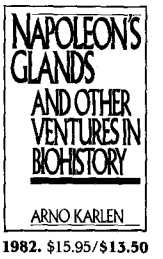

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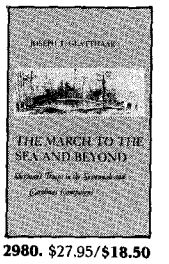

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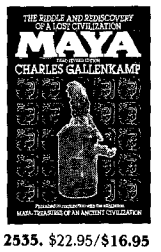

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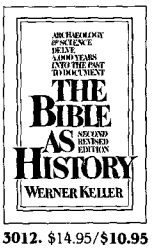

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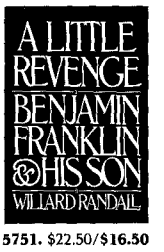

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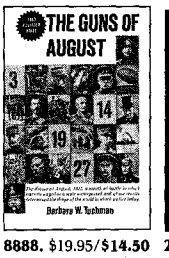

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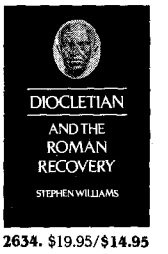

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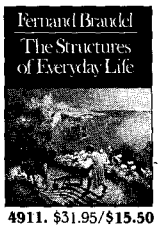

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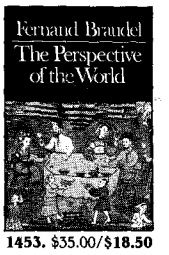

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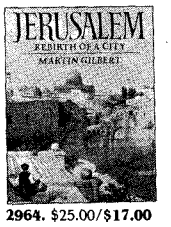

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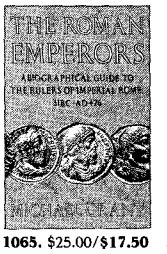

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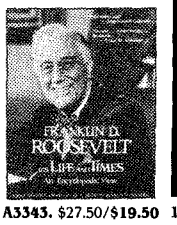

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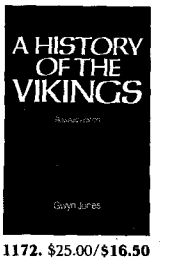

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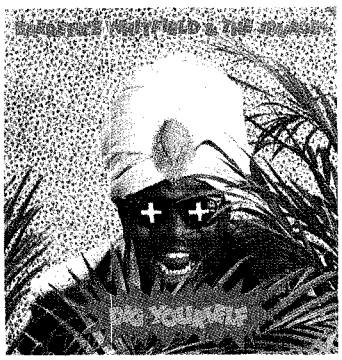
ROCK/POP

BY JOHN SWENSON

★★★★★ ONE OF THE HOTTEST ROCK and roll bands in the United States, **Barrence Whitfield and the Savages,** has just released a second album, ***Dig Yourself*** (Rounder). Just like the first album, *Dig Yourself* screams from start to finish with an intensity locked in some mythic time warp between early New Orleans rock and roll, hard core punk and a new age roots rock backbeat. Formed out of the ashes of another legendary Boston band, the Lyres (frontman Monoman re-



cruited another crew and the Lyres live on), the key to the band's sound is Peter Greenberg's whiplash guitar style. The band would be an undervalued footnote, though, were it not for the presence of Whitfield, a certifiably great rock and roll singer in the Little Richard/Jerry Lee Lewis tradition.

★★★★★ THOUGH THERE MIGHT BE A tendency to downplay **Jane Wiedlin**'s solo debut because it marks the end of a band as good as the Go-Go's, forget it. ***Jane Wiedlin*** (IRS) is a superb debut in which she takes advantage of the freedom to make musical moves far afield of the limits constraining her as part of her old band. Great songs abound—the bitter "Blue Kiss," the exhilarating "Goodbye Cruel World," the exquisite "Forever"—this is new music with a cutting edge, intelligence and just enough reference to past success to stay in the mainstream.

Rather than breaking up a good thing, Wiedlin has kept the Go-Go's from dragging us through endless repetition of a formula.

★★★ HAILING FROM JAMESTOWN, NEW York is **10,000 Maniacs**, a pleasant-sounding group with its roots in the folk rock tradition exemplified by English groups like Fairport Convention. Ex-Fairport producer Joe Boyd husbanded the band's major label debut album, ***The Wishing Chair*** (Elektra), paying special attention to the group's strength, vocalist Natalie Merchant. It's hard to shake the feeling, though, that the band's natural sound has been tampered with by record industry moguls searching for another 'til tuesday.

★★ ALMOST EXACTLY TEN YEARS AGO the **Clash** exploded out of London waving the punk rock flag and declaring themselves the champions of real rock and roll. While serving as an effective antidote for the likes of Emerson, Lake and Palmer, the Clash offered little more than anarchist polemic along with the power chords and skeptics identified them as just another bunch of would-be entertainment industry aspirants with a rap. Sure enough, Joe Strummer now sounds as old, tired and cliché-ridden on ***Cut the Crap*** (Epic) as any of the dinosaurs he claimed to slay in seventy-five. Pathetic stabs at updating the sound with multiple layers of overdubs and synthesized drum machines only point out the thinness of the group's playing abilities.

★★★★ While Joe Strummer lets the

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

10,000 MANIACS

"DO WE LOOK LIKE MELANCHOLY PEOPLE?" Twenty-one-year-old Natalie Merchant, singer of 10,000 Maniacs, looks her interviewer in the eye. "Well, we are. We all share the feeling that our happiness is shadowed, that the things we enjoy are temporary. Knowing that a great portion of the world is deprived and unhappy. I'm aware of these things, not just when I write, but every moment of the day."

As her band's main songwriter, Merchant channels her depression into elegant, haunting little pop songs. Their Elektra album, *The Wishing Chair* (their major-label debut, after two homemade records) is full of such tunes; with Merchant's soprano gliding around guitars, mandolins and accordions.

10,000 Maniacs came together four years ago, mainly because there was nothing else

Laura Levine

to do in their hometown of Jamestown, New York. "It's a remote microcosm, where the year's biggest event is the American Legion pig roast," says Merchant. "We had a hard time convincing people to listen. We'd play awful dives around town, where there'd always be domestic squabbles, biker gangs and people hitting each other with lead pipes in the parking lot. Sometimes my mother would drag me home in the middle of a gig."

Originally a solo folksinger, Merchant still has her reservations about rock and roll. "Rock music is really about arrogance, there's too much of an attitude attached to it. I'm not going to start writing rock songs about my love affairs—They're private, I wouldn't share them. And it's arrogant to think that anyone would want to hear about them."

On a good night, the band builds tension until Merchant is dancing around the stage, bumping into amplifiers. They create an ominous kid of joy, but as Merchant says, happiness is temporary. "I often feel very sad after a show. Tonight I feel like I poured everything into this room, and now the room is empty."

—Brett Milano

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RECORDS

weeds grow under his once-fashionable stance, ex-Clashmate Mick Jones has gotten on with it and put together an outstanding new band, **Big Audio Dynamite**. Jones is still an angry (not-so-young) man who can write great songs about his pet peeves ("Bad"), but he's upgraded his musical context to include the first great rhythm section he's worked with. ***This Is Big Audio Dynamite*** (Columbia) is a wonderful amalgam of rock, reggae, dub, scratch and electronic music elements all in service of Jones's surly commentary and black humor.

★★★★★ OVER THE COURSE OF EIGHT solo albums in about a decade, **Tom Waits** risked turning himself into a cliché. Though his subjects, the doomed denizens of skid rows across America, were drawn in a unique and compelling manner, his cocktail lounge delivery wore thin outside of his cult following. Waits may well have suffered from emerging during the height of the early seventies singer/songwriter era, because now that he's free from those associations he's emerged with a tough, eclectic musical style. ***Rain Dogs*** (Island), his ninth album, matches a storytelling genius somewhere between John Dos Passos and Charles Bukowski with a musical style plotted from Howling Wolf and Captain Beefheart through polkas and vocal group r&b.

Packed with nineteen songs, *Rain Dogs* has the breadth of a masterpiece, an American panorama of cinematic vignettes so imagistic they feel like individual filmscript synopses. Landscapes of urban creepiness beyond Scorsese flash by on switchblade lines . He always was a great blues singer, he just never gave himself the chance before.

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO

JANE SIBERRY

"I REALLY LIKE OBVIOUS SOUNDS," SAYS CANadian singer/songwriter Jane Siberry. For example, at the beginning of "Vladimir* Vladimir," from her new album *The Speckless Sky*, she had her parents come in and play bridge on top of the studio piano, and had her father sing an old song she remembered from childhood. "It's a wonderful thing to organize cacophony," she comments.

Peter Sutherland

Siberry (pronounced SIBB-a-ree), who just turned thirty, started receiving attention south of her Toronto home base with the release of her debut LP, *No Borders Here*, and subsequent tour last year. She is a modest, petite, wry lady with a little-girl voice and some of the best experimental pop to emerge from Canada, or anywhere, in a while. She has been compared most to Laurie Anderson, if more romantic, and Joni Mitchell, if less smotheringly autobiographical. "I see Joni Mitchell [in myself] because I grew up with her music," she says. "Laurie Anderson I've only become aware of recently. We both have quite dry senses of humor—and we both talk in our songs."

Siberry's music is civilized without being boring, technological yet empathic, saucily tender. Heady stuff. "I compose so it wears well, so it lasts," she says. "I want to be interested myself when I play it again."

The Speckless Sky is an even more adventuresome affair than the gate-smashing *No Borders Here*. The soaring "One More Colour," the Canadian single, has gone gold there (50,000 copies sold). Siberry's record company (Duke Street, a division of Windham Hill) is "happy to have it on the record," she says, "but I told them not to expect another one."

—*Wes Eichenwald*

Rapping B-Side

B-SIDE LAUNCHED HER RECORDING CAreer in 1982 by adding a French-language rap to the b-side of Fab Five Freddy's twelve-inch single "Change the Beat". Originally conceived as a New York-style rap record for the French market, its success was so great that it also scored as a French-style rap record in the American market—providing B-Side with both her name and international reputation.

B-Side is really Ann Boyle, a young American fashion illustrator, gifted with equal fluency in the languages of French and rap. In 1983 she collaborated with Afrika Bambaataa on Time Zone's "Wild Style," one of rap music's undisputed classics. Later that year she also took the lead on Tribe II's "What I Like." Produced by Material, it featured B-Side lustily trading quips with the two would-be suitors—one side French (Roger Trilling), the other side American (Jimmy Mac)—against an invigorating, accelerating funk backbeat.

Cairo Nights' several multi-lingual songs are rather more evocative than provocative. Though its heart is in the broader tradition of French cabaret, its feet are still firmly planted in the more modern world of electrobeat.

CLASSICAL

BY GREGORY SANDOW

★★★★★I'VE JUST NOW BEGUN TO catch up with reissues of **Glenn Gould** records I somehow never heard when

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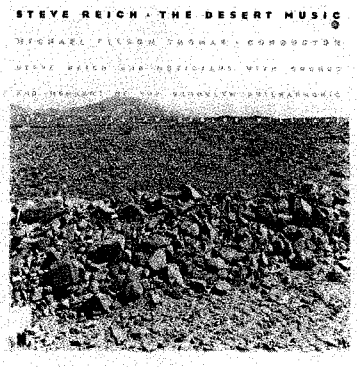
Gould was alive, and I can report that the Bach ***English Suites*** (CBS, two discs or cassette) deserves not five stars, but six, or seven, or maybe eight; no rating system could possibly go high enough. Gould plays the piano like a sage who no longer needs to be impressed with his own wisdom. He sounds fresh, as if he'd discovered these pieces only a day or so before he made the records; at the same time he plays with the most profound—and profoundly unpredictable—understanding, as if he'd learned a thousand secret reasons why the music goes where it does, and a thousand secret tales it told about why it went there.

Gurdjieff—UPI/Bettman Newsphotos

Old New Age

THERE'S LOTS OF MUSIC AROUND THAT people call "new age": depending on your point of view, it's either intensely spiritual or intensely cheap. But no matter which side you're on, it's intriguing to hear music conceived by a genuine visionary, G.I. Gurdjieff, who in the early years of this century sought truth and transcendence in Central Asia and the Middle East, and later taught what he'd learned and wrote about it in *Meetings with Remarkable Men*. Gurdjieff's musical ideas were realized by a composer disciple named Thomas de Hartmann, who on a four-disc release from Triangle Records—*The Music of Gurdjieff/de Hartmann*—can be heard playing his work on tapes that date from his old age in the 1950s. The music is genuinely spacious and thoughtful, and entirely unself-conscious. Anyone interested can buy it by mail for $54 from Triangle Editions, P.O. Box 452, Lenox Hill Station, New York, N.Y. 10021.



A Desert Tour

STEVE REICH RADIATES CONFIDENCE. Here we have *The Desert Music*, placing high on the classical charts the month of its release, and sent out on tour by New York's Brooklyn Academy of Music, which had produced its American premiere as part of last year's Next Wave festival. We've had a fair amount of popular new serious music in the past few years, but almost always—think of Philip Glass—with theatrical spice. The success of *The Desert Music* seems like a triumph for the nearly forgotten idea of music as an art worth taking seriously by itself.

Reich, who turns fifty in October but sees the January *Desert Music* tour as the beginning of a year-long celebration, is tremendously pleased. But impressed? "If a piece of music is good," he says, "there's no necessity for a theatrical setting." He takes the long view, in any case. In the seventies, everyone thought easel painting was dead; now it's come back. Besides, he adds, there have always been some composers who were theatrical and others who weren't. Both of us quickly supply the names. Mozart, theatrical, Haydn not; Wagner, theatrical, Brahms, not. Reich aligns himself with Haydn and Brahms.

Does he think he's moving closer to the classical mainstream? The sound of composers like Stravinsky has always been in his ear, but in his view the dissonant harmony in his current work comes more than anything else from jazz artists like Thelonious Monk, whom he heard in New York clubs in the fifties. He stopped listening to jazz, he says, when John Coltrane died. The development that came afterward—the "free jazz" of Ornette Coleman—was, as he says, "not for me." He links it, in fact, to the forbidding European classical avant-garde of the same period, or in other words to the serial music of Boulez and Stockhausen, an intriguing point since the minimalism he and others developed ten years later is often thought to be a reaction to their work.

And where does minimalism stand now? Nowhere, perhaps, which only means that his own work has moved far beyond anything originally meant by the term. First minimalism was controversial, he explains. Then it was accepted; by now it's history. To find it

in its pure form, he adds with a trenchant laugh, we'd have to go to music schools—where the same composition students who wrote serial music twenty years ago are now surely "cranking out dismal academic minimal crap."

The Desert Music Tour

1/9: Virginia Museum of Art, Richmond, Va.; 1/10: Kennedy Center, Washington, D.C.; 1/12: Annenberg Center, Philadelphia; 1/13: Symphony Hall, Boston; 1/14: National Art Center, Ottawa, Canada; 1/15: Flynn Theatrical Center, Burlington, Vt.; 1/20: The Lincoln Center's Avery Fisher Hall, New York City.

—Gregory Sandow

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R&B/JAZZ

BY JOHN SWENSON

★★★★SEVENTY-TWO-YEAR-OLD **BILLY Eckstine** has one of the most fascinating career histories of any living jazz performer. In the early forties he led one of the most important jazz bands ever, the innovative be bop big band that featured rising stars like Dizzy Gillespie and Charlie Parker.

By the 1950s, though, Eckstine had become one of America's most popular singers of romantic ballads. Between 1947 and 1950 Eckstine produced a string of million selling records—"Everything I Have Is Yours," "Blue Moon," "Caravan," "My Foolish Heart," "I Apologize"—backed by the frothy, string-laden arrangements of Hugo Winterhalter's studio orchestra.

Everything I Have Is Yours (Verve), a newly reissued retrospective of Eckstine's work, presents both sides of this singer's recorded personality. All of his major pop hits are included, as well as hot tracks with the Metronome All Stars of 1953, some "progressive" sides with the Woody Herman Orchestra and five duets with vocalist Sarah Vaughan, whom Eckstine discovered at an Apollo theatre amateur contest in 1943.

★★★★★ CONVENTIONAL CRITICAL wisdom holds that **Billie Holiday** "lost" her voice early in her career and deteriorated rapidly in the years before her death at age forty-four in 1959. ***Billie Holiday On Verve 1946-1959*** (Verve) sheds new light on the question by sheer force of numbers. The picture of Holiday's last decade-plus in the studio is virtually complete here, and while there are a few clinkers, the performances are by and large overwhelmingly moving. Her voice may have lost the clarity it possessed up to the very beginning of the forties, but she makes up for any lack of technical perfection with a worldly yet unstudied insouciance. If anything, these performances add to her personality—you can almost chart her emotional response to the crushing heartbreaks that dragged her down by degrees over the last years of her life.

SATURDAY REVIEW TALKS TO
BILLY ECKSTINE

ALTHOUGH BILLY ECKSTINE'S FIRST BAND IS now very important to historians, it was underappreciated in its time. "When I left Earl Hines and started my band," Eckstine explains, "the whole idea was to get some of the guys such as Dizzy Gillespie, Charlie Parker, Shadow Wilson . . . we wanted to hear the new big band sound. But my band was a little too far ahead of its time. We were using voicings and certain chords that were a bit too new, that people didn't understand."

Eckstine was disappointed with his own band's lack of public acceptance, but he wasn't surprised when the pop sides with the Winterhalter orchestra were huge hits. "I never felt any transition as far as my singing was concerned," Eckstine says, "because I sang the same way with my band as I sang with Hugo Winterhalter. I got with MGM on the strength of the way I was singing with my band."

Eckstine currently lives in Nevada and works the casino circuit regularly. He has in fact coined the ballad style that the most popular casino singers prefer. "Tom Jones said that he learned how to sing ballads listening to my records," notes Eckstine. "Also Engelbert Humperdinck and different ones like that. I can see inflections in there that are mine. Elvis Presley said I influenced him. We happened to be at the Sahara one night when we were working Lake Tahoe. Presley was doing a late show for all of us and he announced from the stage that I influenced him."

COUNTRY

BY CHRISTOPHER MANION

★★★★ **HANK WILLIAMS** IS BACK, ***ON the Air*** (Polydor), and this time it's for a collection of rare, never before released radio appearances. In the thirty-two years since his death, there has been a steady stream of albums drawn from the prolific recording that Hiram Hank Williams did during the last six years of his life. This

collection is from the years 1949-52, and we owe the fact of their collection to the Country Music Foundation. Well worth the effort.

★★★ ½ **BRENDA LEE** HAS SOLD over one hundred million records worldwide since she first whispered "I'm Sorry." For years her managers tried to avoid having their pop star associated with country music, but this album ***Feels So Right*** (MCA) that they shouldn't worry any more. The collection shows evidence of a lot of careful preparation and reflects the amazing staying power of this pint-sized dynamo.

★★★½ **TOM T. HALL** HAS BECOME A country stalwart with great songwriting and the smoothest, most easy-going voice in the business. ***Songs in a Seashell*** (Mercury) features both talents in abundance. "A Bar with No Beer," "Down in the Florida Keys" and "Gone Fishin'" impart the lazy, easy-going presence that has been winning prizes for years.

★★★IT'S THE FIRST TIME OUT FOR ***Chance*** (Mercury/Polygram), and they've taken the spiffy approach: tight, harmonious vocals, wall-to-wall production and door-to-door accompaniment. Some of it is ho-hum, but there's a lot of talent and even a good single—"Call It What You Want It."

★★ **TOM JONES** HAS COME A LONG WAY from South Wales, but ***Tender Loving Care*** (Mercury/PolyGram 826-1404) doesn't come far enough. In 1965, "It's Not Unusual" made him famous, and, when things have gotten slow, he has tried country for a change. Too much Vegas here, though. Nothing new, pussycat. SR

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Charles Dance

Continued from page 37

While Guy Perron and Raymond Brock are both brooding observers, Dance is adamant about separating himself from his roles. "Raymond Brock is the most annoying character I'd ever played. I could find so few areas in him that I had any sympathy for. I certainly wouldn't have behaved that way—I would have seen trouble coming a long time before he did."

Tuning in to Sgt. Perron's observational powers was more gratifying. "When we were filming in India, I would go out and roam the back alleys and streets and go on adventures with my camera and purposefully get lost. I'd wander out at dusk, which is quite exciting because the braziers are being lit. And you find yourself in somebody's backyard and sometimes you are welcomed and sometimes you are not."

As Dance reminisces about his passages through India, his eyes reflect a dreamy, brazier-bright hue, betraying a nostalgia for the uncertainty and mischief of a wayward youth. When asked about his current family status, the spell breaks. "Oh, wife, children, mortgage, the whole catastrophe," he blurts sardonically, and quickly adds, "That's a line from *Zorba the Greek*, a musical I once did."

Without as much as a pause for oxygen, Dance exhales a bemused catalog of the "catastrophe": "My wife and I met in art school and we've been married for fifteen years but I've known her for twenty years and I have a son called Oliver who is eleven and a daughter Rebecca who is four and we live in a Victorian terraced house in the north of London with original fireplace and plaster work and stripped pine and all the usual things and a typical postage stamp-sized London garden with an apple tree and a lilac tree and a pond with a frog and nine goldfish in it and a cat called Johnson because we used to live next to a man

plaining to the court why I could or should not make an appearance in court—for the final decree—Aug. 7th. He gave such a picture of my condition that the after-effect hit me at 4:00 a.m. What clinched it was his postscript—"Nor is there any hope for any improvement in his health." (That *was for the judge*!) But it sank deep into my unconscious, I guess.

And as if to combat it I got to thinking of you and how healthy I seem ever since we fell in love. And the next thing you know I had an erection—and you were holding it in your hand—pleasurably. *Alors, c'est le* chemistry, *n'est-ce pas*?

I will stop here before the page begins to smoke!!! I love you with an unholy love such as Heloise had for Abelard. Do you remember her letter—"Would that I loved my God as I do you!"

More than two years after they met, Miller tried to define—and change—the nature of their relationship.

11/10/78

To speak of myself again for a moment. Up until I met you it did not seem possible for a man and woman to love each other deeply without the element of sex. I knew that you were not anti-sex, but just fighting off the wolves who would devour you. But I am not in that category, however sexual I may be. For me sex has always been a very natural, easy procedure. I have led a very sex-filled life. And now, in my old age, I find myself being regarded as a lovable guru *and* anchorite. I am supposed to have a pair of balls, and the thing that goes with it.

What am I driving at? Simply this—I don't expect you to let me fuck you. (I doubt anyway that I could satisfy a sexy creature like yourself.) But I do think we ought to be on more familiar terms—that you should allow *me*—if no one else—

private parts—of fondling you, in other words. And perhaps vice versa. In other words, we ought to permit ourselves to act naturally and instinctively.

If you disagree, please tell me. Just don't evade or ignore me. I will love you always, no matter what your attitude. I realize that I am taking a great risk in writing you this way, but I just have to. I am what I am, God help me. Further, it is I who am always telling people to be themselves. I don't want to be a Buddha, a St. Francis, or a St. Anthony, but just what I am—Henry Miller.

In response to this letter, Brenda Venus went to Miller's house the next day after a ballet class. She was wearing a white Grecian robe. She walked into his bedroom and said, "Henry, about that request . . . " and dropped the robe from her shoulders to the floor.

As she describes it: "I didn't say a word. I pulled the robe back on. He smiled, I smiled, and then I left." And after she left, he wrote to her:

11/78

Ever there in my brain cells is the image of you lifting off your dress to show me your teats. What a moment! What commotion. And coupled with the audacity of the gesture goes that ineffable silence of yours, a silence as of antiquity, the face never contorted with passion but always calm, serene, *beatific*.

As Brenda Venus pursued her career by means of constant classes and exercising, Miller became impatiently protective. And although he tried to be enthusiastic and supportive, he was clearly less than excited about the roles that came her way.

5/11/79

Your letter this noon created a bit of havoc in [illegible] both your physical

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condition, your psychological attitude, *and* your philosophy of life—all rub me the wrong way. You are taking life too cavalierly, too much bravado, if I may say so. One has to be more humble. You were not put here just to make a big splash, and then vanish. Who do you think you are? Alexander the Great conquered the world before he was 30, but died alone in the heart of India, enjoying nothing from his extraordinary endeavors. We are here to enjoy life, to make the most of it, not to create a sensation and a big name.

Brenda, I don't want you to go before me. Nor do I like to think I am just your crutch. My thought is to be together (for pleasure, enjoyment, growth) just as long as possible. I can't picture myself burying you. (Besides, your mother would never forgive me. Where was I, a grown man, when her beautiful daughter was killing herself with work? And so on and so forth.) And she would be right. You tell me always how much I teach you, but if I haven't taught you how to live I haven't taught you anything. *To live*—that is the primary thing. Live in every root branch of your being! Get me?

Brenda, dear Brenda, love means more than just being a shining star for the other person. If I thought you were killing yourself just to prove something to the world, or your parents, or me, I would urge you to desist. You don't have to prove anything to anyone. (In short, "don't look for miracles, *you* are the miracle.") And, as the good St. Francis said—this is *for me*!!—"Don't try to change the world. Change worlds." You see, in one sense you weren't so far off the track when you started out to be a nun. There was beauty and purity and significance in that narrow little world. This big, noisy outer world is just full of shit. There are no real values. It wouldn't matter what you elected to be so long as you remained strictly yourself and kept an eye on the eternal values.

I think I've said a[illegible] you know it was done with *love*. Yes, I love *you* more than life, but it's a life that keeps us loving, no?

7/18/79

About *Vampirella*.

I have been reading it here and there, in snatches. It sure is of our age—crazy, very derivative, and meant for ten year olds. But I am sticking to it. Just can't picture you reading this crap. Crap or not, in the hands of excellent men it could be made into a best seller film, I do believe. There are some amazing speeches and incidents. But in the end (to my way of thinking), it comes to "Sarsparilla," as I misunderstood you. We live in a synthetic age—the films reflect this. So even shoddy stuff finds appreciation with the mob. That *you* really liked this stuff—and still do—dumbfounds me. Leaves me "discombobulated." Do I know you? From what planet did you arrive? Who gave birth to you? How did "they" pick Mississippi? In the "gloaming"? (You rose up out of the pool gleaming like Venus Andromeda by the great Florentine painter—you know his name.)

With it all I am crazier than ever about you. My back feels broken. But my hand still holds the pen.

Long enuf to declare my undying love for you, you sweet bird of Paradise. Give my warm greetings to your Navajo grandmother. Write a little note to me when or if you ever find the time.

When Brenda Venus went to Paris at the end of 1979, Miller gave her introductions to Lawrence Durrell, François Truffaut and Lina Wertmuller. She wanted to produce films based on his books. He missed her even though she was only gone for two weeks.

12/79

[illegible] the City had just lost all its electric power. You're gone. No see Brenda for days. Must learn to live without Brenda. I can think; I can wait; I can do—without—everything except Brenda. You are burnt into my flesh, my spirit, my all. You are so like the Navajos I read of in my youth. Appear silently, leave noiselessly—with one constantly.

Alone with my dreams . . . I no longer talk of my desires, my appetites. Too gross. You said it tonight—"delicate and elegant." Not the least bit frumptious. Always anticipating. Always on the prowl. A panther dressed in silks and ermine. A mute sleuth. A determined survivalist. Not a born again Christian but an eternal angel of goodness, mercy and light.

12/29/79

Whenever I look at the clock I quickly calculated the time it is in Paris—and wonder where you are, what you are doing. Incidentally, I wonder if you weren't somewhat disappointed with Notre Dame. Chartres as a cathedral is far superior. Ask your friend. I am still trying to recall name of my favorite street. I can tell you names of where it begins and ends, if that will help. It begins at the Place de la Contrescarpe and runs like a snake down to les Gobelins. At the Place you would notice it right away—it's narrow and each side of street is crammed with food shops, the wares piled up outside on the street. Oh, what I would give to wander down that street with you. You remember *Père Goriot* by Balzac? Well, one of the several streets leading into my street was where Balzac had Père Goriot living. Another street was where the character in *Confession de Minuit* lived—another favorite French book of mine. It begins like this: "Je me nomine Louis Salavain." There is a whole series about him.

Dear Brenda—I must stop here—my eye is giving out. How tragic to be giving out on all fronts when I love you like an inspired demon (of mercy). So long for a while. No 12 page letter yet—but I have faith it will arrive. Maybe

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own creation. I say this because I think there is a genuine parallel between us in this respect.

Now I begin to feel sleepy.

Shortly before Henry Miller died, at the age of eighty-seven on June 7, 1980, Brenda Venus received a last letter:

6/80

Dearest Brenda—

I had a letter from Sandi saying that you wanted to get in touch with me that it was about you. I'm very sorry to read what you had to tell me and wondered just what I can do. I suppose you know or surmise that I am not in good shape—that I am off color. I am going to use Einar now for as long a time as I need or can. Everything is too much. I have been away in a sense, not really, but pretending to be travelling. This will sound like a strange letter to you. And it is a strange letter. I realize it.

As far as I know that Lawrence book is going through. If you want you could write and tell Noel Young to send you a copy of the book. And there is a copy of a book about Gurdjieff by Fritz Peters who died the other day.

Dear Brenda, this isn't any kind of letter. I know that. We will have to wait, I guess, for arrival in a better world. I think that's it.

Tonight I will hold *you* in *my* arms. And leave you *intact.* H.M. SR

Photo credits

For *Hot* (pages 58-59): *Buddha*—Japan National Tourist Organization; *Peter Ueberroth*—LAOOC; *Karleen Koen*—Samantha Barlow; *Joni Mitchell*—Norman Seeff; *Pierre-August Renoir*—Sterling and Francine Clark Art Institute, Williamstown, MA; *Kathleen Battle*—Christian Steiner; *Richard Serra*—Richard Leslie Schulman; *Diego Rivera*—Camera Press; *Mies van der Rohe*—George Danforth; *Louise Erdrich*—Nancy Wasserman; *Aidan Quinn*—Andy Schwartz; *Sally Beauman*—John Timbers; *Ruben Blades*—Stephanie Chernikowski; *New Mexican Food* courtesy of Santa Fe Restaurant, *New York City*—Jerry Simpson.

For *Not* (Hot): *Julio Iglesias*—Harry Langdon; *Cajun cooking* from *Chef Paul Prudhomme's Louisiana Kitchen*, William Morrow, $19.95.

For *Not So Hot* (page 60): *Stephen King*—Susan & Richard Golomb; *Andrew Greeley*—Norbert S. Jacker; *Tom Selleck*—Charles William Bush; *Titanic*—Titanic Historical Society, Inc., Indian Orchard, MA; *Carl Sagan*—Susan S. Lang.

Hot Hall of Fame (page 60): *Eudroa Welty*—John Keller; *Tina Turner*—Brian Aris; *Fred Astaire* from *Astaire Dancing*, by John Mueller, Knopf, $45; *Aaron Copeland*—John Ardoin; *Georgia O'Keeffe*—William Clift.

CLARIFICATIONS

Zuleyka Benitez's drawings, featured in the September *SR* "Gallery," are gathered together in *Trouble In Paradise*, published by Lost Roads Publishers, P.O. Box 5848, Providence, R.I. 02903, $9.

The drawings of filmmaker, photographer, cartoonist and postcarder Ken Brown (featured in *SR*'s "Drawing Board" last February) have been published by Harper and Row (not Houghton Mifflin) under the title *Notes From the Nervous Breakdown Lane.*

Photographs for "More Than Just a Pretty Face" in the September/October issue should have been credited as follows: (page 52) *Christopher Reeve*—G. Gorman/SYGMA; *Mel Gibson*—Maureen Lambray/SYGMA; (page 53) *Fidel Castro*—Randy Taylor/SYGMA; *Bianca Jagger*—Michael Childers/SYGMA; and *Sarah Caldwell*—Ira Wyman/SYGMA.

Solution to Tunick Double-Crostic No. 12:

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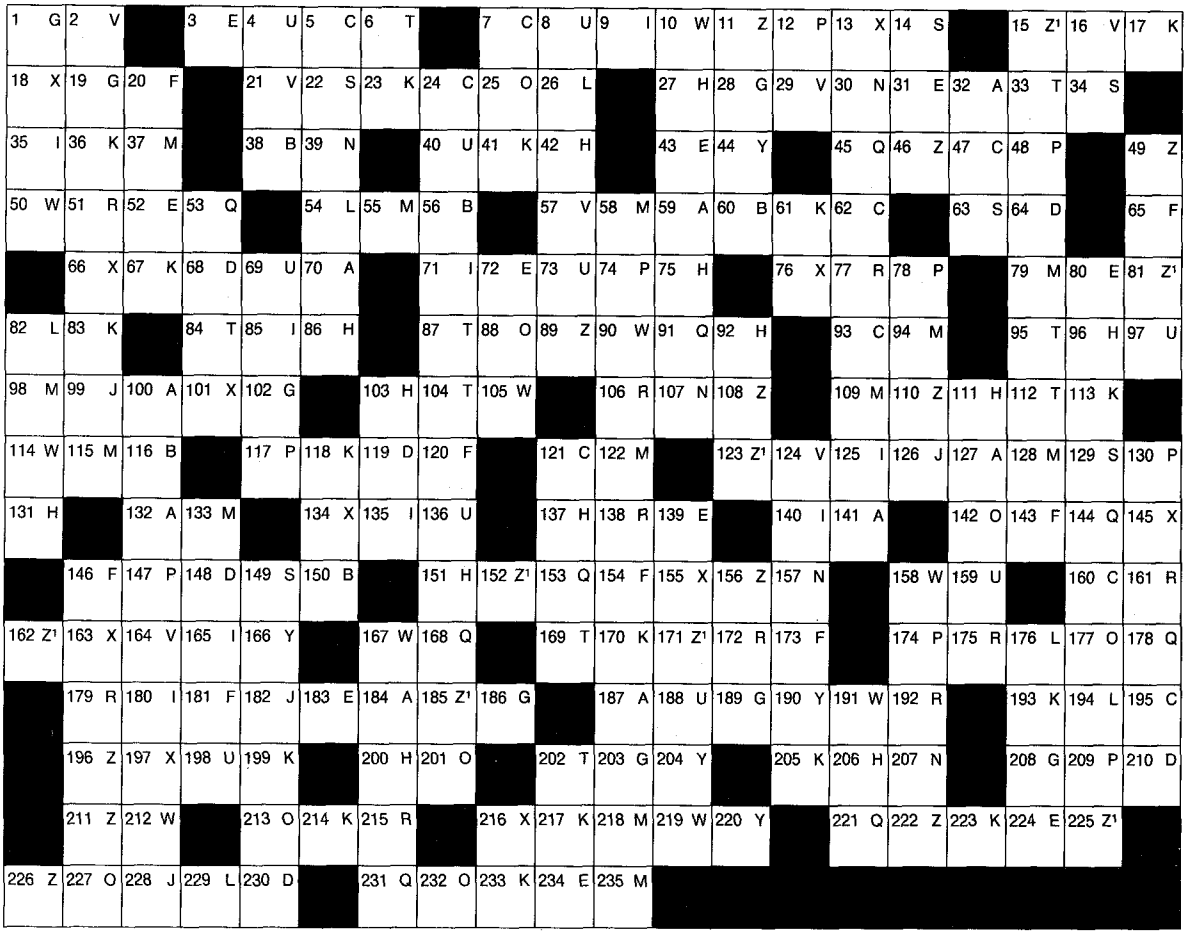

Letters of the clue answers (below) spell a quotation when put in the numbered squares (above). Reading down, the first letters of the clue answers spell the name of the quotation's author and the title of the work.

CLUES	ANSWERS
A. Numbered, as certain leaves	187 127 132 32 100 59 70 141 184
B. Narrowly defeated (with out)	56 38 150 116 60
C. Indian starch source	7 24 5 195 62 47 93 121 160
D. Having a mansard or gambrel	230 148 119 64 68 210
E. Seagoing dude	31 183 80 139 234 224 3 43 52 72
F. Tribal chief	154 146 173 65 120 143 181 20
G. Hype	1 208 102 19 186 203 28 189
H. "Sing ye praises with ---" (Psalm 47)	206 131 75 86 96 103 42 137 27 111 200 92 151
I. Rolltop desk feature	71 135 35 140 9 85 180 125 165
J. City whose gate Moussorgsky depicted	182 99 228 126
K. Fantasy novel by E.R. Eddison (3 wds.)	17 217 199 193 61 67 170 223 233 83 118 23 41 36 113 214 205
L. Serpent-revering sect member	26 176 194 229 54 82
M. What "Jabberwocky's" hero stood in (2 wds.)	79 94 122 218 235 58 128 55 133 109 98 115 37

CLUES	ANSWERS
N. Necktie party prop	207 107 39 157 30
O. '50s dance (2 wds.)	142 88 213 201 25 227 232 177
P. Getting better (3 wds.)	130 48 78 174 12 147 74 209 117
Q. Bronx cheer	53 221 231 153 45 91 144 168 178
R. Occasionally (3 wds.)	172 77 179 175 106 51 215 161 192 138
S. "The busy bee has ----- for sorrow" (Blake, *Proverbs of Hell*) (2 wds.)	149 63 34 129 22 14
T. Mulish	95 87 33 84 104 6 169 202 112
U. Reverence	198 188 8 73 159 69 136 97 4 40
V. Type of action or answer	2 29 124 57 16 164 21
W. Home of Cowper's John Gilpin (2 wds.)	191 158 50 90 167 219 114 212 10 105
X. Melting Pot goal	155 145 18 163 66 13 101 216 197 134 76
Y. Lake Victoria's discoverer	166 190 44 220 204
Z. Thor's missile	226 11 49 110 211 156 89 222 46 196 108
Z¹. Brotherhood; Catholic society	123 171 81 185 15 162 225 152

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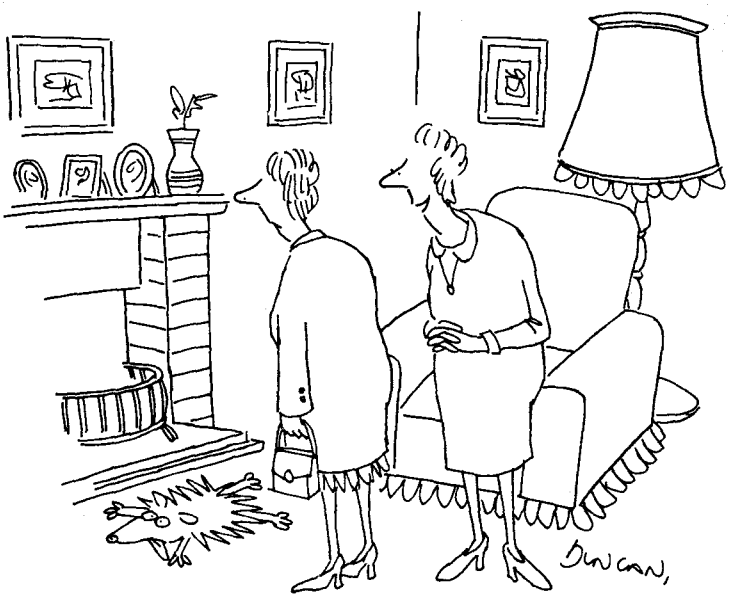

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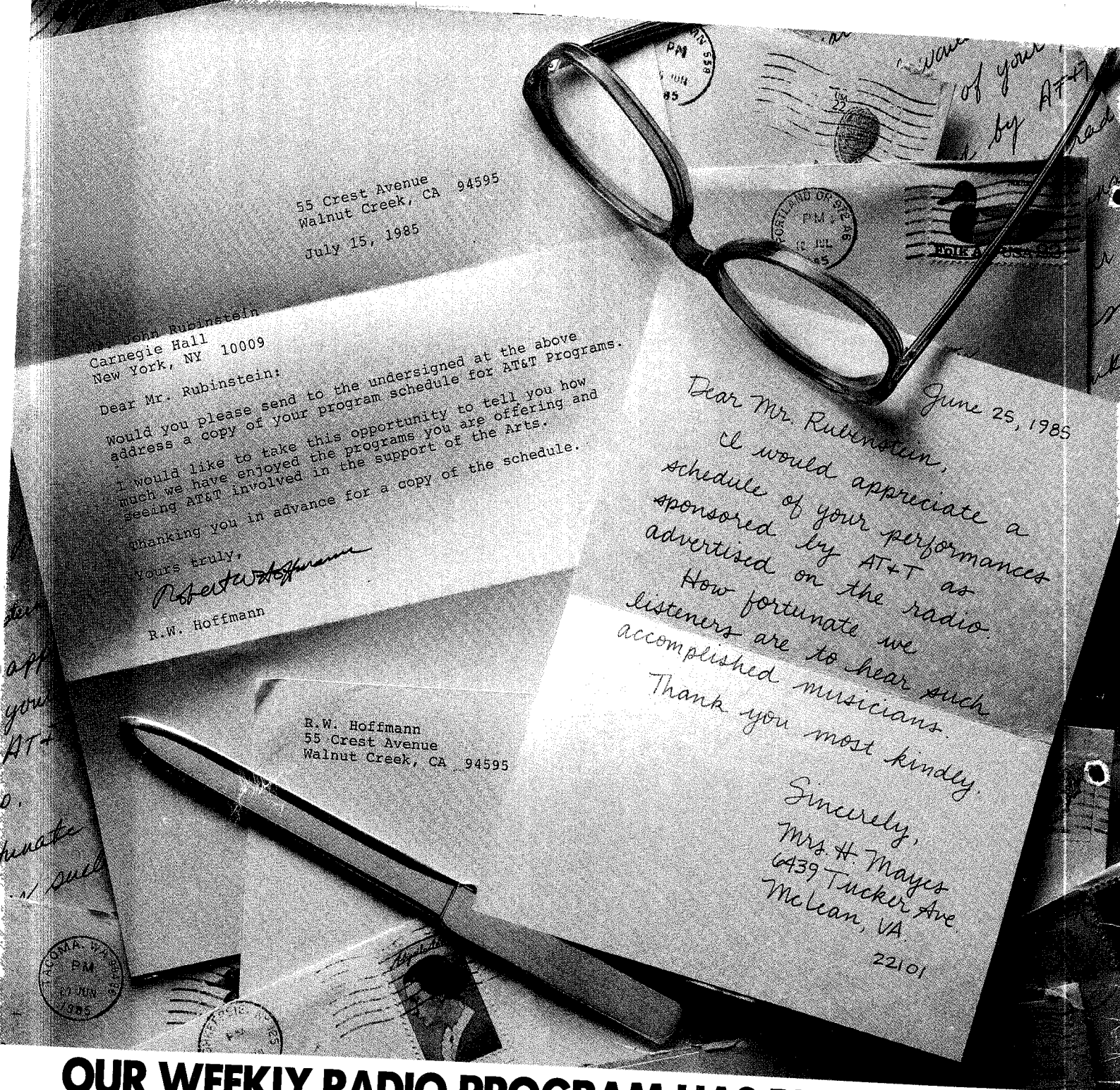
55 Crest Avenue
Walnut Creek, CA 94595
July 15, 1985
Mr. John Rubinstein
Carnegie Hall
New York, NY 10009
Dear Mr. Rubinstein:
Would you please send to the undersigned at the above address a copy of your program schedule for AT&T Programs.
I would like to take this opportunity to tell you how much we have enjoyed the programs you are offering and seeing AT&T involved in the support of the Arts.
Thanking you in advance for a copy of the schedule.
Yours truly,
R.W. Hoffmann
R.W. Hoffmann
55 Crest Avenue
Walnut Creek, CA 94595
June 25, 1985
Dear Mr. Rubinstein,
I would appreciate a schedule of your performances sponsored by AT&T as advertised on the radio.
How fortunate we listeners are to hear such accomplished musicians.
Thank you most kindly.
Sincerely,
Mrs. H. Mayes
6439 Tucker Ave
McLean, VA
22101

OUR WEEKLY RADIO PROGRAM HAS BEEN GETTING GREAT RECEPTION ALL ACROSS THE COUNTRY.

"AT&T PRESENTS CARNEGIE HALL TONIGHT."
With John Rubinstein.
A weekly radio program on fine music stations.

From Maine to California, classical music lovers have been singing the praises of "AT&T Presents Carnegie Hall Tonight."

Because now they can hear the music of Carnegie Hall every week on their radios. Plus, they can hear host John Rubinstein conduct informal interviews and discussions with that night's special musical guest.

So listen to "AT&T Presents Carnegie Hall Tonight." For music lovers everywhere, it's the right choice.

AT&T
The right choice.

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